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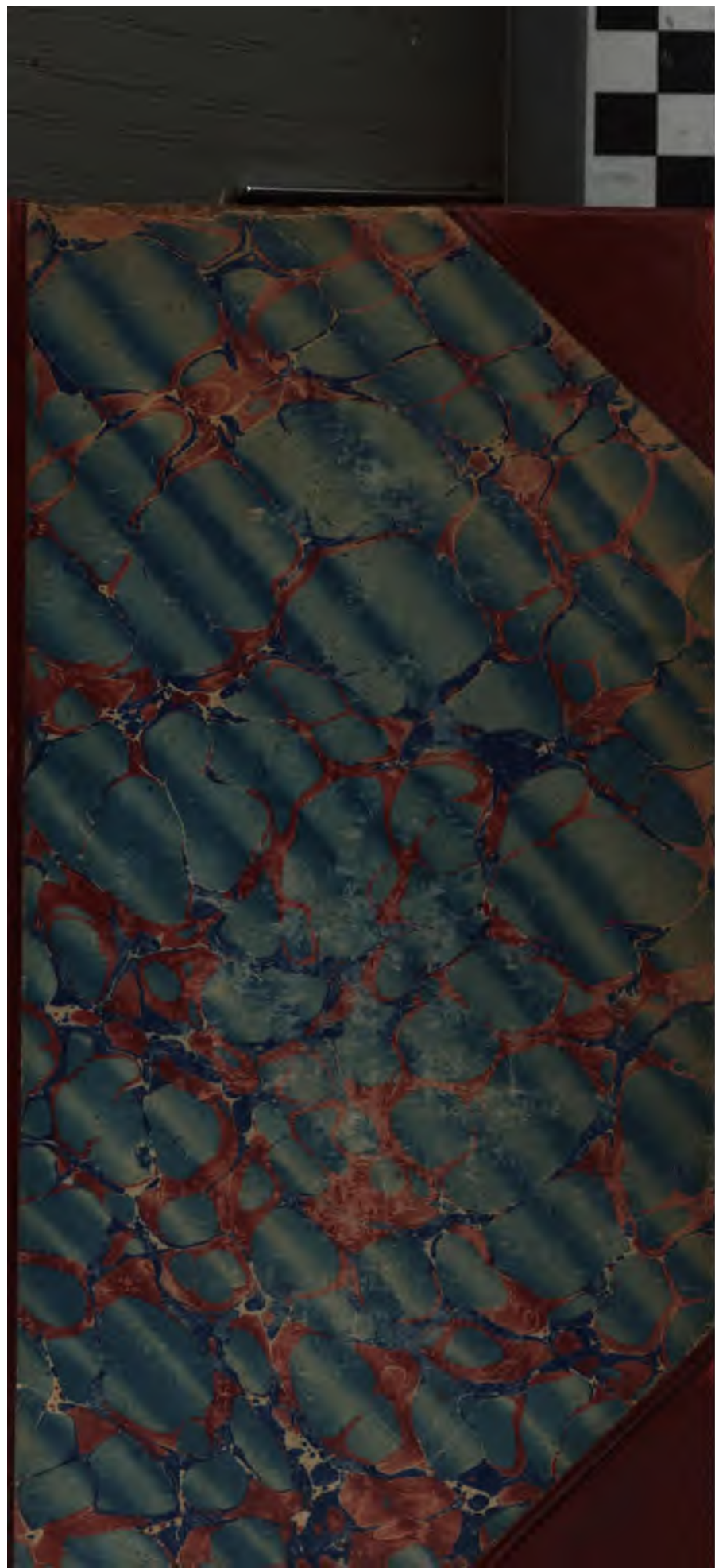
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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1900.

A BOOKMAN'S DILEMMA.

BY CHARLES LUSTED.

IN the High Street of the picturesque old town of Castleborough stands a large red brick house, peculiar to the period of Queen Anne. It is removed some thirty feet from the pavement, and in summer-time is covered with the lavender tassels of the wistaria. It is a noticeable house, a house to covet and adorn. At the time of the following episode it was the home of Richard Spender, and he was very proud of his possession. The rooms were large, handsome, and comfortable, not one could be called dull. From the front windows could be seen the shifting scenes incidental to the principal street of a country town; and the back opened on a pleasant view of rich pasture meadows dotted with clumps of trees and watered by a winding river.

One summer afternoon Richard Spender sat in his study, which overlooked this meadow land, with his eyes fixed upon the hollyhocks and roses growing in profusion in his old-fashioned flower garden. But he did not see them. His eyes were full of inward thought. One hand held a pass-book, the other was lifeless. Richard Spender had discovered that his expenditure would exceed his income. This hard fact paralysed him. It was new to his existence, altogether strange. He estimated that he would require between £200 and £300 more to meet current expenses until his next half-yearly remittance was due.

He felt his position keenly. He endeavoured to account for its cause. An important investment had failed, one of his horses had died, his son had been ordered to India, and his outfit was an extra

item of expenditure, and perhaps some late additions to his library represented a good lump of hard cash, for before all things Richard Spender was an ardent and discriminating bookman. His books were the best books, in the best editions, and in the best possible state. He would not look at a book which was either foxed or cropped, and half-roan made him shudder. He was a lover of margins, and a devotee of perfection. His library was ideal, and not without honour and slight renown. Indeed, it was often a theme of conversation in Castleborough.

At any other time this last item would have passed unnoticed, for he had been accustomed to indulge his taste, within the limits of his purse, in the purchase of rare or choicely bound books. His banker, or his solicitor, would doubtless arrange the matter; but Richard Spender was reticent and proud. He had never asked a monetary favour in his life. He had always paid his bills promptly and without difficulty. If he had lived up to his income he had never exceeded it.

He thought of his friend Robert Waller, a bookman also, but wealthy and a bachelor. He could ask a favour of him without a sense of embarrassment, for there was a feeling of brotherhood between them, which had never been shaken either by distance or marriage. But he speedily dismissed the idea, for Robert Waller was a man of impulse and a prince of generosity, and might thrust the money upon him as a gift and take no denial.

"There is only one course," he mused as he looked round his library, "luxury should be the first friend to necessity. Some of the treasures must be sold."

His eyes rested on the shelf containing the first editions of the modern poets. "They would fetch good prices," he said to himself as he got up and touched the backs of some of them. "'Poems by Two Brothers.' Ah, I bought it when the book was cheaper than it is now. I should make a considerable profit out of it. Bah! Make a profit out of my idols!" And he shuddered at his calculating spirit.

"Then there are Shelley, and Coleridge, and Keats, and William Blake," he continued to himself. "But no, the gap would be too great, too disastrous. I must select the most valuable, and look elsewhere."

He reached his hand to a shelf above, and took down the first edition of the "Vicar of Wakefield," in two volumes. "'Salisbury, 1766,'" he said looking at the title-page. "It would fetch £50 or more. But can I part with such a bargain? The one great 'find'

of my life. Picked up for three shillings from a barrow in Castle-borough Market. It was a grand moment," he added with a burst of pride. And with loving hands he returned the book to its place.

He sat down in his easy chair again and looked fondly towards the corner where he kept the old editions of the poets. Every copy bore a date anterior to 1700. "They must remain," he said with some emphasis.

"Then there are the dramatists," he continued musingly, as his eyes wandered to some forty volumes bound in sprinkled calf with yellow edges. They were all original editions. "They cannot be sacrificed," he murmured. "It would take a lifetime to collect and make up a similar set."

He then turned his eyes with a look of reverence to a small recess fitted with a nest of shelves, and filled with a goodly number of drab-coloured volumes. They were the "Waverley Novels"; first editions all of them, in the original boards, uncut. He shook his head sadly, and transferred his attention to where he kept his collection of books in choice bindings. He took some of them down, handling them as carefully as a lover of porcelain handles old china. They were beautiful specimens of the bookbinder's art, superb in decoration, richly tooled, works of genius in fact, many of them silk-lined, some powdered with butterflies, or bees, others sprinkled with golden lilies, some impossible to procure, others perfect in colour and design, and all of them delicate in harmony and finish. They represented the workmanship and skill of Derome, Padeloup, Tessier, Roger Payne, Riviere, Zaehnsdorf, and other masters of the craft.

"The feast of the eye should give place to the feast of the mind," he reasoned as he dusted the top of an exquisite specimen with a soft brush. "But the plenty creates the perplexity. Selection requires wisdom, and even wisdom cannot prevent indecision and disappointment." Yet his collection of choicely-bound books was a collection of good books, books worth reading, and therefore worth keeping.

He next surveyed the quarto and folio volumes which occupied the lower shelves. "Perhaps, I can spare some of them," he said in a low tone. "There is the large paper copy of Dugdale's 'Monasticon Anglicanum,' in eight volumes. Proof plates, and only fifty copies printed. How I wrestled for it at Sotheby's! £40. A splendid book. But I can do without it," he added with a sigh.

"And yonder is Gould's 'Birds of Great Britain' in five volumes. A beautiful copy. Cost me £35. It will be a wrench."

He missed a while, and his eyes fell upon the "Scottish Service Book." "No, I cannot part with that," he said reflectively. "It was a legacy from dear old Ashberry, who prized the book as one of the stumbling-blocks of history. But its rescue will cause another's sacrifice. Here, as elsewhere, is perplexity, and anywhere there will be a breaking of idols and a tugging at the heart-strings. A bookman is very mortal."

His musings were interrupted by the postman's knock. A letter from his friend Robert Waller, and the catalogue of a great sale to take place at Woodham Manor House, which was situated some five miles from Castleborough. The cover of the catalogue stated that the fine library of eight hundred volumes would be included in the sale. Richard Spender smiled at the term "fine." The ordinary auctioneer displays much unconscious humour when he gives his attention to books.

Richard Spender did not lay the catalogue aside. Not a bit of it. Because he was about to sell £200 or £300 worth of his own books that misfortune did not prevent him from searching for others. Once a bookman always a bookman. It is a fatal gift. To him a catalogue of books makes fine reading. It may contain hidden treasures, reminiscences of former bargains, tit-bits of autobiography, for every copy of a book has a history, and its duplicate will conjure pleasant visions of the past. A bookman, be he rich or poor, loves a catalogue as a pretty woman loves admiration. It is a magic wand that summons him to a banquet of the gods. And a bookman in bankruptcy will still haunt bookshops though he strives to guide his steps from their enchantment; and he will still read catalogues though they rend his soul with pain.

Richard Spender was not a bankrupt, but only a little pinched, so he looked down the portion of the catalogue devoted to books with a quiet conscience. The auctioneer's reckless gift of humour caused him to smile again. Theology was mixed with poetry, and science with fiction. Presently his smile gave place to a fixed stare. His hand gripped the catalogue tightly, while his heart began to beat with nervous rapidity. Lot 177 included "Hannah More's Works," 8 vols., 1801; Tooke's "Pantheon," 1793; "The English Flora," 1853; Prideaux's "Connections," 4 vols., with portrait, 1815; "Burns's Poems," 1786; and twelve others, various.

"'Burns, 1786,'" he cried under his breath, "and if perfect is worth £100." He looked up with a new light in his eyes at his first editions of the poets, and promised that they, at least, should be saved; for he thought that it was highly probable that Lot 177 would

be knocked down for three or four shillings. Experience had shown him that the two local second-hand booksellers and the country people were, like the general auctioneer, entirely ignorant of the value of books.

"What a chance," he exclaimed with a burst of confidence, "and no one to oppose me!" He felt as secure of the book as though it already stood on his own shelves.

Presently something whispered within him, "Conscience." But he had a sovereign cure close at hand. He took down the first volume of "The Antiquary," and consulted Jonathan Oldenbuck of Monkbnarns. "See this bundle of ballads," said that old friend, "not one of them later than 1700, and some of them a hundred years older. I wheedled an old woman out of these, who loved them better than her Psalm-book. Tobacco, sir, snuff, and the Complete Syren were the equivalent." Richard Spender replaced the volume on the shelf, and then said with some sternness, as though addressing an imaginary censor, "Conscience, a bookman has no conscience."

This detail settled to his entire satisfaction, Richard Spender remembered that he had not read his friend's letter. He hastened to do so, and learned that Robert Waller proposed paying him a short visit on the following Tuesday. "The day of the sale," gasped Richard Spender with consternation. "Burns would bewitch him. I must put him off." And he did so straightway.

The next morning, as Robert Waller sat over his breakfast at his chambers in Devere Street, he noticed an advertisement in his daily paper of the sale to take place at Woodham Manor House. Like Richard Spender he remarked the paragraph relating to the fine library of 800 volumes, and gave a low chuckle. He also remarked the date of the sale. "Ah, Tuesday next," he said to himself with a curious smile. "The very day I had proposed running down to see Spender. You rogue," he continued, with many nods and winks, "you rogue; that is the reason of this reply." And he took up Richard Spender's letter of the previous day and gave it another reading. "Is sorry he will be away on Tuesday next. Not a word of this sale. Oh, you rogue," he reiterated with much enjoyment, "prize hunting, by the Venerable Bede."

He glanced at the daily paper again. "Catalogues to be obtained of the auctioneers, Messrs. Wildwood & Co., Menzies Street, W."

"Ha, ha!" he chuckled as he reached for his hat and old-fashioned cane. "Ha, ha! Richard Spender. There is a pile of catalogues in the next street."

Ten minutes later he was standing in Menzies Street perusing a catalogue. He did not enjoy its contents, and began to think he had done his friend an injustice. "Pish!" he exclaimed. "'Zimmermann on Solitude,' Warton's 'Essay on Pope,' Sully's 'Memoirs,' 'The Spectator,' and Young's 'Night Thoughts.' Not worth the trouble of running through a catalogue." He was about to fling it into the gutter when Hasted's "History of Kent" caught his eye and tempted him to read a little further. When he read the list of books comprising Lot 177 the street before him became a blank. He paused, and then read the items over again: "'Hannah More's Works,' Tooke's 'Pantheon,' 'The English Flora,' Prideaux's 'Connections,' 'Burns's Poems, 1786,' and twelve others, various. O Richard Spender, Richard Spender, what a rogue you are!" And after reflecting a moment he added, "But you deserve the prize."

He finished the remaining portion of the catalogue and walked back to his chambers, thinking as he went. "'Burns, 1786,' and my copy has the last leaf in *facsimile*," he murmured as he reached his hall door. "But Spender shall have it," he resolved, with the key in the lock. At the half-turn he paused as though transfixed with some sudden thought. "If any of the sharks are there," he said, addressing his knuckles, "Spender will not have a chance. I will go down, and if any of them are there, and the copy is good and sound, I will outbid them, for that last leaf in *facsimile* is a positive torture to me." His resolution formed, he unlocked the door and walked upstairs with a determined step.

On the day preceding the sale Richard Spender journeyed by train to Oakleigh, and from there walked to Woodham Manor House. The lodge gates stood open with a placard on either side. He found his way to the library and looked for Lot 177. He slipped "Burns's Poems" from the string with a palpitating heart. He opened it with fear, but the fear was soon succeeded by joy. The book was genuine. The title-page bore the magic imprint, "Kilmarnock, 1786." The copy was clean and spotless, uncut, and in its original cover. It was beautiful, it was faultless, it was unique. His eyes were greedy. He devoured the type as a miser devours his gold. He was unwilling to leave it, yet was fearful of attracting attention. He slipped it into the bundle again, and turned to examine the other parcels. Even then he had no doubt about buying it for a few shillings at the sale. It would be a great relief in his difficulty. And then a swift thought shot into his mind. Would it not be a greater wrench to part with such an incomparable book

than with many of his other treasures? He breathed heavily. The subject was too painful to consider. He must reflect upon it at leisure. Meanwhile he would renounce it utterly.

Richard Spender among books was like a bee among flowers; he went from bundle to bundle enjoying some and neglecting others. One parcel he almost kicked in contempt. It was described in the catalogue as Lot 182, "A bundle of books, chiefly scholastic, about fifty volumes." The books had a shabby appearance, most of them being bound in old sheep and calf, dusty and worn and rubbed. He lifted his foot to push the parcel aside and paused in the action. One volume differed from the others. It attracted him. He stooped down and picked it out, and on opening it was amazed. He almost imagined he was dreaming, his discovery seemed so impossible. The book he held in his hand was the first edition of "The Compleat Angler" by Izaak Walton, bearing the date 1653.

He regained his steadiness, and turned the book round and round and over and over to examine it minutely. It was in the original sheep, and in good condition. "A tall copy," he murmured to himself as he took a small ivory rule from his pocket and measured it. " $5\frac{1}{8} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$. There cannot be a larger copy. The finest have never measured more," and then he began to calculate its worth. "From £300 to £400," he mused, "and if no one discovers it I shall be set entirely free from all money troubles. But can these two prizes, Burns and Walton, fall to one man in one day?" he questioned in a doubtful voice. "It is a dream or a myth." But hope revived. "It is an obscure place," he continued in a more cheerful tone, "and this parcel does not look tempting either to bookseller or bookman."

He proceeded to replace the precious volume. The parcel had been tied up very carelessly. Some of the old school books displayed their backs, while others displayed their front edges. "The Compleat Angler" had been placed in the parcel with its back outwards. It was a moment of great temptation to Richard Spender to reverse the book by concealing the back and displaying the front edges. But he overcame the whispering imp, and shivered with aversion. "That would be cheating," he muttered. "I will be fair, and then the prize will be great," and after a pause he added "honest." He was thinking of Jonathan Oldenbuck of Monkbarns and his bundle of ballads. He replaced the book in the same order and position as he had found it, and returned home with a flutter at his heart.

The day of the sale came round, and Richard Spender walked to Castleborough Junction with quicker steps than usual. In going

down the picturesque High Street he met many friends, but he did not stop to converse with any one of them. When he reached the station platform he was amazed to find three London booksellers laughing and talking together, and he knew that the Kilmarnock "Burns" had passed beyond his reach. His heart sank, and he entered a railway carriage to think the matter over. When he looked up he found that four of his companions were London booksellers also.

"Fool," he cried inwardly, "fool, of course they would come. The auctioneers are from their own city. 'Burns's Poems, 1786,' could never escape the sharks, as Waller would say. But can I save dear old Izaak Walton?"

His thoughts were sorrowful, and he almost condemned himself for not replacing the book in the parcel with the front edges outwards. "The porter might have done so," he argued with himself. And then conscience whispered, "But he did not," and the temptation passed.

He scarcely believed that the London booksellers would notice it, most of the books in the catalogue being so ordinary and commonplace. "But their scent is keen; they can smell a good book," he thought, as he looked at two of the craft sitting on the opposite seat.

The train drew up at the pretty little station of Oakleigh, the doors swung open, and the platform seemed alive with London booksellers. He thought they must all be there. They appeared so many in so small a place. He counted them as they left the station. "Fifteen of them!" he cried aloud, and though the Kilmarnock "Burns" was lost to him, he felt proud that one of his favourite poets should cause so much commotion.

When Richard Spender turned in at the lodge gates of Woodham Manor House he saw Robert Waller coming down the drive.

"Ha, ha! my dear Spender, the sharks are before you," Robert Waller exclaimed by way of greeting, giving a nod towards the Manor House at the same time.

"Yes," he replied, "the book will fetch too big a price for my purse. But why did you come, Waller? These are my preserves," he concluded, with a twinkle.

"Not for your confusion, Spender; but I anticipated the sharks."

Here Robert Waller took out his letter-case. "They will not be able to swallow these," he observed, displaying a bundle of bank-notes. "That precious 'Burns' is not for them. My copy with the last leaf in *facsimile* has caused me much unrest; but after to-day it will trouble me no more. The copy to be sold presently is a beau-

tiful book. It is a perfect specimen. Its state is faultless. By the Venerable Bede, sir, it is choice, very choice ! ”

On reaching the house, they looked into the library, and Richard Spender cast a glance at the bundle containing “*The Compleat Angler*.” The book was still between the two volumes where he had placed it on the preceding day, and it appeared untouched. He endeavoured to hide his pleasure under a grim reserve, and when his friend looked at him suspiciously for a moment, he talked of the prospect to be seen from the windows. The booksellers had completed their inspection, and could be seen walking in the grounds with great contentment.

The sale was about to commence, and one of the porters came to lock the library door. Richard Spender watched the operation with much interest. “Ah,” his thoughts ran, “no one can discover the book now, and it is almost certain to escape detection in the haste and bustle of the sale.”

He felt his feelings rising, and proposed to Robert Waller that they should explore the grounds till the time arrived for selling the books. His friend consented, and they passed the greater part of the afternoon among the birds and trees and flowers, and were full of mirth and old stories.

At last the time came for the books to be sold. The booksellers gathered round the long table hungry for the prey. Robert Waller and Richard Spender stood a little in the shadow on the auctioneer's left. Lot succeeded lot, most of them being disposed of for a few shillings. The London booksellers bought sparingly, many of the parcels not being worth the carriage. Lot 177 was put upon the table, and there was a slight noise of shuffling feet. The auctioneer read the items, “‘*Hannah More's Works*,’ *Tooke's 'Pantheon*,’ ‘*The English Flora*,’ *Prideaux's 'Connections*,’ ‘*Burns's Poems*,’ and twelve others, various.’ A fine lot of books these,” he cried. “What shall I say for them ?”

“Shilling,” answered one of the local booksellers.

“Eighteenpence,” replied the other.

“Two shillings,” retorted the first.

“Half a crown,” shouted a countryman with an eye to quantity.

“Three shillings,” added the first local bookseller, and looked up for the auctioneer to knock them down. But he was disappointed.

“Four,” said one of the London booksellers quietly.

“Five,” replied another.

And to make a show, a third added “Six.”

There was a pause. The hammer was suspended. The

auctioneer looked round. No one heard a bid, but he said, "Seven."

"Eight," cried one of the London booksellers in a louder tone.

Again there was no audible bid, but the auctioneer announced "Nine."

The London booksellers looked at one another meaningly. Were they to pay for the Kilmarnock "Burns" after all?

"Ten," cried one of them, throwing a demand into his voice.

"Eleven is bid," said the auctioneer quickly.

The booksellers could not understand the opposition, unless the auctioneer was buying on commission, and at the next bid they followed the direction of his eyes, and saw Robert Waller standing in the shadow. Then they knew they must pay, for most of them had seen him bidding for and buying costly books at auctions, and some of them had been outwitted by the length of his purse, and consequently they disliked him. For it is the creed of the bookseller to hate the amateur who contends with him at auctions. It is his settled belief that the auction-room is his own temple, and that the amateur who enters it is an intruder, even an infidel to be driven out with anger and smothered curses. The scourge used in the auction-room by the ring of devotees to be found there is money; but it is a terrible weapon, even in experienced hands. If the ring compels the amateur to pay dearly for the ardour of his worship, the amateur, if wealthy, not infrequently makes the ring pay dearly also. Thus there is perpetual enmity, but the feeling is confined to one side only. The bookseller has yet to learn tolerance.

Therefore when the booksellers at Woodham Manor House learned that Robert Waller was their opponent they were annoyed but not dismayed. They had come prepared for possible contingencies, but as no outside booksellers were present, they scarcely expected competition. The local booksellers were of no consideration. Even if they had the knowledge of their profession, money would speedily annihilate them. But could they outbid the amateur? If he had come, as they had done, for a bargain, and having found opposition, could he give the price of such a choice Burns? If for a bargain only, then they anticipated triumph and profit; but if he had set his heart upon the book, then the fight would be keen, and perhaps end in defeat to themselves.

While such thoughts as these were running through their minds, one bookseller continued the bidding, and the others held a hurried consultation. Farce was no good, pretence was useless, and shilling bids ridiculous. Therefore Webster, the well-known bookseller of

Stone Street, moved a step forward and astonished the countrymen, furniture dealers, and auctioneer alike by bidding "Ten pounds."

The auctioneer hitched up his cuffs, and began to look important.

"Ten pounds is bid for this choice selection of books," he said, and looked towards Robert Waller.

"Eleven is bid. Twelve, thirteen," and the bidding advanced rapidly till "Twenty-one pounds" was announced.

"Thirty," shouted Webster, with his eyes glaring.

"Forty," rejoined Robert Waller, speaking for the first time.

Webster saw that his move was useless, and advanced the bidding to "Forty-five pounds."

Robert Waller replied by "Fifty."

There was another hurried consultation among the booksellers, Webster in the meanwhile bidding "Fifty-five."

"Sixty," said Robert Waller.

"Seventy," roared Webster, the consultation having finished.

"Eighty," rejoined his opponent, carelessly.

"Eighty-five," retorted the dealer, quickly.

"Ninety," added Robert Waller, with exasperating coolness.

Webster looked at his antagonist as though he were calculating the limit of his bidding, and, thinking to outmanœuvre him, carried the bidding to "One hundred pounds," and struck a bold attitude.

There was a pause. A great stillness fell upon the room for a second or two. It was broken by Robert Waller. "Guineas," he said quietly.

Another pause ensued. The stillness became intense. The booksellers looked at one another blankly. The auctioneer lifted his hammer, "No more for this valuable lot of books? No more?" and he looked at Webster anxiously. The audience held its breath. Webster shook his head. He was beaten. The hammer fell, the audience breathed again, and the auctioneer looked at the purchaser.

"Money," said Robert Waller, taking out his letter-case. He counted the price. The porter placed the books before him. Robert Waller extracted the precious "Burns" with tender care, and gave the remaining volumes to one of the local booksellers. While Richard Spender congratulated his friend, the countrymen marvelled that a man should give so great a sum for a book in a shabby-looking cover.

The next few lots of books were sold amid a buzz of conversation. The booksellers were still grouped round the table. Their presence caused Richard Spender some uneasiness. Their faces did not look expectant, but then a bookseller is a man apart, and does not indulge in a multitude of expressions.

Lot 182 was brought in. The auctioneer read from his catalogue, 'A bundle of books, chiefly scholastic, about fifty volumes,' and supplemented the description by adding, "A very useful lot this. Fifty royal roads to knowledge. Who will start the bidding?"

"Shilling," suggested Boxall, one of the local booksellers who has never been known to make the first bid at a higher figure.

"Shilling," he suggested, and expected some one to say, "Eighteenpence."

A heavy-eyed youth did so and blushed.

"Two shillings," continued Boxall.

"Half a crown," replied the youth.

Boxall shook his head, and Richard Spender took up the bidding and advanced it to "Three shillings."

Robert Waller was astonished. Richard Spender buy school books! It was incredible. And then he remembered that his friend was the father of a family. But he watched him narrowly. The corners of his mouth were twitching. And Robert Waller suspended judgment.

The youth carried the bidding to "Three shillings and sixpence."

It would have relieved Richard Spender's suspense to have responded "Five shillings." But the jump would have excited suspicion, and he contented himself with a sixpenny bid.

"Four and sixpence," faltered the youth, turning pale.

"Five shillings," replied Richard Spender, with his heart beating violently, for one of the London booksellers had his forefinger upon "The Compleat Angler." The suspense was terrible. But relief came. The youth dropped his eyes, and the next moment the hammer fell for the last time. Richard Spender was the possessor of a glorious prize. He handed five shillings to the porter and slipped the precious volume into his pocket. When he turned to Robert Waller his eyes were bright with the light of triumph.

The two friends moved away together, leaving the bundle of school books upon the table. The booksellers watched them with mixed feelings. "Have we been outwitted?" they wondered, and the thought caused them uneasiness and slight dismay. But the youth looked after them with interest.

"The keys of knowledge may yet be mine," he thought. But he was timid. Richard Spender was at the doorway. The youth grew bolder. He touched Richard Spender's elbow. His timidity returned, and he said nervously, "You have left the books, sir. If they are of no use to you, I would still give four shillings and sixpence for them."

Richard Spender stopped and looked into the youth's face. He saw the struggle for knowledge, and replied with much kindness, "Aye, lad, take the books and welcome. I had forgotten them."

The youth thrust his hand into his pocket with a beaming countenance.

"Nay, nay, my good lad," said Richard Spender, with a wave of the hand, and passed on.

When they had reached the drive, and were quite safe from the prying eyes of any curious bookseller, Robert Waller broke the long silence. "What is the prize?" he inquired, with a smile.

Richard Spender dived his hand into his coat pocket, and gave him "The Compleat Angler" without uttering a word. Robert Waller had prepared himself for a surprise, but old Izaak's little book staggered him. "A perfect treasure; an incomparable copy," he cried, after a few moments. "Worth £400 at least, and bought for five shillings—and within reach of the sharks, too! Never was bookman so lucky." And then, with mock gravity, he turned and addressed his friend, "Behold Richard Spender, the favourite of fortune!"

"Rather the sport, you mean," returned Richard Spender slowly; and there was a touch of sadness in his voice. "To-day the book is mine; to-morrow, ah, to-morrow, will be the beginning of a new destiny, for I intend sending the book to the sale-room."

"Are you mad, Spender?" exclaimed Robert Waller, looking at his friend with astonishment. "Sell the greatest bargain of a generation, perhaps of a century!"

And then Richard Spender unfolded the secrets of his pass-book, and Robert Waller's heart was mellowed with affection and sympathy for his friend; and, as Richard Spender had anticipated, he at once offered the free use of his purse, but this was refused with a gentle firmness.

Robert Waller then proposed that he should purchase "The Compleat Angler" for £400, and so save Richard Spender the risk, and cost, and delay of auction; and, after debating the matter awhile, Richard Spender assented, and handed the book to his friend with a peculiar feeling of joy and sadness combined. As a

husband and father he rejoiced, but as a bookman he sighed. "The life of a man has many sides," he reflected, as the book passed out of his possession ; "but a true friend is the gift of heaven."

Robert Waller returned home in anxious thought. "Have I acted the part of a friend towards Spender?" he questioned. "Ought I not to have pressed the money upon him without an equivalent? I am rich, and Spender is my only close friend. Is it not my duty to insist upon the privilege of friendship?" He was uneasy. "The Compleat Angler" disturbed his comfort. As a bookman he knew the measure of bitterness meted out to Richard Spender when he parted with such a prize, and a bargain to boot. He took the precious little book from his pocket, and looked it over. The operation helped him to decision. His thoughts shaped themselves into order, and at last his perplexity vanished.

That same evening he returned "The Compleat Angler" to Richard Spender, and a cheque for £500 accompanied it. "I have bequeathed you this sum for any trouble you may incur as my executor," he wrote ; "and surely it is a more genuine act of friendship for me to offer you this little token of affection with my own hands, flesh to flesh, and friend to friend, than to leave it to be paid you by some cold parchment-faced official after my death, when to me my gift will be as valueless as desert dust. I will take no denial," he continued, "and if you return the cheque, by the Venerable Bede, I will send it to some foolish society. Surely there is no friendship where there is no sympathy of mind and purse." Having discharged his sense of duty, he went to bed in a joyful frame of mind.

Richard Spender accepted the cheque on the condition that Robert Waller retained the book ; and he insisted on this arrangement with such emphasis and feeling that his friend consented. But on the same day Robert Waller added a codicil to his will : "To my friend, Richard Spender, I bequeath the sum of £2,000, and my copy of the first edition of 'The Compleat Angler,' by Izaak Walton."

LIGHT, ELECTRICITY, AND THE ETHER.

WHILE the illustrious Fresnel was proving by experiments that light was due to the vibrations of an ethereal fluid which fills all space, the famous Ampère investigated the laws which ruled the action of electrical currents, and thus founded the science of Electro-dynamics. It occurred to Ampère that the ether of space which forms the medium for the transmission of light might also serve for the propagation of electricity, and this happy idea has been confirmed by modern researches. But the real relation between light and electricity was first suggested by the late Professor Clerk Maxwell, and developed in recent years by Hertz.

All bodies may be divided into two classes, namely, conductors, which convey electrical currents, and insulators, or those which do not conduct electricity. The latter are also called *dielectrics*. The old electricians thought that all insulators were the same, and acted in the same way in preventing the passage of the electrical current, but modern researches show that this is not the case. If we consider light as an electrical phenomenon we must conclude that it is propagated through an insulating medium, for the ether of space is certainly a dielectric. Maxwell's researches tended to show that currents were formed in dielectrics. But before his time this was not suspected. Maxwell, however, explained the apparent anomaly by stating that dielectrics do not prevent the passage of a current by means of a greater resistance than conductors, but by a resistance of another character.

According to Maxwell's views of the nature of dielectrics, the difference in the modes of action of the two bodies is somewhat similar to the difference between the action of a spring which we try to compress, and the motion of a body through water or other resisting medium. The former may be called *elastic* resistance, and the latter *viscous* resistance. Dielectrics may then be compared to elastic solids and conductors to viscous liquids. On this view

Maxwell supposed two classes of currents, namely, currents of displacement passing through dielectrics, and currents of conduction traversing conductors. The former are of short duration, but the latter continue as long as the electromotive force continues in action. The heating of a wire through which electrical currents are passing is thus explained by the friction due to viscosity.

Electrical currents become perceptible in three ways: (1) by their heating effects; (2) by their action on magnets and currents; and (3) by the induced currents which they produce. According to Maxwell's theory the currents in dielectrics should give rise to similar effects. Why, then, are they not perceptible? The reason is that they are of small intensity and of short duration. With a very rapid alternation of currents, however, their effects should become perceptible.

It is to this rapid alternation of currents that—according to Maxwell—light waves are produced in the ether, and by induction these waves travel through space. The vibrations of sound are longitudinal, but those of light are transversal according to the theories of both Fresnel and Maxwell.

These views, expressed many years ago, were of course purely theoretical, and it was necessary that they should be proved experimentally. According to the old views electrical induction should be produced instantaneously, but according to the new views it should be produced with a finite velocity, namely, with the velocity of light. If such a velocity of propagation existed, it was of course very difficult to determine it experimentally, as the velocity at which light travels renders it—for short distances—practically instantaneous. This difficulty was, however, overcome by the eminent German physicist, Hertz, whose death at the early age of 37 has been recently deplored. Hertz's method of proof rests on the principle of the interference of waves of different phase. This principle applies to all wave motion which is propagated with a finite velocity. It should therefore be applicable to electrical induction, and if, as was formerly supposed, it is propagated instantaneously, there would be no interference in the electrical waves; but if, on the contrary, it has a progressive motion, like light, the interference might be made perceptible by suitable experiments.

By some very ingenious experiments Hertz has shown that electrical waves travelling along a wire can be reflected and refracted, like light, and that interferences are produced by reflection. He also showed that the velocity of propagation through air is finite, and equal to that along a wire. But he did not succeed in measuring its actual velocity. M. Blondlot has, however, recently measured the

velocity of the electrical disturbance along a wire, and finds it to be about 186,000 miles a second, or practically the same as that of light, thus demonstrating the correctness of Maxwell's theory. It seems, then, very probable that light and electricity are identical, or at least that they are different manifestations of the same phenomenon—a phenomenon due to wave motion in the ether of space.

The hypothesis that light is transmitted by wave motion—a theory now universally admitted—evidently necessitates the hypothesis of a medium in which these waves are propagated through space. Various views of the constitution of this medium—known as the luminiferous ether—have been advanced by eminent physicists. Some of the properties attributed to this hypothetical fluid are so anomalous that it is almost impossible for the mind to conceive the existence of such a medium. Sir John Herschel says: "Every phenomenon of light points strongly to the conception of a solid rather than a fluid constitution of the luminiferous ether, in the sense that *none of its elementary molecules are to be supposed capable of interchanging places*, or of bodily transfer to any measurable distance from their special and assigned localities in the universe." The famous Dr. Young also says: "The luminiferous æther pervading allspace is not only highly elastic, but absolutely solid." Now, as our finite minds cannot grasp the idea of a solid which is impalpable to the touch and invisible to our sight—as the ether evidently is—any theory which would relieve us from the necessity of imagining, or trying to imagine, such an anomalous substance should be very acceptable to our finite intelligence. Such a theory was advanced a few years since by Professor de Volson Wood, and as his views, which are very carefully worked out, seem to be mathematically sound, some account of his hypothesis of the constitution of the ether may prove of interest to the general reader.

Professor Wood assumes that the ether is gaseous in its nature, and consequently molecular in structure—a conception evidently more probable than the hypothesis which ascribes to it the properties of a solid. He starts with two assumptions, both of which are known to be true. These are, (1) that light is transmitted through space with a velocity of 186,300 miles per second, and (2) that the ether also transmits 133 foot pounds of heat energy per second per square foot from the sun to the earth. There is no doubt whatever as to the velocity of light, which has been determined by various methods, all of which give results in close agreement. With reference, however, to the heat energy transmitted from the sun to the earth, Herschel found 71 foot pounds, and Sir William

Thomson (now Lord Kelvin) assumed 83.5 in his calculations; but recent researches by Professor Langley show that the real value is considerably higher, and his results indicate the number 133, the value adopted by Professor Wood. I may here remark that any theory which takes into account the limited velocity of light—for although very high the velocity is evidently limited—commends itself at once to our favourable consideration. For no other theory of the constitution of the ether attempts to explain—so far as I know—the limited velocity of light. Were the ether an *absolutely perfect* fluid, we might reasonably expect that the velocity of light would be infinite, or in other words that its propagation through space would be—for all distances—instantaneous. That this is not so suggests that the velocity is limited by the constitution of the ether in the same way that sound is limited in velocity by the constitution of the earth's atmosphere, or of the substance along which the sound is conducted.

Starting with the above two assumptions, Professor Wood computes from the known properties and laws of gases that the density of the ether is such that the weight of one cubic foot is the fraction of a pound represented by 2 divided by 10^{24} . With this density a cubic foot of the most perfect vacuum which has yet been obtained by air pumps would contain "some 200 million million times the quantity in a cubic foot of the æther." In other words, "a quantity of the æther whose volume equals that of the earth would weigh about $\frac{1}{30}$ of a pound," or about $\frac{2}{3}$ of an ounce. Professor Wood also computes that the pressure of the ether would also be very small, about one pound on a square mile. Far, therefore, from being a solid, the ether is—on this theory—an excessively attenuated gas, and such an hypothesis certainly seems more plausible than the anomalous theories which have been hitherto held.

The chief objection which has been advanced against a gaseous constitution of the ether is that, even with a highly rarefied gas, a retarding influence would be produced on the motions of the planets which in the course of time would be easily detected by astronomical observations. But Professor Wood shows clearly that, with his computed density for the ether, its resistance to the motions of planets and comets would be absolutely insensible—even in the course of ages.

According to the kinetic theory of gases, the number of molecules even in a small volume of an ordinary gas is enormous. According to Thomson the probable number in a cubic foot of air is 17×10^{25} , an immensely large number. Even for such a rarefied gas

as the ether is supposed to be on Professor Wood's theory, the number would be very great. He computes the number at about 10^{16} . Large, however, as this number is, the number given above for air is about 17,000 million times as large! From this result it would seem that the law of Avogadro and Ampère is not applicable to Professor Wood's hypothetical medium.

Assuming that the earth's atmosphere is subject to terrestrial attraction and that it obeys the well-known gaseous law of Boyle and Marriotte, namely, that the density is proportional to the pressure, we can find the law of the decrease of density with distance from the earth, and hence the density at any given height above the earth's surface. At a certain point the atmosphere will become so rarefied that it will have the same density and the same tension as the ether. Professor Wood computes that this height is about 127 miles. This should be the extreme limit of the earth's atmosphere. By another method, however, he finds 169 miles as the extreme height of the atmosphere. Both results are, however, uncertain, for a uniform temperature is assumed for the whole height, and as we know that the temperature diminishes as we ascend the assumption is incorrect. Assuming a probable law for the decrease of temperature, and considering the temperature observed by Mr. Glaisher in his famous balloon ascents, he finds a height of 86 miles. Under certain conditions, however, he finds that the height might be increased to 110, and possibly even to 120 miles. Observations of the height at which meteors become visible indicate, in some cases, a height of 100 miles or more, but the usual height is between seventy and eighty miles.

Although he considers the constitution of the ether to be gaseous and molecular, Professor Wood thinks "that the æther is a substance entirely distinct from that of the atmosphere—that the former cannot be considered as the latter greatly rarefied, as some have supposed." He finds by computation that the density of the ether at the surface of the sun and at an infinite distance from that luminary is sensibly the same, and considers that—unlike the earth's atmosphere—"the density and tension of the æther may be considered uniform throughout space." It would be impossible for a wave of light to be propagated in air with the known velocity of light unless we suppose the temperature of the air to be raised enormously—something like 400 billion degrees of the Fahrenheit scale. Professor Wood also computes the specific heat of the ether, and finds it more than a billion times that of hydrogen, which has the greatest specific heat of all known terrestrial gases. He finds the ratio of the electricity of the ether to its density to be very great compared with the same ratio in the case

of air. His result is eight, followed by eleven cyphers. He also shows that the earth's attraction for the molecules of air lying near the limit of the earth's atmosphere "will exceed 500,000, the resistance of the æther; hence the molecules of air accompany the earth in its orbit as certainly as does the moon, and are far more rigidly bound to it than is its satellite."

A similar theory respecting the constitution of the ether has been advanced by Mr. S. Tolver Preston. He shows that the resistance offered by the air to a body moving through it is due to the comparatively slow motion of its molecules—about 1,600 feet per second, or about that of a rifle bullet—and that consequently, even if its density were as low as that of the ether, it would still offer great resistance to bodies moving with planetary velocities. If we suppose the molecules of the ether to be endowed with a very high velocity, this resistance would vanish, as the equilibrium of the medium would not then be disturbed. He therefore concludes that the molecules of the ether are extremely minute and moving with high velocities. Professor Wood estimates the mean square velocity at 286,000 miles per second. Their minuteness "is absolutely necessary to enable the ether to penetrate with freedom the molecular interstices of matter." Their high velocity is consistent with the hypothesis of a large amount of energy being stored up in the ether, for the energy of a moving body varies as its mass multiplied by the square of its velocity. A small body moving with a high velocity may therefore possess more energy than a much larger body moving with a small velocity. As, according to the kinetic theory of gases, the pressure exerted by a gas depends on the velocity of its molecules, the ether may have a high pressure without being dense or solid, as some have supposed it to be.

The low density of the ether found by Professor Wood has an important bearing on the question of the extinction of the light of very distant stars by absorption in the ether—an idea advocated by the elder Struve and other astronomers. I have shown elsewhere that telescopic observations yield strong evidence against the existence of any extinction of light, at least so far as our largest telescopes are able to penetrate into space. Let us see what effect the ether of Professor Wood's theory would have on the light of very distant stars. We can solve this problem by comparing its effect with that of the earth's atmosphere on the light of the stars. Although the earth's atmosphere extends with constantly diminishing density to a height of 100 miles or more, its total effect may be assumed to be equal to that of a homogeneous atmosphere of about five miles in

height, and of a density equal to that of the air at the surface of the earth. Now, measurements with photometers of the same star at different altitudes above the horizon have shown that the absorption of light by the earth's atmosphere amounts in the case of a star in the zenith to only about a quarter of a magnitude. Assuming—as we are justified in doing—that the absorption of light is proportional to the density of the medium through which the light passes, and taking the density of the ether as computed by Professor Wood, I find that the thickness of the ether which would absorb the same quantity of light as the earth's atmosphere would be about 2×10^{23} miles, or 2 followed by 23 cyphers—an enormous distance. Let us see what this distance implies. Measures of parallax have shown that the average parallax of stars of the first magnitude is about $\frac{1}{10}$ th of a second. Hence the parallax of stars of the 16th magnitude—about the faintest visible in the great Lick telescope—would be if their faintness is due to distance) about $\frac{1}{100000}$ th of a second. This would indicate a distance of 2,062,650,000 times the sun's distance from the earth, or—in miles—nearly 2 followed by 17 cyphers. Hence it follows that the thickness of ether necessary to reduce the light of a star by only a quarter of a magnitude would be about one million (10^6) times the distance of stars of the 16th magnitude. We may therefore conclude that, on Professor Wood's theory of the constitution of the ether, there would be no extinction of light due to the ether *alone*, so far as the largest telescopes can penetrate into the depths of space. So far as our limited range of telescopic vision extends we may consider the ether as practically transparent, the total loss of light being wholly due to our own atmosphere. Of course there may possibly be some extinction of light caused by meteoric dust in space, but this hypothesis has nothing to do with the ether or with the question of its constitution which we have been considering.

In a paper read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science on August 13, 1898, Professor Brush announced the discovery of a new gas which he calls etherion. It has “enormous heat-conducting capacity,” and its “mean molecular velocity is 100 times that of hydrogen,” and Professor Brush is inclined to believe that it is identical with the ether of space.

J. ELLIARD GORE.

THE STORY OF MONACO.

OF all the thousands of English visitors who flock to the Riviera every winter and frequent the terrace, the gambling-rooms, or the concerts at Monte Carlo, very few have any idea of the strange and romantic history possessed by the tiny principality of Monaco. The gains or losses at the tables, the prices at the hotels, and the dresses and diamonds, genuine or Parisian, of the *cocottes*, who find a happy hunting-ground there, form the staple conversation of the strangers and the natives alike, and even English guide-books sometimes display the most astonishing ignorance of the main facts connected with Monaco's past growth and present constitution. But there are now ample materials for the study of Monégasque history. The publication, at the instigation of the late Prince Charles III., of the valuable *Documents historiques relatifs à la Principauté de Monaco*, under the editorship of M. Gustave Saige; the same scholar's brilliant monograph, *Monaco: ses origines et son histoire*, based on the above mentioned documents; and the labours of Sir James Harris, our popular consul at Nice, *Monaco: Pièces historiques et traités*, in the same field, have laid bare a mine of facts, some of which should prove of interest to the English reader. For, long before the era of the Casino, Monaco was more than once in relations with our own country, while the mere fact of its quaint independence in this age of big States should attract some curiosity to its past career.

An ancient tradition, which contains an undoubted element of fact, ascribes the foundation of Monaco to Hercules, whose name, *Portus Herculis Monæci*, it bears in Latin authors. The legend points to the settlement of a Phœnician colony there, Monaco being a convenient halting-place on the road to Spain, and the modern name of the principality is probably a corruption of the Phœnician deity's title, *Melqart Menonakh*, "the god who gives repose or refuge." We are told by the geographer Strabo that a sanctuary of this deity was founded, probably on the site of what is now the Condamine; Carthaginian coins have been discovered near Monte

Carlo; and the site of la Turbie is supposed to have been the Phœnician acropolis. But the early history of Monaco has found a more enduring memorial in the literature of Rome than in these scanty Phœnician traditions. Virgil has given the place immortality by the line of the *Æneid* in which he depicts Julius Cæsar on his way back to Italy as "descending from the Alpine fastnesses and the citadel of Monaco," and Lucan has commemorated the "hollow rock" of "Hercules' sacred harbour," safe from the blasts of every wind but one. On the heights of la Turbie there still rise, towering above the brand-new hotel and the station of the mountain-railway, the ruins of the trophy which Augustus erected seven years before the Christian era to celebrate the submission of the forty-five Alpine tribes from the Adriatic to the Mediterranean. Finally, Tacitus has told us how in that "single long year" of civil war, when Otho and Vitellius fought for the mastership of the Roman world, this region felt the first shock of their opposing armies, and how here, too, the successes of Vespasian over Vitellius began. Save for the transit of the Emperor Maximian through Monaco after his campaign against the rebellious peasants of Gaul, we hear no more of the "haven of Hercules" in Roman history.

But Christianity now appears on the scene; for Monaco, which is said to possess more priests than any other country in Europe, and has chosen for its motto the words *Deo Juvante*, can boast of a patron saint and martyr. Sainte-Dévôte, whose festival is still kept every January 27, whose chapel still stands at the bottom of the ravine of the Gaumates, was brought over, a dead and mangled corpse, from Corsica, and her spirit, so the old monkish chroniclers say, taking the form of a dove, guided her bearers to Monaco, and settled in that rocky valley, in which so many suicides now meet their death.¹ Then came barbarian invasions of pleasant Liguria; Lombards, checked at last by the great Charlemagne, and Saracen pirates ravaged those "coasts of gold," until William, Count of Provence, put them to rout. For the next two centuries we hear little of Monaco, which was then the property of the feudal lords of la Turbie. But in 1191 the ambitious Genoese obtained a grant of the harbour and rock, on which the present town stands, from the Emperor Henry VI., under the condition that they should build a fort there. After a long delay the fortifications were constructed on the site of what is now the palace, and the Count of Provence formally ceded all his rights to the Genoese Republic, which

¹ The servant of a friend of mine witnessed one such case in the autumn of 1897 from the Pont Sainte-Dévôte.

organised the Government of Monaco in its usual systematic fashion. It was at this epoch that we first find mention of the Grimaldi family in connection with the spot, which still owns its sway.

The early origin of the Grimaldis has been obscured by the well-meant efforts of courtly antiquaries to give to the reigning family of Monaco an almost fabulous antiquity. Brushing aside all these fables, which M. Saige has wisely discarded, we find the Grimaldis occupying various important posts under the Genoese Republic in the course of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and possessed of considerable influence in the Western Riviera. In the civil wars between the Guelfs and Ghibellines, which divided Genoa into two factions, the Grimaldi were among the former, and when their party was expelled from "the proud city," a member of the family, Francesco Grimaldi, surnamed *Malizia*, made himself master of Monaco by means of a stratagem. On the night of January 8, 1297, he obtained admission to the fortress in the guise of a monk, introduced his Guelf followers and overpowered the guards. Thus for the first time was a Grimaldi lord of Monaco—an event still commemorated by the two monkish supporters of the Grimaldi arms in the scutcheon of the principality. But the family's first lordship was short-lived. Four years later it had to give up its conquest to the King of Naples, and in the fourteenth century Monaco was several times lost and won. The most interesting figure in that period of Monégasque history is that of Charles Grimaldi, who was lord of Monaco for about a quarter of a century; and, not content with making its navy the terror of the Mediterranean, and even of the Levant, took an active part in the French war against England. In 1339 he sacked Southampton; he was present at the naval engagement between the English and French fleets off Guernsey; and was left for dead on the field of Crécy. But he recovered from his wounds, and acquired by purchase the lordships of Mentone and Roquebrune, so long associated with Monaco in its later history. "Happy in the opportunity of his death," he died before the Genoese captured his rocky capital in 1357. The story of Monaco then merges in that of Genoa, until in 1419 the Grimaldi were reinstated, and the three grandsons of Charles Grimaldi ruled it by turns, a year at a time. This arrangement was soon cut short by a Milanese occupation of the place, which, however, led to so many disturbances with the inhabitants of la Turbie, that the Duke of Savoy demanded the destruction of the fortifications. A little later John I. Grimaldi, the most active of the three brothers who had ruled Monaco jointly, recovered the possession of that town

as the vassal of the Duke of Milan, and the deaths of his fellow-rulers, and the speedy disappearance of the Milanese suzerainty, left him sole lord of his entire domain. But it was necessary to disarm the constant enmity of the Duke of Savoy. John accordingly, in 1448, submitted to become the vassal of the Duke for half Mentone and all Roquebrune—the other half of Mentone belonged to another branch of the Grimaldi family at that date—and three years later actually sold Monaco and his “crown,” as the Genoese doge called it, to the French Dauphin, who afterwards became the famous Louis XI. But, as that crafty prince never paid the purchase money, the first act of John’s son and successor, Catalan, was to denounce the treaty. That ruler left behind him one daughter, and, by the laws of the Grimaldi, she could only inherit on condition that she married one of the family. Though only six years old at her father’s death, she was, therefore, at once espoused to her cousin Lambert, who was then forty-two. The reign of Lambert, marked by almost constant plots and quarrels, saw, however, the principle of Monaco’s sovereign independence firmly recognised in international treaties, and the whole of Mentone included in its dominions. His successor, John II., took part in the Italian expeditions of the French kings, Charles VIII. and Louis XII., and received from them as a reward the titles of “Captain-General of the Western Riviera” and “Governor of Ventimiglia,” now the first station beyond the Italian frontier. But this luxurious and artistic ruler, who restored the castles of Monaco and Mentone, and amazed the courtiers of France by the splendour of his attire, was killed by his brother Lucien, who then became his successor. But Lucien’s reign was a stormy one. The Genoese besieged his possessions, the King of France kept him a prisoner in hope of compelling him to give up to the French so important a stronghold as Monaco, and the Florentines complained of the *droit de mer*, which the Monégasques had long levied on passing ships. It was on this occasion that Macchiavelli was sent as Florentine envoy to Monaco; and even when these difficulties had been settled, and Louis XII. had recognised that “the lordship of Monaco depends on God and the sword alone,” Lucien was not secure. An assassin himself, he perished by an assassin’s hand. One August night he was stabbed in a lonely gallery of his palace by his nephew, Bartholomew Doria of Dolceacqua,¹ who aspired to succeed him. But the murderer failed to reap the reward of his crime. Lucien’s bishop-brother, Augustine, arrived in the nick of time, and Doria was glad to escape with his life.

¹ Dolceacqua is a picturesque village near Bordighera, with a fine bridge and the ruins of the Doria family’s ancestral castle.

The turbulent career of Lucien marks a distinct era in the story of Monaco. He was the first of its lords who coined money, of which one specimen exists, and assumed upon it the name of "Prince," in token of his sovereign rights. But with his death began the era of the Spanish protectorate over Monaco, which lasted from 1524 to 1641. Various motives, chief among them the escape of his brother's murderer into France, induced Augustine to accept this protectorate, which, though Monaco was expressly recognised in the treaty as a sovereign State, brought it within the Spanish sphere of influence. It was included in conventions between Spain and other Powers, and in 1529 the Emperor Charles V. visited his diminutive ally. He was on the point of procuring him a cardinal's hat, when Augustine died suddenly, it was said, of poison, and his nephew, Honoré I., reigned in his stead. But Honoré was a mere cipher all his reign. Even after he attained his majority one of his relatives, Stephen Grimaldi, directed the Government as his adopted father. Stephen was one of the most energetic of Monaco's rulers. He made the Spanish protectorate purely nominal, and on one occasion refused to allow the great Emperor, Charles V., within his gates, though at the same moment, for the second time in its history, the place received the Pope as its guest. The galleys of Monaco now gained laurels against the Turks. They took part in the capture of Tunis by the Emperor in 1535—an event which led to the introduction of the cactus from Africa to the sunny rocks of the Riviera.¹ They were present at the disastrous battle between the Turks and the Imperial forces before Algiers, and at the siege of Malta in 1565. Even at the battle of Lepanto two galleys, commanded by captains from Mentone, bore the Grimaldi flag in the service of the Genoese branch of the family. Nor did Stephen neglect to strengthen the fortifications of his rock-citadel, to increase the palace, and to construct the great cistern. The next two reigns, those of Charles II. and Hercules, found Monaco once more engaged in disputes with the Duke of Savoy over the homage due for Mentone and Roquebrune, while two attempts were made by adventurers to seize the fortress. A conspiracy was formed against Hercules by an agent of the Savoyard party, and he fell, like two of his predecessors, by an assassin's hand. But the natives would have no lords save the Grimaldi, so his little son, Honoré II., succeeded him. The fifty-eight years' reign of this sovereign marked a great change in the fortunes of the little State. At first, indeed, under the guardianship

¹ Pemberton: *The History of Monaco*, p. 125.

of the Spanish Prince de Valdetare, Honoré was a mere puppet of the Spaniards. A Spanish garrison held Monaco, disarmed the inhabitants, and deprived them of their time-honoured assemblies, or *parlements*. Honoré at first consoled himself for this loss of real power by laying stress on his exalted rank. He now styled himself *Prince et Seigneur*, instead of simply *Seigneur*, and, for the first time since Lucien's days, we have Monégasque coins, for which a mint was founded in the principality. But these outward symbols of sovereignty did not satisfy Honoré's ambitions. He had long been scheming with Richelieu to exchange the Spanish for a French protectorate, and in 1641 the treaty of Péronne regulated for the next century and a half the relations of Monaco and France. A French garrison was to occupy the fortress, but the Prince was to preserve his sovereign rights, to be included in all French treaties, and be compensated for the property which he would lose in Spain by grants of lands in France. The fortress was captured by means of a surprise, the French garrison established, and the Prince created Duc de Valentinois—a title which still runs in the family—and received with the greatest honours at the French Court. Monaco was now of much more importance than before; many distinguished persons visited it, and it is curious to find the then Duke of York (afterwards King James II.) meditating in 1650 the concentration of a fleet there against Oliver Cromwell.

The next Prince of Monaco, Louis, made a name for himself in various ways. As a soldier he took part with the Dutch against the English at the battle of the Texel; as a man of fashion, he even dared to become the rival of our Charles II. at the gay English court for the favours of one of the reigning beauties; as a law-giver, he drew up the so-called *Code Louis*, or "Statutes of the Principality of Monaco," which dealt most severely with immorality, and aimed at making the State a model of all the virtues. Unhappy in his family life, Louis was glad to seek employment abroad, and he filled at his death the post of French Ambassador in Rome, whither he had been sent on the eve of the troublous question of the Spanish succession. The war which broke out over that question nearly ruined his successor, Anthony, who had to melt down his plate to pay for the new fortifications of Monaco. The brief possession of the lordship of that troublesome neighbour, la Turbie, for eight years was a small compensation to him, and antiquaries and travellers must regret the destruction¹ of

¹ Its restoration was planned, but not carried out, in 1859.—Pemberton: *The History of Monaco*, p. 5.

nearly the whole of Augustus's memorable tower at this epoch by the French army. At the treaty of Utrecht the Duke of Savoy demanded the cession of Monaco, and, failing in this, the recognition, which had lapsed for over two centuries, of his suzerainty over Mentone and Roquebrune. This latter question, referred to the arbitration of the French and English Governments, was settled in favour of the Duke of Savoy. It is an interesting fact that the English arbitrator was the poet Prior. A still more awkward problem, that of the succession to the principality, now became acute, for as Anthony's children were all daughters, he had, according to the family law, to provide the eldest of them with a husband, who would take the name of Grimaldi, in default of any eligible suitor of that family. Such a person was found in Jacques de Matignon, Comte de Thorigny, a member of a distinguished Breton family, who was created Duc de Valentinois on his marriage. As both Anthony and his eldest daughter died in the same year, 1731, Jacques de Matignon became Prince, resigning, however, in favour of his son, Honoré III., two years later. A brilliant soldier, Honoré was at the battle of Fontenoy, where his brother's wound provoked the line of Voltaire :

Monaco perd son sang et l'Amour en soupire,

and was himself wounded in a subsequent engagement. During the war of the Austrian succession, the principality was in constant risk of being bombarded by the English fleet, which was cruising in the Mediterranean, and Admiral Byng captured the man-of-war which was stationed in the harbour to collect the customary dues. But another event rendered the relations between England and Monaco extremely cordial. In 1767 the Duke of York, brother of George III., on his way from Marseilles to Genoa, fell ill at Monaco, and died in the room of the palace which is still called by his name. George III., greatly touched by the kind attentions of Honoré to his brother, invited him to visit London, and presented him with six horses. Honoré stayed two months in England, and visited Portsmouth, Greenwich Hospital, and Woolwich, receiving everywhere the utmost hospitality. So far all had gone well with him ; the long-standing dispute with the Dukes of Savoy (now become Kings of Sardinia) about the boundary of the principality had been settled ; the little State had prospered greatly since the close of the war ; the first newspaper, the *Courrier de Monaco*, had been started, and several artists and men of letters had arisen from among the natives. Suddenly came the French Revolution, and Monaco, too, came under the influence of the new ideas.

The first symptom of the change appeared in 1790, when the three towns which comprised the principality demanded elective councils. Honoré at first yielded, but afterwards withdrew his concessions. In spite of the revolutionary movement, he continued for a time to maintain his position, received from Danton a recognition of his position as a sovereign, and was voted compensation by the French National Assembly for the loss of the feudal rights in France which had been granted him by the treaty of Péronne. But in January, 1793, the Mentone revolutionists planted a tree of liberty; the other towns followed their example; with the support of French generals, primary assemblies met, and, after forming themselves into a national convention, proclaimed the deposition of the Prince and their desire for union with the French Republic. On the proposal of Carnot, their wishes were heard, and on March 4 the former principality became a portion of the department of the Alpes-Maritimes, and the town of Monaco, in the classical style of that age, was rebaptized under its ancient name of Port d'Hercule. For the next twenty-one years its history was merged in that of France.

The position of the princely family was a most awkward one. Carnot had said that Honoré should be protected in his rights as a private citizen of the Republic, but he and his family were thrown into prison, and his daughter-in-law, Princess Joseph, executed. All historians are loud in their praises of her courage; she refused to purchase a delay by declaring herself with child, cut off her hair with a piece of glass, that it should not be contaminated by the executioner, and rouged her face, lest her pallor should be mistaken for fear. But under Napoleon the family's fortunes improved. Prince Joseph and the future Prince, Honoré V., held important posts in his service, and the latter fought in several of his campaigns. Meanwhile, at Monaco itself, they had lost nearly all their property. The palace had been ransacked and many of its contents sold or pillaged, and it was successively turned into barracks, a military hospital, and a poor-house. But the people suffered little in this period, though in 1800 the crew of an English frigate carried off the arms and ammunition of the fortress, causing a terrific explosion. Moreover, the construction of the Corniche road, finished in 1812, was a benefit to Mentone, through which Pope Pius VII. passed, amid great enthusiasm, on his return to Rome. A few years earlier the body of Pius VI. had been landed at Monaco, where an inscription in the new cathedral commemorates the event.

On the first fall of Napoleon, in 1814, the principality, thanks to

Talleyrand, who prevented its annexation to the kingdom of Sardinia, was replaced in the position that it had held before the Revolution. Honoré III. being now dead, and Honoré IV. an invalid, Prince Joseph acted as regent, till the Prince's eldest son (afterwards Honoré V.) claimed his right to that post. On his way out to Monaco in 1815 his carriage was stopped near Cannes by the troops of Napoleon, just landed from Elba. A conversation ensued between the Emperor and his former officer. "Where are you going?" said the Emperor. "I am going home—to Monaco," replied the Prince. "And I, too," said Napoleon, "am going home—to the Tuileries." As soon as the return of the Emperor became known, a body of English troops, under Colonel Burke, occupied Monaco for the King of Sardinia, and, in spite of Honoré's protests, the English remained there till the treaty of Vienna in 1815 transferred the protectorate of the principality from France to Sardinia, which also obtained the old homage from Mentone and Roquebrune. In 1817 the treaty of Stupiniggi replaced that of Péronne, and gave Sardinia the right of maintaining a garrison at Monaco, while a subsequent convention abolished the tobacco manufactory of the principality—a great loss to the people employed. This was the first grievance which marked Honoré's unfortunate administration. His actual reign began on his father's death in 1819, and from that moment to its termination in 1841 it was one long series of blunders. An excellent officer, he was not only a poor economist, but, what was worse, fancied himself an authority on finance and economics. His system was to erect every industry into a monopoly, and to protect that monopoly by a Chinese wall of protection, thus compelling his subjects to purchase inferior articles at a superior price. Grain was thus treated as a monopoly, and in a purely agricultural country manufactures were started, for which there was no demand. The revenues which the Prince wrung from his subjects were four times what they had furnished before the Revolution, and were mostly spent in Paris, where he lived as an absentee from his principality. Honoré V. was, indeed, a tyrant, but he seems all the time to have believed that he was doing the best for those over whom he tyrannised. The revolt of Mentone in 1821 was a proof that they did not share his views. But he paid no heed to their complaints, and posed as a reformer of society by his book on "Pauperism and the Means of Destroying it." The final straw was the issue of a coinage, which no one wanted, and which caused great complaints abroad. Yet Honoré V. did some good to Monaco; he made the carriage road from Monaco to the

Condamine, laid out gardens, and built a few churches. But his misrule laid the foundations of his successor's troubles.

Florestan, the next prince, was, indeed, ill-fitted for the task of governing even a small State in difficult times. He had, like his brother, Honoré V., been a soldier, and had suffered imprisonment in Russia after Napoleon's famous campaign ; but he never liked the army, and had quiet literary tastes, which were only offended by the business of government. But at first he made a good impression by coming to Monaco and abolishing the oppressive monopoly of grain, which had been one of the chief grievances of the late reign. This was, however, merely "the kindness of kings upon their coronation day." The bad old system went on unchanged, and in his zeal for education on his own lines Florestan actually carried the protective principle into the domain of teaching, prohibiting any private person from giving instruction in the subjects which were taught in his new college at Mentone. An attempt to establish an olive mill with English machinery near that town, in which the olives of the peasants, purchased by the Government at a fixed price, were to be ground, irritated one of the chief local industries, and discontent became epidemic. At Mentone and Roquebrune a Sardinian separatist party was formed, and the fact that a number of Monégasques had, since the convention of 1817, found employment in the Sardinian service, naturally made them look to the House of Savoy rather than to that of the Grimaldi. The Liberal movement in Italy increased their desire for separation from absolutist Monaco, and M. Charles Trenca, a prominent inhabitant of Mentone, who had been dismissed from the Prince's employment, became on both public and private grounds the chief of the Opposition—the George Washington on a very small stage of this miniature revolution. The Prince of Monaco in Sardou's clever play, *Rabagas*, takes the wise step of muzzling the revolutionary leader by making him his Minister. But Florestan was not wise, and did everything he could to weaken his own position. He hesitated and promised, when too late, half reforms, which satisfied no one, and only led to the demand for more. As a last card he sent his eldest son to Mentone to pacify the people ; but this device was not very successful, and the Sardinian troops, which were despatched there from the garrison of Monaco, were greeted as deliverers by the Separatists, who demanded the Sardinian Constitution. This at last Florestan conceded, but, on the very day before, the Revolution of February 1848 had broken out in Paris, and soon found imitators at Mentone. On March 2 a provisional government was proclaimed, and a decree was passed, declaring the

Grimaldi deposed, and creating Mentone and Roquebrune "free towns" under the protection of the King of Sardinia. A *plébiscite*, held soon afterwards, gave 568 votes for, and none against, annexation to that kingdom; a memorial, signed by 370 so-called *principistes*, was the reply of the Grimaldi party. But the protests of the French Republic prevented the Sardinian Government from formally annexing the two "free towns"; although the Chamber of Deputies at Turin voted annexation, it was not carried out, and the Government contented itself with a provisional arrangement, under which a Sardinian commissioner was sent to govern the two towns, united to Nice by decree. An attempt of the hereditary Prince of Monaco to recover his lost heritage by a *coup de main* at Mentone in 1854 failed, and he was arrested by the Sardinian authorities. England and France now took up the cause of the Grimaldi, but the Crimean war occupied everyone's mind; and though the Mentone question was raised at the Congress of Paris, it was still unsettled when Florestan died in 1856. Throughout, the town of Monaco had remained loyal to him.

His son, Charles III., had, as we have seen, played a very active part in this question, and lost no time in beginning negotiations on the subject. But the war between Italy and Austria in 1859 completely altered the conditions of the problem. Nice having been given up by the Italians to France on condition of a *plébiscite*, the two communes of Mentone and Roquebrune were included in the vote. Charles protested, but as 695 against 54 had voted for annexation, he was ready to negotiate, and on February 2, 1861, ceded his rights over Mentone and Roquebrune to France for four million francs payable by the French Government, which also undertook to secure the passage of the railway through Monaco, to keep up the road to Mentone, and to construct one along the coast to Nice. Thus the principality was reduced to one-fifth of its original size; but, at the same time, the Italian garrison was withdrawn and the Italian protectorate ceased. In 1865 another treaty established a customs' union with France, which was to work the posts and telegraphs and pay a certain sum to the Prince in return. In 1885, however, the Prince issued his own stamps, and the practice, though it involves a considerable loss of money, has been continued by his successor. But the great event of Charles's reign, which completely transformed the character of Monaco, was the opening of the gaming-tables. First started in the old town in 1856, it was at the outset a failure, chiefly owing to the difficulty of reaching Monaco before the opening of the railway. In 1863 M. Blanc obtained the concession

to open a gaming-room, and, under his auspices, the present establishment was begun on the rocky quarter known as the Spélugues, but now far more famous as Monte Carlo. When, in 1868, the railway was opened, the success of the tables was assured, and the Prince was so sure that they could maintain the principality, that in 1869 he abolished all direct taxes, and thus closed the stormy chapter in Monaco's history which had been the chief cause of the revolution at Mentone. Anxious to emphasise his complete independence, he created the order of Saint Charles, concluded treaties of extradition with foreign States, formed a staff of consuls, ministers, and other diplomatists, issued his own money, codified his laws, saw that Monaco was represented at all the great international exhibitions, and obtained complete religious autonomy by the erection of the Abbey of Monaco into a bishopric, for which a new cathedral was built on the site of the historic church of Saint Nicholas. Charles III. could, indeed, have said that he found Monaco poor and left it rich, found it unknown and left it famous, found it brick and left it marble. The principality, as it is to-day, was his work for good or bad, and when he died on September 10, 1889, he bequeathed what was an inexhaustible gold-mine to his son and successor.

Just ten years have elapsed since Prince Albert ascended the throne of the Grimaldi amid a pageant which recalled the Middle Ages. The reigning sovereign, who is fifty-one years old, was educated as a naval officer, and has served in both the Spanish and French navies, taking part in the Franco-German war of 1870. In England he is known for his papers on oceanography; in France he has lately made himself conspicuous for his letter to Madame Dreyfus; at home he is regarded as a very shrewd man of business, who has made excellent terms for himself with the Casino Company. So far the most important event of his reign has been the renewal of M. Blanc's original concession, which would have expired in 1913, for a further period of fifty years from that date. This new privilege will have cost from first to last a million sterling in hard cash, paid to the Prince; an annuity rising every ten years, till it will reach £100,000 in the last decade; a new opera-house, to cost £80,000; and, as a recognition of the artistic tastes of the Princess, a sum of £1,000 for each of ten special representations at the theatre. He also receives, as may be seen from the balance-sheet of the company for last year, an additional grant of £20,000 for his law courts, police and army of seventy-five men, and is also a large shareholder in the concern. Besides all this, the Casino pays for public works and roads, lighting, the water supply, the official

wash-house, the State baths, and the loss on the post-office, while, true to the religious character of Monaco, it gives grants to the bishop, the clergy, and the convents. In short, the contemporary history of Monaco is simply that of the Casino, and the descendant of the Grimaldi is that very modern product—the aristocratic financier.

But a great many things may happen before 1963. Should a war break out between France and Italy, little Monaco would hardly escape annexation by the victor ; public morality might, perhaps, in the customary fashion, be invoked as an excuse for breaking the treaties on which the independence of this tiny State reposes, and the taxless joys of Monégasque citizenship would then be a thing of the past.

W. MILLER.

HEZEKIAH WOODWARD ON EDUCATION (1640).

I.

THE exact title of Hezekiah Woodward's noteworthy book on "Good Education" is as follows :—

"OF THE CHILD'S PORTION, VIZ.: GOOD EDUCATION. BY E. W.

"Or, the Book of the Education of Youth that hath for some years lain in obscurity ; but is now brought to light for the help of Parents and Tutors, to whom it is recommended By

Will. Goudge, D.D.

Edm. Calamy.

John Goodwin.

} {

Joseph Caryl.

Jer. Burroughs.

William Greenhill."

And lower down on the page is the quotation from St. Chrysostom :—

"As our Seminaries or seed-plots are, such are the Land and Nation : As the Parents, house and school are, such are the town and city."

[Date : 1649. Size 4to.]

The Preface shows the necessity and worth of a virtuous education. The end of education suggested is that it supplies the means to "pull" our nature "out of the rubbish of Adam's and of our own ruins, and to smooth over the face of it again, beautifying the same and making it comely."¹ Education is the culture and manurance of the child's nature—it is, to quote "that noble scholar,"² the Georgics of the mind. This is a work of importance, "more than anything in the world besides ; yea, more than a world is worth."

Woodward proceeds to state that he can best treat of the good culture of the child by noting defects in his own education. He then gives autobiographical details which are amongst the most interesting pages of his book. For instance :—

¹ This reminds us of Milton's words : "The end, then, of learning, is to repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright."

² Lord Bacon.

WOODWARD'S STAMMERING.

"I had naturally *lingua impedita*, a stammering tongue. My mother, who could love her child and yet be wise (two things they say incompatible, but she could do both, as all know that know her), was tender of me, and the more tender the more my imperfection was. . . . Such discretion she used towards me, that had I found the same under those hands, whereto I was committed, I persuade myself I had every way thrived better than I did."

WOODWARD'S TRIESTE TO HIS MOTHER.

The father died before Hezekiah was a year old.

"No children in that country, of what rank soever, did owe more to a Mother for her precepts, her prayers and her practice than we did, and no parent expected and had a more honourable observance from her children than she had. Mothers may hold their authority and maintain the same, say what they will to the contrary. It is their fault if they do not maintain their right, and it will be their sorrow. . . . When her day came, even her appointed day, then was she taken away from seeing the evil to come. She died as she lived (I mention but the practice of her widowhood) like Jacob, blessing her children, so she fell asleep, and was brought to the grave, that silent place, like a sheaf of wheat to the barn, as full of graces as of years."

"I have digressed," adds Woodward, "a little here, but I could not remember a Mother and such a Mother barely so and no more." Nor could I forbear to quote the beautiful words expressing his feeling.

For six years and a half he was at a grammar school, "one of the best note in all that country."

LIFE AT THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL: THE FEAR OF THE ROD.

"In all this time spent in Grammar (six years is a great length in one span), I know not which lost me most time, fear or play. I know I played away much of the time, but I know also fear hindered me most, and cast me farthest back. I remember the noble knight's words in his feigned Arcadia. 'His mind,' saith he, 'was fixed upon another devotion, so he minded the speech no more than a boy doth his lesson, when he hath leave to play.' Fear works the same effect that play doth. If the master be as ready to smite as he is to speak (as too many such there are), the boy's mind is fixed upon another devotion, how he may save himself; his eye is upon the rod or hand, and all his observation is how he may avoid the blow. As

for other observations, which his lesson would yield, they must stay a fitter season for admittance, when the master and scholar both are better fitted and tuned, the one to give, the other to take, instruction."

The over-tasking of the memory and the severity of correction are the two defects of the school, as Woodward notes them. When he reached the University, "soon enough and raw enough," there were further though different shortcomings to deal with. "Empty and unfraught" though he was, he was put to Logic and Rhetoric. "I gathered," he says, "some ends together, so as that my collections that way and provision of learning was (as our Advancer compareth it) like a Fripper's or Broker's shop, that hath ends of everything, but nothing of worth." In the disputations of the University, Woodward was at a disadvantage. His tongue was very imperfect when he was not ready with what he had to speak.

WRITTEN NOTES A DISCOURAGEMENT OF MEMORY.

"I charged my paper book with many notes, my memory with few, or none at all; and had I gone on so, the Scholar had lost if not quite his Treasurer; yet he had put it out of office: 'The most faithful servant in the world, if it be called to an account constantly, if not, the very worst, a very slug.'¹ Let there be a Recognition of what we hear or read, a chewing of it again (for, as conference with others is the life of study, so meditation is the life of reading), then we may book it (we may and must take some brief heads of it at first), but charge the memory rather than the book. Call it to an account, so may a man prove as famous for memory as our Jewell was, who had the Art indeed."

One of the most characteristic chapters of Woodward's book is that "Of Callings," *i.e.* the occupation in life to which the child is to go after being educated. His conclusion was, "In the choice thereof the parent must follow Nature and look up to God." The following passage in the Preface explains Woodward's more than ordinary interest in the matter.

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

"My speech was little mended [after six years at College]. I must bend to some course. . . . I must tend to some mark. What may that be? A Divine, Lawyer, or Physician? . . . I was fitter for the last of the three, for a sick man likes a silent Physician, who hath skill to cure him, not words to weary him; he is in pain, words put him to more pain. The truth is, I could think upon no course, but

¹ From Quintilian, lib. ii. cap. 2.

either to dig or to beg, so I resolved on that which had most labour and least shame, to labour with my hands ; but that should be in a strange land ; and thither I went twice, wherein though I laboured not with the hand, yet I was fed."

Then came a change. Woodward looked on himself as the "most helpless fellow in the world."

WOODWARD BECOMES A DIVINE.

"How much of my precious sand run out, while my thoughts were troubled about nothing, or that which was quite out of my reach ! how was I tossed, like a ship in a storm of my own raising ! and (as Seneca saith) though tossed much, I sailed nothing. . . . While I was thus molling and troubling myself about God's charge (so it was), how I should be fed to-morrow and clothed to-morrow, that had sufficient for to-day ; the Lord beheld the wriggling of the worm, and forebare to crush it, notwithstanding my intermeddling with his charge (which is to keep and feed his people) and the neglect of my own, which is to give all faithful diligence. And so, as in Paul's passage, He brake the ship, yet brought safe to land. He crossed my friends' designs, and dashed all our projects and placed me in such a calling, and in that place which was least thought of. . . . That very instrument [*i.e.* his tongue] hath brought in a competency, which I thought impossible to be. And in such a place hath God provided for me, that is of the best note ; whereas, if I could have found the way, I would have crept into a mouse-hole."

The point of view developed in the Preface, therefore, is a personal one, but it is necessary to follow it to understand Woodward's book. He looks upon the ordinary parent as being inclined to pass by the necessity of careful education. What can a poor, weak, stammering child be taught ? What can a parent do for the teaching of his child ? "This is the common accent put upon children's defects." The remedy is : "Let the parent do the work of the day upon the day and leave the morrow to God. Let him do it cheerfully and in hope." He argues, If the child be deficient, so much the more need for instruction. And if he is going to the humble work of the world, to drive the carts or hold the ploughs, yet the more should his mental powers be governed in the "empty space" before he begins his work.

"For my part, had I a child to design to the Plough or to the Sea, or to some less stirring trade (in all these cases or courses of life learning is neglected as a thing of no use), I should as faithfully bestow upon him the culture and manurance of his mind first, and as readily I

should do it, and I should think it to my good ends as another parent would do, that had designed his to the College."

No words could put more plainly the humanitarian and democratic view of education than these.

The sum and substance of Woodward's philosophy of the subject is contained in the following passage :—

"If the child have great parts (signs thereof there may be), be greatly thankful ; but boast not thyself, nor child, as many do (a commodity quickly changed as a forward spring is quickly blasted). If the child have weak parts, be thankful too, and rest content. Crave wisdom the rather to improve them, to make them stronger, as too few do ; but so we should do, and it is all we can do."

The main difficulty in treating of Woodward's book—of the *Child's Portion* (which extends in its two parts to nearly 400 quarto pages)—is to distinguish its educational import apart from its religious surroundings. The most weighty portions are probably the (Chapter VII.) "Method in reading the Book of the Creatures" (*i.e.* what we should call Natural Science), and (Chapter IX.) "The Master's Charge." Chapter X., the last of the first part, deals with the subject mentioned before, viz. "*Callings*."

By the "creatures" Woodward evidently means the whole of the creation with the exception of man. He does not mean merely the animal creation, for he refers to the garden as furnishing many varieties for instruction. Following Bacon, the "noble and learned Advancer," he first disposes of the objections made to the study of Nature. He shows that it is neither vain nor presumptuous to study Nature in a right spirit. How necessary it is to give ourselves up with an entire heart to this study is seen by the fact that it is easy enough to "see the creatures" without in any way learning to understand them.

SEEING AND NOT UNDERSTANDING.

"There are," says Woodward, "two most sensible and once honourable trades both, though now as was said, cooks are of more esteem because the old simplicity of life and livelihood are out of fashion¹ : two trades, I say, and they maintain the state of the world, the one of shepherdry, the other of husbandry. They who are versed herein, should be, if they are not tenants, well instructed men, for their books, which are full of instruction, are still in their

¹ In his Preface, Woodward speaks in the highest terms of the "ancient and honourable profession" of the husbandmen—though he laments they do not till their minds more.

eye ; and they are still poring upon them. They live still in the view of heaven, and of the earth ; the one tending his sheep, the other driving his ox and horse ; and yet, though this they do, yet have they gained no more true understanding, from their observations in either, than the sheep or ox have, which they tend and drive. Experience tells us that the shepherd and the husbandman are the most ignorant persons in the world. . . . They do behold the creature and no more. . . . Their senses report no more to the mind, but that they have seen it ; no more."

THE WAY OF COMENIUS.

"The spirit of the child, as I may say, is fashioned and moulded to the pattern and model of that it looks upon. And note we, then, the child goes on with ease and delight when the understanding and the tongue are drawn along, like parallel lines, not one a jot before another. It is Comenius his rule, the ablest man in that way, that yet the world hath taken notice of. And this also the parent shall the more easily effect and with quicker despatch, if (when he hath laid the book of the creatures before the child's eye and is reading the lecture from thence), he shall put the lecture into questions, and make the child, not an hearer only (that is the old manner), but a party in the business. It will much enliven and quicken the child's fancy, to see itself joined as a party in the work, though it is little it can do."

The asking of questions is an ancient and authentic method. It was Christ's way of learning and teaching. He sat amongst the doctors hearing and asking them questions. "Now," says Woodward, "as the best things are, it is grown out of use and fashion." He is writing in 1640.

Woodward then offers what he calls his "lectures on the creatures." He draws attention to the physical facts (as he understands them), as to the form, dependence, and magnitude of the earth. He dilates on the vast variety of objects on the earth ; "all to refresh and comfort, to instruct and humble me." All the objects he sees turn his thoughts to God, the Giver of all. He quotes with admiration the words of the Puritan preacher, Mr. Deering :—

"When we see the Heavens we must see His greatness, who was able to set such a covering over the earth. When we behold the Earth, we must behold His Providence, who hath ordained such a plan of nourishment for all creatures."

Passing to "the creatures" on the earth, he shows the wonder of the greatest of animals and the equal wonder of the smallest. He

goes on to describe the waters of the earth, their bars and bounds, their weight, and the creatures therein. "The works of God," he concludes, "in the great deep are innumerable and wonderful. Amongst them, the strangest and most admirable is that little fish, which will slug a ship and stop her under full sails, so the Naturalists say." With discreet though quaint reticence, he adds : "And we leave them to their proof." But waiving responsibility for the physical fact, he has no hesitation in pointing his spiritual truth curiously founded upon it (even if true). "We may certainly conclude hence, It is easy for the Lord then to stop a man, when he is breathing forth threatenings, and is now upon an eager pursuit, and furious march in his own way, the way of sin and death."

He next discourses of the Air and winged creatures in it, and the "great vessels of water rolling over our heads." Next he turns to the Sun—his motions, his beams, his lightness. From all these he furnishes "instructions," physical and spiritual. He is then, as he says, at "the end of our walk." This is what he terms noon or afternoon instruction. He has also seasonable teaching for parents to impart in the morning and at night. It is all filled with an intensely earnest appreciation of the pleasures of the senses, their instructiveness, if interpreted, and the happiness of using them all as preparatory to the glorifying of God for the pleasure of their exercise.

But Woodward distinctly affirms that he "prescribes a way to no man. No matter what way he takes, so he doth his duty, and so the work be done and the end attained, which is, The tilling over the whole man, by the well improving of this seed-time." As to the need of education of the child in the best practicable manner and its neglect, Woodward quotes Calvin, Charron, Perkins, Ascham, Hooker, but any reader of Woodward's own work will hardly question his right to stand worthily amongst the educationists from whom he quotes. He says—and there are surely few passages from English educational writers more simple and so eloquent :—

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE SCHOOLMASTER.

"When I think what a treasure a child is, and what a charge comes along with it ; and then again what a fair opportunity the master hath in his little nursery or seminary to prune and manure this little plant, so as it may grow fruitful, that the Church and State and Parents, that all may rejoice together ; when I consider the opportunity the master hath, even to his heart's desire ; so far exceeding the opportunity which the Pastor hath (at least doth take),

as that he hath not a day for a week, nor scarce an hour for his day, nor hath he the opportunity to call his disciples to an account: When I consider this, I shrink at the thought of this charge, for I must needs think that a master's charge is very weighty, and that his neglect must be very much, if he do not very much good."

As to "the way the master must take with the pupil," Woodward first insists that the mother-tongue must be the "precognition" to the tongue the pupil knows not. Secondly, the master must make great use of the senses, and remember that the quicker the master, the *duller will seem* the pupils. With careful teaching, Woodward thinks *Æsop*, *Cicero*, or *Ovid* will be as fit for the child's capacity as a so-called child's book of Latin sentences. Only always choose that which most appeals to the senses. *Ascham* and *Brinsley* he recommends as books in which the teacher is to study method—and he especially eulogises *Mr. Brook* and *Mr. Horne* for their recent books on Latin grammar (the latter also deals fully with Rhetoric and Oratory). The sum of all is this: "That there be a graduate proceeding with the child, as up a pair of stairs; that the child's seed-time be improved to the utmost. And for the daughter that she have general instructions, all qualities the parent can bestow, which may set off and yet stand with decency and sobriety; more especially that she be accustomed to the essentials of huswifery."

In his chapter on Callings, Woodward warns the parent against choosing for his child (he does not contemplate the child being "a party" in this case) a calling which shall supply the instruments of luxury, excess, pride, vanity. He does not deny that some of these are "lawful," and that there are those who use them "lawfully," but they stand as it were "on a precipice." To judge of the real "lawfulness" of a calling we must ask, "What influence has my calling into the good of the Universe?" *Marcus Aurelius* has it, "That which is not good for the Beehive or whole swarm, cannot be good for the Bee."

Nor is it enough that a calling be lawful; we must be lawfully called to it. Parents must discern first their children's fitness before they design them to any calling. There is in each a bent and bias, and hence a fitness and more "peculiar aptness to this rather than to that in most children." This is hard to find out. Woodward gives as his rule—in words which will surprise those people who think *Rousseau's* doctrine a new phenomenon:—

"*We must follow NATURE* as closely as we can, and use all the helps this way to make discovery of the child's inclination." This must be done guardedly and without the child's knowledge. "The

child discovers himself best, when he thinks the parent observes him least."

The second part of Woodward's book¹ deals with the child grown up, and is more or less a Rule of Life in connection with Baptism, Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, Marriage, Old Age. In the matter of Marriage, the parent is to choose for the child, but a match is "not to be concluded without or against the child's allowance."

In considering Woodward's contribution to education, stress should be laid upon his appeal to parents to take care—intelligent care and oversight—of their children's early years. "So prevailing beginnings are and so fundamental to after-comfort. Parents say well, To School, To School; and they do well to put the child thither. But masters say, The house, the house. It will never be well till, Reformation begins there, and Information both." At this time he was evidently a schoolmaster, but shortly afterwards he seems to have become a Presbyterian preacher, and later, an Independent. There is an account of him in Anthony à Wood's "*Athenæ Oxonienses*" (ed. Bliss), vol. iii. col. 1034, but it is written in a tone of prejudice against him as a devoted Cromwellian. He is accused of being invective in his sermons, of calling Charles I.'s followers "malignants," and even he is accused of writing a book against the Lord's Prayer. He seems to have preached against the observance of days, against maypoles and dancings. "He hath left," says Wood, "an ill-name behind him, and none there have any esteem for his memory *except anabaptists, quakers, and such that tend that way.*" He had been appointed by Cromwell to the vicarage of Bray, near Maidenhead, but on the Restoration retired to Uxbridge, where, to use Wood's rather venomous expression, "he carried on the trade among the brethren, either more or less, to the time of his death." According to Wood, Woodward was of Balliol College, Oxford, 1608–11, and was born in Worcestershire.

In Masson's "*Life of Milton*" (vol. iii. pp. 230–231) is an account of Samuel Hartlib's appeal to Hezekiah Woodward, entreating his judgment upon Mr. Edwards's book called "*An Anti-Apologia*," in which the latter wished to strike a crushing blow on Independency. Woodward gave a reply which is described as a "real though hazy and perplexed reasoning for Toleration." This account of his educational book is sufficient, I trust, to defend Hezekiah Woodward from Anthony à Wood's too illiberal attack.

¹ In the edition of 1640 as mentioned, the title is of the "*Child's Portion, viz.: Good Education.*" In the later edition of 1649, it is renamed: "*A Child's Patrimony laid out upon the Good Culture or Tilling over his whole Man.*"

A LIGHT TO GRAMMAR AND A GATE TO SCIENCES.

Following up his treatise of "Good Education," Hezekiah Woodward published in 1641 his two little books on the teaching of grammar and the teaching of science.

In his book on Grammar, Woodward has copied the title of another book, called "A Light to Lilly" (1637); but he urges that his book is not merely a light to Lilly, but to all the grammars in the world. The preface, like so many prefaces of the time, is a dedication to Mr. Sam. Hartlib, at whose "entreaty" the book was written. Woodward has a principle to enforce as the main basis of his educational work: "It is not what I understand, but how I can fit myself to the child's capacity." This principle took still deeper hold upon Charles Hoole, but Woodward preceded him, and in his own way framed the grammar and science teaching into the new pattern.

"Our endeavour shall be to put the child in a good forwardness, before he knows where he began; he shall be well entered, before he knows how he came into the way; he shall do his work playing, and play work; he shall seem idle and think he is in sport, when he is indeed serious and best employed. This is done, when the understanding is cleared by its own light; when the child's own door, which he thinks shut, is opened by a natural key, of the child's own framing and using."

The method by which this is to be brought about is termed by Woodward *precognition*. "It is," he says, "an anticipation of the understanding, *i.e.* a stealing upon it and catching of it, unfolding unto it. . . . It is that whereby I slip into a child's understanding before he be aware."

Woodward explains himself. His *precognition* is the employment of the outward senses of the child so as to work upon the "inward senses." We say—quoting the Schoolmen—*Nihil in intellectu, quod non in sensibus prius fuerit*. Woodward puts it: "The extract, the quintessence of all the simples in the world, if they could be gathered (we shall pick up some in due place), is conveyed, is dropped into the understanding through no other limber but these. Mark it once for all. Every lesson . . . must pay tribute to the senses."

Woodward was in fact a Pestalozzian before Pestalozzi. Here is a passage which well brings him amongst the later educationists:—

OBSERVATION OF THE CHILD.

"We shall find him still (*i.e.* constantly) in action here and there

and everywhere, with his stick, or with his gun, or with his casting stones ; perhaps if these be not at hand he is blowing up his implements. I believe he is as well stored for the driving his pleasant trade, as is the best merchant in the town . . . we suppose him well sorted with commodities. He hath his exchange and warehouse too, both his box and his pocket. . . . The child is all for action, and very earnest therein, never quiet except in motion. . . . We must observe too, or else we observe nothing : That the child is as desirous after knowledge, very curious and enquiring that way. What is this? What is that? All is news to him. . . . It is as a little ape taken up by imitation. What he sees the governor do (he must take heed what he doth) the child will make offer to do the like. . . . He thinks all possible to him, nor can you gratify him better, nor please him more, than to suffer him to try his skill by putting his hand to the work, which you must move altogether, but he will think he hath done the deed, and by his own strength. He must enjoy his conceit, and make himself merry with it ; all such encouragement doth good everywhere. For when the child finds himself a party in the work, he speaks of it willingly and with delight, remembers it accurately, and much good there is in all that."

Unfortunately, languages, the chief subject of study of Woodward's time, have no ground in Nature—*i.e.* a man speaks this or that language merely *ex instituto* (as a man is taught). How then can there be a preparation or anticipation of the understanding? The teacher must "stoop low" and "wind the child up" very gently.

As soon as the child can distinctly observe that which is before his eyes, his education is to be taken in hand. Woodward shows how the elementary steps of arithmetic can be treated concretely. Then the child is to go to school, where "the mistress" holds the book in one hand and the little twig in the other.

Soon after the child goes to school he has to learn Latin and Greek. And yet "certain it is the child understands more of his own tongue in one month from his nurse (after he can speak articulately) than he gains from a school in three, in any language." Woodward boldly declares that the most elementary parts of school-work are worthy consideration. He confesses that on the earliest teaching his thoughts are not ripened, but he recommends a perusal of the works of M. Carew and M. Hodges on these points.

To another writer (though he does not state any obligation) Woodward seems to be indebted. "For the matter of the elementary (the Horn Book), though it be small in show, yet it is

great for process : and for the manner of handling the child, of great moment also, to hearten him on for afterwards. And therefore it would promote the common good not a little, if an able man had the ordering the child at this first stair or step ; for a firm ground here at this low point, raiseth the work mightily, and makes all stand firm. But it is supposed the master must have answerable pay ; a good encouragement to come down so low when he shall perceive that reward shall rise up.¹ This will be thought upon when times mend, and the day clears up, then our judgment and foresight will clear up too."

Woodward continues : "In the meantime I know what will not be done. A good scholar will not come down so low as the first elementary, and to so low a recompense also ; it shall be left to the meanest, and therefore to the worst. And there I leave it also, even in the mistress her hands, for there is no remedy." The passage clearly establishes the fact that in Woodward's time the smallest children were often, if not generally, taught by women.

In dealing with elementary subjects, Woodward argues for the desirability of teaching *writing*, with an evident consciousness that it was by no means a settled point in the education of young children. He quotes the objections that the child at first entrance to the grammar school is "too young," and that "sitting with his pen may make him grow crooked too." But Woodward is resolved on his learning to write, *because* "thereby I shall the better work on his senses."

LET US FOLLOW NATURE.

"Observe the child," he says, "with his little stick puddening in the ashes, drawing lines there, or upon the dirt where he can make an impression ; and almost as busy he is, as one was, who would not be driven from it with the sword.² . . . I have known some who were not taught to write, yet could draw faces of all sorts, bodies in due proportion ; frame several buildings, castles, ships and the like. I mention it that parents and masters might be persuaded to draw forth Nature, as you would do a piece of gold, it will spread and compass itself (as gold will) beyond an ordinary imagination. Let us follow Nature here, for this drawing, whether with stick or pen, is but cousin-german to writing, a *pre-cognition* or training principle thereto."

¹ Woodward quotes in the margin : "Præmia conatum extimulant." *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, lib. 2. Cf. Mulcaster, *Positions* (Quick's Reprint), p. 233 : "It would easily allure sufficient men to come down so low, if they might perceive that reward would rise up."

² *I.e.* Archimedes.

He cannot help noticing the objection that writing weakens the memory. The answer is, that it is not the use, but the abuse of writing that is pernicious. "If we scribble, scribble, scribble, and then think we have done the deed (as once I did, so wise I was), our memory will do us no more service shortly, than a man can do to himself that is in a lethargy. . . . If we let the memory sleep . . . it will die. At this point we must remember the dark¹ man, his memory is even to a wonder, but no wonder at all, for he employeth and exerciseth the same, and *exercise is all*." So clearly does Woodward perceive the truth that faculty develops by exercise. Writing itself, however, is, as it were, a precognition. For the writing-master must take care as to the copy, "not so much to its form, I doubt not then he is exact enough, but to the matter thereof, that it favour of piety, and be a leading hand thereunto, so fashioning the life as well as the hand." Woodward is never far away or long away from the inculcation of the moral end in education. Reading, of course, was to be acquired. With these two, reading and writing, the child has two wings with which to tower up to the top of all learning.

The preparations, the precognitions, to use Woodward's technical term, reading and writing, and especially the mother-speech, lead the way to Grammar.

THE LITTLE CHILD'S EXPERIENCE PREPARATORY TO GRAMMAR.

"More than a year since, the child could call unto his mother, the maid, and the man, John and Joan both. He hath set his mother a stool or some such thing. He hath picked an apple and a nut, cherries also out of her lap and pocket. All this he hath done. Then he told us what part of speech these are, how proper some, how common other some, what gender he, what she, and that the stool was neither of both. . . . Tell him of sharp and sweet, he will not be satisfied, till he have the thing, be it grapes, vinegar, apples, honey, sugar, &c. Now he knows his adjective, no man better. He relishes it on his tongue's end. His little judgment is so stupid in his sense, that he can compare through all degrees also : This is sharp, that sharper ; the other sharpest of all . . . all these by the sense which never fails, when the child is well." So on Woodward goes, with numbers and cases. Then to pronouns and verbs, adverbs and even particles, and the practice of etymology.

Syntax, thinks Woodward, can be taught just as easily :—

"He sees in his father's house, stones upon stones ; timber shot

¹ *I.e.* the blind.

into timber, &c. Thence he learns concord or agreement." Moreover, the mother-tongue is the best precognition for the technical concord of grammar. "The child will not say 'him did read'; no, 'he did read'; 'we are,' not 'we art.'" . . .

Merrily Woodward proceeds through the figures and tropes. The child who has seen his mother make apple-pies has learned to distinguish who made them, of what materials, the form and fashion, and for what end. Thus he has an idea of the four kinds of causes, according to Aristotle—the efficient, formal, material, and final causes. For Prosody, Woodward has his precognitions. His whole effort is a protest against *ab ignoto ad ignotum*.

After all, the grammarian, when formed, is not so very valuable a man :—

"He may haply pick up a poor living, if his salary be duly paid; for Homer, they say, gives many a man his dinner; much good may it do him. But he will be a despised man for all that. A grammarian! anciently it was a word of reproach; and it was well known that a base hypocrite, a stage-player, a fiddler had their precedency a mile before him. . . . He is in very deed a babbler, a man of rags, made up of words: Such a one as he was, who stood in the corn-market gathering up the corn that fell beside the sack in emptying; that is, a babbler indeed, of no more worth in judgment, than in purse—of no worth in either."

Grammar is a "dull" work—and the only thing to be said of it is—first make its teaching as "*sensible*" as possible, and if Grammar can go in at the gates of the senses, all sciences will follow by the same light and the same doors.

II.

In Woodward's "Gate to the Sciences," we are given what he calls a "practical lecture upon the great Book of Nature, whereby the child is enabled to read the creatures there."

At the outset Woodward sees the dilemma: "To insist upon generals is to have the youth in a maze without any thread in his hand, and to give him singulars is impossible, for they are infinite unto us." His solution is to give him as many as we can, though those many will be a few. To do more would necessitate that we should carry the child from place to place, as fast as fame can fly. Since we cannot do this, let us furnish the child with emblems and pictures of that which we cannot show him in reality. To provide

the child with images, let him hear parables and see maps, work with the globes: give him as many images as possible.

He goes on: "If we could make our words as legible to children as pictures are, their information therefrom would be quickened and surer. . . . If we had such books wherein are the pictures of all creatures, herbs, beasts, fish, fowls, they would stand us in great stead. For pictures are the most intelligible books that children can look upon. They come closest to Nature, nay, saith Scaliger, Art exceeds her. A strange speech, but he will have it so; I verily believe, said he, That Nature never framed any human body (I except only two, the one of the first Man, the other of Him, who was God and Man) so artificially, so exactly well, as hath the cunning Limner, or curious Arts-man."

So much impressed is Woodward with the vividness of pictures, that he is anxious to impose distinct limits on their use. They must be such, and such only, as tend to promote good manners. The second limit is that emblems should not become confused with realities. "Little children," he says, "keep yourself from dumb idols."

To converse in generalities is to keep the child upon a pinnacle. Yet it is from the idea of the universe as a whole, Woodward starts his "lecture" and descends, as he says, to Man, the Compendium or Abridgment of the great World. Man's body is a curious fabric; we must cherish our bodies; they must be served that they may be serviceable. Yet there are cases in which our bodies and their comfort are of little worth compared with the peace and progress of the soul. And this must be pointed out to the child.

From the Man, Woodward turns to the Creatures—the lower creation. "All contribute continually towards man's accommodation." The points which he develops for teaching are: (1) Let us give the creatures their due, then their Creator. We must use and not abuse them. Woodward's illustration is as follows: "This appears in the abuse of meat and drink, which being surfeited upon will cast their Lord sometimes into the water, sometimes into the fire. And (to pass over greater mischiefs, which our eyes have seen and our ears have heard) sometimes lays him along in the streets, to be gazed upon as a base slave to that creature, over which a little before he was Lord." (2) We must use the creatures mercifully. (3) We must use them reverently.¹ (4) Man must endeavour to be very good. Surely he does not give the creatures their right unless he strives to be very good, even better than they. "What a shame,

¹ Cf. Goethe's three Reverences.

what indignity this, that their Lord should be naught amidst all good things?" (5) We must not "diminish" the creatures. "Those we think the least of all are very good, all." (6) If, then, God has honoured man by making the creatures for his use, "the sun for him, moon for him, air for him, &c. . . . all for him, how reasonable a thing it is, that he should be all for his God."

The methods for honouring God are : (1) To serve Him. (2) To be thankful to Him. (3) To be patient. (4) To depend on Him in silence.

Next in the surroundings of the child are "the Artificials." Woodward's proposition is : "The Artificials about him whom we call man, sets all men on work : that's the point. It is cleared to the child thus :—

"Behold, child, the artificials about thee, what art and skill hath fitted to thy body ; what variety hast thou there ? What a deal of good service is done unto thee ? Begin with thy head, the hairy scalp, and observe well how many that sets on work ; now the felt-maker comes in for thy service, rather the beaver-maker, so fine we are, and a hundred more that are their masters. Anon the barber comes, and to work he goes—snip, snip, as nimble as an eel. Perhaps the currier hath some work here too, for we wear his leather on our heads. We allow the head most service, for it is a principal part, and doth the most service to us ; we cannot be so large in all, but we will look over every part ; then go we lower by degrees, and by that time we are come to the heel, we shall well understand that man finds work for all the tradesmen in the city and country both.

"How unreasonable a thing were it, that all in the family should be as busy as bees, or ants in the summer, and one amongst the rest, as able as any of the rest, should like a Lord-Dane anciently or some Abbey-lubber, lie along in the chimney-corner ?"

Every child, then, must sooner or later learn a trade. There is to be no "slipping the collar." He must have his work. Yes, the gentleman, the idle-man . . . also, unless he chooseth rather to be a beast. If everyone must have his work, it is no less important that everyone should have his *fitting* work.

Woodward has now dealt with Nature and with Art in their relation to the education of the child. There are still to be considered, what he calls, occasional instructions. The child must be given lessons to "serve him in some stead" (1) when he riseth up ; (2) when he sitteth at meat ; (3) when he sitteth down ; (4) when he walketh abroad. The most ordinary events and routine of the

house may serve as occasions for lessons. For instance, Woodward suggests the observation of the maid "scumming" the pot, or scraping the trenchers and washing the dishes. It is true that the lessons on these subjects on which Woodward particularly lays stress are for the purpose of moral inculcations. Still, he has the merit of drawing attention to the observation of objects close at hand and "near," as Herbart says, to the child. In this way he would have the attention of children called to the hens, to swine, sheep, the stable with a horse "higher than a lion though not so strong," and the ox. "Go we to the barn to observe the least grain. . . . To the garden now . . . so in the orchard." In all cases he is searching for physical objects—with a view to presenting graphically moral analogues. His object is moral instruction through the senses. The toad or the worm will furnish material for him.

The best illustration of his method is when he takes the child to a wind-mill, to show him a "precious stone," which is none else but the mill-stone. "The Mill-stone brings in many a man his living. It was noted long ago,¹ that Homer hath given more men their livings, than either Sylla, or Cæsar, or Augustus ever did, notwithstanding their great largesses and donatives and distributions of lands to so many legions: so we may say of this stone, it hath done more this way than all the precious stones in the world; for it maintains that precious thing, which we call life, therefore the Mill-stone is put for anything that brings in a man's livelihood. What lesson learn we hence? for therefore came we hither. A mighty lesson. . . . It teacheth us to beware we meddle not with that which is a man's living . . . though it seem never so mean and contemptible in our eyes as the mill-stone doth. . . . 'No man shall take the nether, or the upper Mill-stone to pledge, for he taketh life to pledge.' Life is a precious thing; then so is that which maintains life. If I take away livelihood, life is taken away too.² We find," Woodward sums up, "the Mill-stone to be a very precious stone. The finest ruby is not to be compared to it."

Lastly, Woodward leads the child to the church door. But he is not to go into the church—only to peep into it—thrusting in his head or so, but no further, "so as to discern how neat and costly all

¹ See also Bacon. "Advancement of Learning," lib. i, p. 86, fol. ed.

² Cf. Shylock in "Merchant of Venice":

"Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that;
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house: you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live."

things are there." If these materials are so costly, then how appropriate that those who come there should be at some cost and bring some gift. The lesson goes on: "Look, child; behold the place well, go round about it, look in, see the beauty of it. Why all this beauty? It is the house that God hath builded for the honour of His great Name, that it is. We must carry ourselves reverently there. If thou dost hear any laughing, talking, brawling there, or seest any more irreverent carriage, know that so it should not be, but a Christian-like deportment everywhere. . . . This, as we said, is God's house. And yet thou must not conceive, that the earth or stones or wood there, such materials have any holiness in them, any at all: No, take heed of that vain thought. But in relation and reference to the great things done there, the place is an holy place; God's Name is called on there." Once started on the theme, Woodward does not hesitate to give his whole counsel on religious matters to even little children.

His lecture ended with the visit to the church and the lesson on religion; in his quaint language Woodward "keeps Sessions, but in our own Court"—*i.e.* he takes the child to task for any negligence. Faults may arise from many causes, and these must be carefully distinguished. The child may transgress through weakness, from frailty of nature, and from invincible ignorance. The master has need, therefore, to carry his understanding always "in his hand," and not to punish without strict occasion.

"A fault it is not to miss again and again, and yet a third time, nay a fourth, as the child may be taught. For he may be in a maze, and no clue in his hand to lead him out. I am persuaded in my conscience, That if justice were done at this petty point (so it is adjudged to be, but it is *no small point*) the *master might suffer thrice for the child's once*. For either he informs not the child at all: or if he do, it is the wrong way and by the wrong end; or if any way, then he knocks him first, his hand going before his tongue; or if together (which should never be), the hand is the quicker; a great wrong to the weak child." In all punishment we must be sure that we have first "let a light into the child's understanding, and so set it up there that he is convinced clearly that he might have seen his way, but he *would* put it out." The child will then realise that he is punished justly. Woodward points out that twenty years hence the child will say: "I remember what my master did, how discreet he was or the contrary," and will, or may, quote him as a precedent. This reminds one of Herbart's: So act as a teacher that the future man in the child will be grateful to you.

Parents and masters are to act together and to complement one another. Mulcaster had laid stress on the importance of such conferences,¹ and, probably, Woodward had perused his Mulcaster to advantage.²

After stating the part of the teacher to teach, and the child to listen, and to ask questions on the "hints" given him by the master, Woodward adds: "Thus the lesson goes on till the master's work be done." Shortly afterwards he breaks forth, correcting himself:—

"It is never done. Something in point of information, something in point of reformation, about the child or himself, finds him work still. Let me say it once for all: The master may learn much by teaching the child—a great deal of divinity from that little thing, which is Nature's right. I know no such looking-glass in the world, wherein to see the man's heart, as is the face of the child."

Such a passage goes to the root of the whole matter. If teaching promotes the good of the teacher as well as that of the pupil, if it provides a good for the man as great as the good it promotes for the child, it is a blessed thing. As Woodward says, enthusiasm may rise to the point of feeling: "The longest day is short enough for this work. In the winter he must take the night too, and all too little to do a great deal of good in, which should be his ambition."

Emphatically, then, the schoolmaster's conversation must be in heaven, if he look to do much good on earth. He that prayeth most teacheth most. It is as mariners sailing for eternity, that teachers must guide themselves and those in their barks, under their charge. The simile is Woodward's. Along with most if not all of the realist educationists, the side of receptivity is emphasised. It is much later that the *terra firma* of the expansive activity of the individual's mind was brought into the educational account.

FOSTER WATSON.

¹ Positions. Cap. 44.

² See note 1, page 46.

FRENCH LONDON IN 1793.

EVERY aspect of London is interesting to the student of his vast capital, which possesses historic associations and continuity alike unequalled by any other in the world. Perhaps one of the least known of these aspects is that which London presented for some time, commencing in September 1792, and attaining its full development in the following year. It was indeed one which had never been seen before, and was in vivid contrast as regarded general social feeling with that of just a century earlier. For in 1792 London was full of French priests. In 1692 it was at peril of their life that Roman Catholic ecclesiastics had been seen. Years on years of persecution, dating really from the days of Elizabeth, and accentuated in the later years of the seventeenth century by the monstrous phantom of the Popish Plot, had made London one of the most perilous places for the Romanist priest or proselyte. In James I.'s days a poor unhappy priest was cruelly hanged, with all the horrible treason penalties, "in the fields outside Gray's Inn"—say where now Theobald's Road stands—simply for celebrating the rites of his faith to his co-religionists in a house in the neighbourhood. And the sight of a priest would, all through the seventeenth century, have roused the London mob to fury—and it was one of the fiercest mobs in the world, as it showed in the culminating days of the Gordon Riots only 118 years ago. Therefore it is curious to read a letter of Sir Samuel Romilly, under date of September 15, 1792, in which he says: "It is impossible to walk a hundred yards in any street here in the middle of the day without meeting two or three French priests." The recent and altogether unspeakable horrors of the September massacres—even now their full hideousness is only known to those who read French pamphlets and ephemeral literature of the time in the original language—had sent the first flight of fugitives across the Channel, to be followed by many others throughout the autumn and winter, until 1793 saw a complete colony of *émigrés* in London. But the modern aspect of Leicester Square, as the later colony, was then unknown. It is true that in the earlier years of the century part of Soho round St. Anne's Church was the old French

colony, under the *ancien régime*, as shown by Hogarth's picture of "Morning," in which the church—now, I hope, soon to be restored—is a prominent object. And Greek Street, Soho, had long been the resort of wanderers, notably in the case of Jacobite fugitives after the Forty-five. Gleaning particulars from bygone memoirs and authorities little read nowadays, we can obtain a view of the quarters which, in the first terrible days of the Revolution, were peopled by the *émigrés*, who were lucky enough to get to Calais or Boulogne, thence to the "packet-boats" (though furious and suspicious patriotism watched every mile)—which, notwithstanding the disorganised state of France, sailed more or less regularly. These were supplemented by fishing-boats; for though "patriots" formed the crew, it is found, the more we study the history of the Revolution, that "patriotism" essentially deserved, in 1793 and 1794, Johnson's definition "as the last refuge of a scoundrel," and that bribery was an enormous factor in the new state of things. Boulogne seems, on the whole, to have been more popular—probably because there were more facilities for bribery—than Calais as a place of embarkation.

In Arnault's "*Souvenirs d'un Sexagénaire*," published in 1830, there are various minute and interesting details of the first outbreak of the Revolution, the flight to England, and the places which those who were lucky enough to get away frequented, when, after a journey from the coast to the capital (not untroubled by fear of highwaymen), they arrived in London. Arnault was a dramatist and Academician. He had held a place—the purchase money of which was lost, which he bewails, and does not seem to have shared in the Royal gratitude at the restoration—in the household of Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII. He has left in a few plain words a vivid picture of August 10 and the September horrors. On the 10th, returning in the evening from the country to Paris, he saw the murderous mob, with "tiger monkey" ferocity and glee, kicking about the heads of the slain Swiss Guards as footballs on the Place Louis Quinze. In September he saw the gateway of La Force "filled as high as a man's stature with piled up mutilated corpses" of those murdered during the previous night. He met for the next morning or two carts full of these, "which dyed the mud with a rain of blood" from La Force to the Catacombs, where they were "tumbled in." The brutal drivers "sang, ate, and drank with gory hands" while engaged on their horrid journey.

By various schemes Arnault got a passport from a furious Jacobin tailor, a great man in his section, but who was under some obliga-

tions to him, named Grumeaud, and with various exciting episodes got at last to Boulogne by the diligence, which was still running. Arrived there, with what suspense may be imagined, he had to wait three days ere the wind was favourable for England. At last, however, he arrived at Dover.

Here we may mention the escape of another and much more distinguished fugitive, from whom some of our information as to French London is derived. This was Bertrand Moleville, ex-Minister of Marine to Louis XVI., and his memoirs of the last year of the reign are full of interest. He was eagerly sought for high and low by the Jacobins, but, aided by a false report of his having been slaughtered at the massacre at Versailles of prisoners from Orleans, managed with much greater difficulty to get disguised to Boulogne. There he also had to wait five days shut up in his room until he got aboard the packet at 9 A.M. Even then not until noon did the wind fill the sails, and for the first time he says he breathed freely. For three hours the boat slowly progressed across the Channel. Then the wind dropped and a calm ensued, while the unfortunate passengers were constantly gazing in fear at the French coast. At last the wind rose, and at nine that night the boat arrived at Dover.

Both Arnault and Bertrand, though in very different spheres, found crowds of compatriots in London. The former has left many small but vivid details. And first it is to be noted that at that time neither Leicester Square nor Soho were the localities of the foreign inmates of the capital. Arnault found that the Strand, near Somerset House, was the favourite resort. Those quiet, dull streets running off the Strand to the Thames were full of Frenchmen. The old-fashioned Georgian houses were roomy and attractive. There was no dream of an Embankment, but the river came up to the steps at the end and was a scene of liveliness and interest, innumerable rowing boats plying on it. Indeed, some of those streets have always been favourites. Cecil Street, in particular, was to be famous early in the next century as the dwelling-place of Edmund Kean, when on that slushy, snowy night in January 1814 he trudged forth, poor, unknown, and derided, to Old Drury, there to set his foot on the first rung of the ladder which led to fame and fortune and all the glories of his splendid, mad, miserable career. All the other streets had a quiet homeliness and restfulness which were probably intensified to the exiles by the contact with the scenes of "red fool fury" and delirium from which in hourly peril of their lives they had emerged.

The Strand itself in the sunshiny hours of the day was full of French priests and *émigrés* in general, chattering vociferously, and

viewed half with sympathy, half with derision by the populace. Bertrand Moleville does not say much on these points. He was of higher grade than the lively Arnault, and consorted with those of rank who attended the levée at St. James's, though he refused to attend himself, from the feeling that the contrast between the loyalty shown to the English Sovereign and the humiliation piled on the French one, to whom he was deeply attached, was too bitter. Indeed, he mentions that he saw from his window (he apparently lodged somewhere near Parliament Street) the King going in State to open Parliament, and that the *houras* of the crowds caused him to retire from the window and shed tears.

But for the general aspect of French London we must consult among others Arnault and Jean Mazzinghi, who compiled in 1793 a little guide book specially for the use of French refugees.

Arnault commenced his stay in London by lodging at "the Adelphy, not far from the Strand," as he calls it, and indeed he could hardly have had, as things were, pleasanter lodgings, for Adelphi Terrace then looked over a very different Thames from that which ran past it later and up to the days of the Embankment. And doubtless to a dramatist, to whom the stage was everything, there was a particular charm in the immortal name of Garrick as one of the past inhabitants. He shifted from here to lodgings in the Strand, "near Somerset House," where he lived *en pension* with a compatriot, who resided near the Bank.

Lodgings were plentiful in those modest and "mind-the-shop-and-the-shop-will-mind-me" days along the Strand, where many of the traders possessed a frugal mind, and were not averse to turn spare rooms into money. As for the various streets which ran down to the river from Northumberland House—one of the most popular spectacles for the French gazers—to Temple Bar, they had long been devoted to the lodging-house interest. Groups of curiously dressed exiles promenaded up and down them at morn and evening, discussing the latest rumours from distracted France. And though they roamed the Strand during the midday and afternoon, they were accustomed, as Arnault says, *prendre le thé avec leurs amis* at their lodgings in the evening.

The comments of the crowd are noted by some of the foreigners. A confusion of ideas appears to have marked them, for though British loyalty to George III. was stimulated and pity excited by the fate of the King of France, Arnault mentions that "French King *à la lanterne*!" was the remark of one of the porters of Covent Garden Theatre with whom he had some dispute. On the whole

the populace, Arnault says, were not favourable to the *émigrés*, whether as deeming them, despite their flight, all Jacobins, or whether that they ought to be at home fighting the latter, does not appear. The reproaches which were often shouted at the foreign gazers at the caricatures showed this. For the English journals attested the rapid success of the new Republican *régime* armies under Custine, Dumouriez, and other generals. This success was also shown, Arnault remarks, by the caricatures of the Duke of Brunswick and King of Prussia "at the corners of all the streets of London." These corners became that autumn part of French London, groups of exiles staring at them, half with regret at the defeat of the champions of legitimacy, half with pride at the victories of French soldiers.

Another far-off resort of the exiles from the Strand was the quaint and quiet old Devonshire Square of Bishopsgate Street. There gathered such of the *émigrés* as were lucky enough to have some means left, and letters of credit, which were still to be got, even in September 1792, in Paris, though the general cataclysm was rapidly approaching. For here dwelt, says Arnault, a banker named Lecointe, of French origin, though his family had been settled in London since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, but of whom, though deeming himself a Frenchman, Arnault remarks that he was as English as, or even more so than, the Princes of the House of Brunswick, while his French, of which some specimens are given, was essentially British. However, the banker seems to have entertained hospitably parties of the *émigrés* at dinner during this fateful autumn and winter, and a small French colony appears to have been existent in the neighbourhood of Bishopsgate Street.

Blackheath and Greenwich Park were also favourite resorts of the foreigners, who greatly admired the trees and scenery. One of them mentions the journey to and from London and Greenwich as made in an *espèce d'omnibus*, carrying twenty-four passengers at their ease, running on fourteen wheels and drawn by four horses. The admirable condition of the road was much appreciated, as might be expected by any one who has read accounts of the state of French roads up to the end of the eighteenth century.

Covent Garden Theatre was then very attractive to the French colony with the pantomime of *Blue Beard*, which appears to have astonished the exiles by the *mélange* "of the most revolting atrocities of the original legend allied with the most extravagant buffooneries," as one spectator puts it in his own language. Especially does he remark on one scene, consisting of a cabinet con-

taining the six headless trunks of Bluebeard's wives awaiting the seventh. Astley's was also a favourite evening resort of the French, as being one of *les petits spectacles* which required no knowledge of the language of the country.

There were some of the then many existing pleasure gardens which girdled London, and the memory of which is only suggested now by the name of some adjacent street or public-house, which were specially agreeable to the French colony. North of their favourite Strand when Holborn was reached lay what was then comparatively open country from Gray's Inn Lane to Islington. On the road rural aspects on either side abounded. Bagnigge Wells Gardens, now but represented by a tavern in the crowded King's Cross Road, were much frequented. Close to Old St. Pancras Churchyard were another set of gardens, the "Adam and Eve"; the title existed some years back when I was sketching the neighbourhood—whether it still is so I know not—over the door of a common lodging-house, the gardens long since swallowed up by bricks and mortar and the huge railway development which obliterated so much of Somers Town. This was always a very favourite tea garden throughout the last century, especially for "City gallants in satin waistcoats and gay coats," and was very cosmopolitan. It became a favourite resort of the middle class *émigrés*. There in the distance in fair summer days "trees and fields and the leafy hedgerows of Kentish Town, a rural village," met the gazer's eyes, says a contemporary account. Indeed, up to the first quarter of this century Somers Town—where Leigh Hunt and many other notables resided—was a very favourite semi-rural retreat for hours of leisure for the many, and for the few a place of residence which was deemed quite refined and poetical.

The Thames and its south side were also much appreciated by the foreign colony. To some extent it reminded them of their beloved Seine. Also across the Thames from the Old Kent Road came the swiftest news from fair, distracted France. Only three bridges then spanned the mighty river; consequently, multitudinous boats were employed. In 1792 there were no fewer than 10,000 of these licensed. And they were highly popular with the *émigrés*, who were happily deaf to the full-flavoured jokes and slang for which the Thames watermen had for centuries been renowned. The charges, too, were moderate. These suited French purses far better than the cost of hackney coaches, whereof, by a contemporary account, there were 1,000, or Sedan chairs, of which there were 400. The charge for crossing the Thames from one bank

to the other was 2*d*. Journeys up and down the stream could be made according to distance. The cost ranged in due proportion from 3*d*. to 1*s*., which latter covered the distance from Westminster to Gravesend. Thus parties of the *émigrés* frequently recreated themselves, for though the beauties of Paris and its clear sky were wanting, yet was the Thames a very different river then, and no smoke of steamboats darkened the air.

Then across the river were Cupar's Gardens, which have long since vanished, the Waterloo Road having been driven through them. They were nearly opposite Somerset House, therefore within easy reach of the Strand portion of the French colony. The refreshments and amusements had a certain French air about them, and made the gardens a very favourite resort. Also there was at Vauxhall a famous place, which soon became cosmopolitan in its aspect, which was known as the Marble Hall, where an admirable *déjeuner à la fourchette* was supplied for a shilling—in fact, a substantial meal, which the frugality of the foreigners made enough for the day's sustenance with a few unconsidered trifles thrown in. To both places, it would seem, came Englishwomen, who induced their husbands and brothers to bring them in order that they might study French fashions, which for neatness and *aplomb* were as notable then as now, when cheapness of material was added.

Belsize House and Gardens, on the Hampstead Road, now only a memory in the shape of Belsize Park, were for the more opulent class of *émigré* a favourite resort. They lay really out of London, were in fact a small journey, and were surrounded by rural scenes. They were frequented by various ranks, with some of whom such foreigners were at home, and who could speak their language.

At these gardens "from seven in the morning"—and the *émigrés* were abroad much earlier than the native Londoners, and had the fullest notion of getting ample value for their money—"tea, coffee" (the latter the foreign beverage) "and other refreshments were served." To these was added the charm of music, the band being a great attraction. It is true that the spectre of highwayman and footpad—the latter particularly—haunted the then long and in part solitary road. But this had for years been provided against, as the announcements went, by "the road to London being patrolled by twelve lusty fellows" for the protection of the visitors. Those who wished to visit Hampstead, then one of the most beautiful, quaint old Georgian-built villages in the realm—alas! how year after year is spoiling all its picturesque charm, which was perhaps unique—could do so by coach at "sixpence per head."

Coming from these outlying places back to the crowded quarters of London, it may be noted that in the neighbourhood of Spitalfields—then much more rural, for the Hackney Road was a country one, and the glimpses of fields and trees were plentiful—there was a small French colony of far more ancient date. It was, indeed, descended from those skilled artisans who fled from France on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Thus the newer colony round Bishopsgate had in some instances relationship and associations with the older weaving one. Greek Street, Soho, as I have already mentioned, was another place which had always a certain amount of cosmopolitanism about it. But on the whole the majority of the French fugitives during the years '92 and '93 would seem to have lived in or near the Strand, which appears to have been to them the most familiar of our thoroughfares.

F. G. WALTERS.

*TWO DAYS
IN THE WALCHEREN ISLAND.*

I.

THE pleasures of travel and of touring are often talked about : though few imagine what a serious pain and burden it becomes for the head of a house to shift his family and "belongings" from place to place. How often do we see passing through the streets, or arriving at the station, the laden two-horse omnibus, piled with trunks ; a couple of bicycles sprawling on the roof, and a worn and anxious face or two within, and a number of children who enjoy the business. The porters, "chortling" in anticipation, crowd round with their barrows, while the anxious head of the concern goes languidly to the ticket office to lay out his guineas. In imagination we can see the party arriving after the same fashion at the foreign hotel, and so on from place to place to be both harried and despoiled afresh. This is indeed the "business of pleasure"—and a weary and troublesome business it is.

One may fairly hug oneself when one sets beside this uneasy picture a more light and irresponsible fashion of seeing the world. There is no talk or debating ; there are two or three "free" days, when someone suggests, "Suppose we go over to Holland ?" The next evening we are at bustling Victoria Station about an hour before the departure of the Flushing train. A small bag, but of Procrustean construction, in hand, we have walked down, having come thus early to enjoy a festive little dinner in one of the cheerful boxes of the C. & D. Restaurant. Here turns up a lively barrister known to both, who dines also. There is none of the travelling anxiety, or restlessness, for there is nothing to be restless or anxious about. Then the corner of the smoking carriage and a cigar and the whirl down to Queenboro'. At any age this is a suitable and enjoyable way of doing the thing. Not much is expected—money is not lavished—so that everything that comes is welcome. What a blessing too is indifference to accommodation, provided it be not absolutely bad, which is fretting enough. There are numbers

who think only of how the hotel will turn out, and judge the whole country accordingly. These "Grand Hotels," with all their paraphernalia, level down everything and take us back home again. Better far a simple primitive place, where there is goodwill and comfort. Thus philosophising we set off to explore the Walcheren Island.

Now, the way to imbibe draughts of true Dutch flavour, and see Dutch life as it is, is not to fly through the show towns of Amsterdam, The Hague, Rotterdam and such places, but to settle down, as we calmly did, for a few days in some old-fashioned, unfrequented place, and look on tranquilly at the old world scenes and movements about you. Johnson confessed that he had got more new ideas from his unpretending tour in the Hebrides than he had ever done in the course of his life, and I fancy the quiet lounging traveller will say the same after a short sojourn in the Walcheren. After a calm night, coming into Flushing, or *Flissingen*, betimes at five in the morning, it is a welcome surprise to greet the Scheldt and the rich low-lying green swards of the Flemish country—a patch of Indian red here and there, which seems always to produce a feeling of tranquil sadness, or at least, meditation. Even the "hard-bitten" traveller never loses that sense of surprise which comes of touching foreign soil for the first time after an interval. It never palls and is always a novelty. Everything is strange and welcome. It is worth going abroad for *that* sensation alone.

Here has grown up of a sudden all the apparatus of "through traffic," an imposing station, a handsome and inviting eating-hall finely decorated—notably with a gigantic map, wrought in Delph tiles. This in a few minutes is peopled with a couple of hundred or so of tired passengers seated at tables, with waiters busy and viands being brought in. A contrast this to the old shed of a few years back. It always seems that there is a sort of picturesqueness in this episode of travel—the gathering of persons bound for different directions, with a pleasant air of festivity, or a holiday feeling, though most are on business. It is quaint to find yourself seated in this modern "Restoration" Hall, with its buffet, &c., and then look round and see the Dutch woman-attendant with her snowy muslin cap and gorgeous golden "winkers" waiting! All these ladies have bare arms, and very stalwart ones too. Presently we see the various international trains moving off charged to the full—with their cars, "wagon lits," refreshment saloons, &c., bound for Berlin, Cologne, Brussels, &c. In half an hour or so all are gone, and we are waiting the slow morning train which halts at Middleburgh. And here it is after some ten minutes or so, with its quaint and beautiful spires

rising, some distance off, out of a grove of trees. Flemish towns though their walls have been levelled, still preserve their isolated air, and always seem to have been "dumped down" in the middle of a plain. A fine broad canal has attended us nearly all the way, and later in the day we could have come on by a small steamboat.

II.

Pleasant it was at that early hour to find oneself crossing the drawbridges and making for the town, passing many a group of lounging Boers. Encountering a policeman arrayed in a fireman's helmet of solid leather and white trousers, he showed the way to the old Abje Hotel, and adroitly enlisted the friend with whom he was talking as porter to carry the small bags. Passing through a deep and ancient archway, we were in the old enclosure, a truly solemn and impressive place. It was a large square with a group of tall trees in the centre, while round it ran the old Abbey buildings, rusted brick, of a rich pink and whitish tone, set off by tourelles, high sloping roofs, Flemish pinnacles that rise at every corner, and innumerable little windows. Grim arches opened into the busy by-streets on various sides; but here all was stillness and retirement. Along one whole side spread the grave-looking hotel, sombre and mysterious, and of many windows. Over the turrets and high-pitched roof of the Abdy rises, on the left, the beetling steeple of the chief church, or cathedral, the usual "leg of the table" pattern and treatment; for it looks as if it had been turned in a lathe. And in a moment it is offering a greeting with its loud jangling bells. This Abdy is restored with wonderful taste and reserve; there are few new bits, and these look as old as the rest. Nothing can exceed the effect of this still retirement, shut off, though in the heart of the city, with the grand steeple and its chimes. The native women are constantly flitting across, carrying their pails and wearing their straw Zealand bonnets with gold shells over their ears. Costume indeed is always at hand to add to the effect.

The musical jangling of the carillons is unceasing, and suggests the notion of company. This music in the air is delightful. Wherever you go within the circuit of the town it attends you, and very joyous company it is. The two steeples seem to work together, starting off and competing with their tunes in a pleasant disorder or spasmodic jangle. At the first quarter there is a short flourish; the second is somewhat longer; but at the third there is a loud, disorderly tune, while at the hour the whole strength of the

company is drawn upon. Then a regular charivari sets in, jangle, jangle, with an elaborate air recognisable as one in "*Der Freischütz*"—the form being followed though not the tune—the scale being somewhat after the bagpipe pattern. It is like a number of gossips chattering noisily and all talking together. The steeple-chimes, some way off, now think it time to join in, and the two tunes go on together. At last there are signs of exhaustion, and, after three harmonious clashes, there comes a general stop and silence. Then sounds out the hour on the "Big Ben" of the place. The time in this primitive place is peculiar and requires some calculation, for the hours are struck some twenty minutes in advance. The railway station has a time of its own, viz. Greenwich, so the traveller has to be careful.

The attraction of Middleburgh is the matchless Town Hall in the Grand Place, with its fine steeple and quaintly irregular front garnished with statues, its high roof dotted with windows. What order of architecture it was built after it would be hard to say. But one is never tired of regarding it. Of nights, and not only on Sundays, is there an animated scene, when the Place is crowded with natives promenading and chattering, waiting for the steam tram to arrive for their return to Flissingen, about half an hour's journey away. Here are the Dutch women in force with their rosy faces and still rosier arms, and their gold "winkers" and rich lace caps, the soldiers and officers in smart uniforms. Sometimes the "*Concordia*" is practising in the great room of the Hall, and the windows are good-naturedly left open that all may hear. This "*Concordia*" has a fine band, rich and full, and plays Wagner with much effect and taste.

But commend us to the ever tranquil Dutch streets with their mellow antique houses. These mostly follow circles, as is to be expected in a fortified place. But the typical Dutch street, found everywhere, is the line of houses by the canal, a range of old trees in front, shading the Indian red brick behind, with its bright white window sashes, as bright as much-polished brass. Nothing is more suggestive of tranquil repose and old fashion. They stretch along the broad canal before them, where bridges cross and barges lie together alongside. Even in very populous capitals we come in the suburbs on some delightful retired bits of canal, leaving much the same effect as does Church Row at Hampstead. Old-fashioned well-to-do folk live here in retirement. There is one such at the entrance of The Hague on the Scheveningen side, where the charming woods begin; anything more old-world and solemnly attractive

cannot be imagined. We might well fancy ourselves back to the days of Sir William Temple and of William of Orange, who may have strolled along these banks.

III.

While standing on the platform at Middleburgh in that early morning, I found I had lost or mislaid, as it proved, my ticket, value sixpence. After the usual ineffectual search, turning out pockets, &c., it seemed shorter to tender the amount, *tout bonnement*, and go one's way. But by this time the officials had gathered, and were whispering ominously. The "headsman," or head man, put back the coin loftily, and said in his jargon: "Have to pay *plenty more*." What did he mean? But it seems that to lose a ticket on a Dutch line is high crime—a presumption that you are fraudulently trying to travel without paying your fare, and it is punishable by fine. On this occasion it was fixed at 5*s*. A large sum. There was no help for it, so paid it was. Later in the day it was *of course* found. I returned to "get back the money." I found it hard to get into the station, but here was a door with "Head of the Station" inscribed. We rang, the door was opened: here was a fine stair and all the signs of a private dwelling. Presently came down a gentlemanly old gentleman in uniform, the *real* head, who received us good-naturedly, took the ticket, and led the way to the platform, where we met our other friend, whom he directed to refund, and so the incident closed. I recall Middleburgh in its old days, when you had to drive over in a grass-green half cart, half carriage, then rumbling over a drawbridge entered within the walls. Now you can follow the moat all round, which has been fashioned with a pleasant "ornamental water" into public gardens. Every here and there you come on some deeply-shaded terrace of old Dutch houses, with the usual lining of solemn trees. Delightful old-fashioned and old-world tenements. Here at the bridge we find one of the old gates, or "poorts," preserved as a curio with good effect, but dating only from the middle of the last century.

The native Dutch breakfast has a character of its own. There is the delicious coffee from their own colonies, better made and with a truer flavour than that of France. There is light-brown bread, with a pleasantly sourish taste, always cut for you in thin slices, with other forms of bread or cake, some slices of cold veal and ditto of smoked ham—raw—also in the thinnest shavings, with which every Dutchman seems to begin his meal, as a whet.

Our host of the Abdy was an amiable and obliging being, a native married to a pleasant Belgian little lady from Termonde. He took us round to show us the cloisters of the Abbey, which were being carefully restored, and then set us on our road by the long-stretching canal to Veere, or "Fair," as it seemed to be called. A delightful walk it was of some four miles—the admirable road, mathematically straight all the way, the sun shining brightly, the wonderful flat Dutch country, with its brindled cows, red tiles here and there, and constant suggestion of Cuyp and Wouvermans. This Veere is a forsaken little port, run to seed and general decay: nothing indeed but a few old houses and a dilapidated little dock or port. But it has this redemption, worth a day's promenade—one of the most elegant piquant little town halls possible to imagine. It kept company with you, as such do in these flat districts, long before you reached it, beckoning as it were and inviting attention to itself. The surpassing airiness and delicacy of the tower, as it rose in a rather forlorn way, grew on you as you drew nearer and nearer.

Beside it there was the gigantic church or cathedral, with accommodation for thousands though there are not a hundred in the place, but left in a barn-like state of desolation. A little conventicle has been fitted up in one wing of it. The astonishing windows seem forty or fifty feet high, and the whole has the effect of some gigantic *crag*. As it was fast tumbling down the restorers judiciously contented themselves with filling up the windows and openings with monster brick supports and buttresses, very monumentally done, so the whole has been saved. But there is no use in the world for it and no one to attend it, so it is left as it is. It is a strange feeling to see this huge thing in its solitude.

But the little Town Hall! It seemed like a piece of Renaissance furniture, everything about it perfect, its proportions and general airiness. The little steeple on a nearer view is charming. From whatever side it is seen the outlines are graceful. Happily it has been judiciously and tenderly repaired. A worthy guardian showed us round the very interesting museum it contains, with its many objects most interesting to English persons. There is an exquisite silver cup, a present of the Emperor Maximilian, and kept in the old place ever since. On the little quay are two exquisitely "embroidered" old houses of the best Dutch Renaissance, but in a sad state of decay; still they are happily untouched and "restorable." The delicate little windows, dispersed irregularly, and the gabled outlines have a charming effect. One of these was the old Scotch consulate, and displayed Scotch emblems. The worthy guardian of the museum

good-naturedly walked with us and showed us all about, and told us much; and on the quay a sailor or pilot came up to talk. We were glad to learn that these houses had been recently purchased by rich men, who would put them in order. These little incidents give an interest to such expeditions, and are unknown to the regular tourist, who is carried off to see the official "show places." On this plan of "poking about" you seem to be living regularly in the place, and pick up and see a great deal that is dramatic and interesting. It is extraordinary, too, how many good-natured people you light on who will take infinite pains to furnish information, and tell you of little private novelties which would otherwise escape you. In this way we made quite friends of a hotel-keeper standing at his door, and others. Your reserved official traveller goes by his book.

IV.

We often repaired to Flushing, which is fast turning into a manufacturing town. It is full of quaint oddities. At a corner of a street a great iron vessel in progress projects over the road, while the din of hammering and riveting does not seem to affect the denizens of the many houses touching it. A modest Dutch warship lies in the main dock. A twisted Dutch steeple gives a character to the place. But one must ever lament the quaint and beautiful old Town Hall, a model of which is shown at the museum at Middleburgh, a most striking building truly—something, a little something, after the pattern of the Spanish Town Hall at Antwerp. This was destroyed in the disastrous Walcheren bombardment by the English—a most unfortunate incident which has helped to foster a dislike of this country. It was remarkable for its enormous "eaves," pavilions, and many windows. There are some quaint things left, however, such as the old Royal Dockyard, with its covered sheds, which must be a couple of centuries old. Jutting out on to one of the docks is a piquant little weigh-house, or something of the sort. At the far end of the town, where there are the sandhills and the "Casino," we find the older Flushing, such as we knew it before the steamers came, still unspoiled, with its great piers, forming an entrance from the sea, and here are the true Dutch walks, with the rows of trees, and in a sheltered corner embowered in it is that pleasant Dutch maritime inn, the Hotel of Commerce. Very inviting it looks, "pernicious snug," Mr. Folair once said, and I suspect somewhat "snugger" than the more pretentious hotel on..

the heights. I have pleasant memories of this house, years ago, alas !

The large Bath Hotel and "Establishment" which rises a conspicuous object on the Dunes, at the far end of the town, is a great resort for bathing, music, &c., during the season. Hither resort Dutch families, with their children, and the sea is "very good." From Middleburgh starts once or twice in the day an omnibus which takes you to Domburg, the official watering-place of the island, where there are hotels and boarding-houses, with all the regular business of such places. A few miles beyond is the vast Dyke of West Kappelle, some miles long, of enormous strength and massiveness, which entails a costly outlay each year to keep staunch. This is a vital matter, for any failure or weakness would lead to the submerging of the whole island. By rail, steam tram, or boat, by any of these methods you can go from Flushing to Middleburgh. The route by the canal is the most inviting. It is pleasant threading one's way through the docks, and then getting clear of the town, then passing into the broad and spacious canal, richly grass-lined, which indeed has quite a sylvan air. We feel, however, the curiously sad impression invariably left by this low-lying Flemish land. All along the forlorn railway are dotted little unpretending stations of towns just as unpretending. Such is Goes, not many miles away, which has a charming entry over a bridge—a part of the old keep—and abundance of trees. There is a fine old church, but nothing more ; the streets seem quite modern.

Those who have not seen the old walled Dutch and Flemish towns in their primitive state have lost a sensation. It was a strange feeling, some thirty years ago, jogging across this outspread flat country in a primitive cart, miscalled a carriage, for some miles, then rumbling over the drawbridge, and entering through the gate cut in the old gloomy walls. Nothing compensates for that most curious feeling of passing from the bare unfurnished country into the busy little enclosure or prison ; then to clatter up the narrow street, and debouch into the square before the marvellous Town Hall. Great hopes of expansion were, no doubt, entertained when the natives went to the cost of levelling their walls ; but, odd to say, the town does not seem to have spread out, and keeps within its imaginary border, just as it was obliged to do by the real one.

Flushing is now a large and growing commercial place—a good deal suggesting Rotterdam. The steam tram takes a long time meandering all round and through it, winding along the docks.

From Flushing steamers go to the opposite side of the Scheldt to Breskens, its *vis-à-vis*, to Terneuzen, and also on a longer cruise among the wild islands where the primitive Dutch life reigns. To Terneuzen is a pleasant voyage of something over an hour along the broad Scheldt. It is a curious meagre little village, scarcely a town, of one street or so, and seems wholly modern; it is surrounded, however, with rich greenery, and banks which betoken former fortifications. As I was waiting for a steamer I saw the most perfect and satisfactory embodiment of unadulterated national character I have ever encountered. A party of three came lounging down the pier to go on board, a man and two women, who had been to market, and were carrying their purchases. They were going back to one of these islands. In their dress, gait, and bearing they took you back a century. The young man was grand, tall, athletic, singularly handsome, and with the deportment of a noble savage. He lounged along slowly, his hands in his capacious pockets, and swinging slowly from foot to foot, which were cased in sabots. The dress of the whole party was handsome and striking. He had the usual full short jacket of fine cloth fastened at the collar by a couple of elegant gold buttons and chain; round his waist a belt, secured in the centre by two gold bosses of rich Eastern work; he had a low-crowned dark blue hat, and full trousers. A most romantic figure truly. The women were in keeping, beautifully attired, with their full rosy cheeks, which you see nowhere out of Holland, the invariable gold "horse blinkers," so called, gold brooches and chains, their dress of fine cashmere and unspotted linen. I noticed that all the women seemed to dress as on Sundays or holydays, with their gold ornaments, caps, and frills all complete, carrying their milk-pails, or driving dogs in a cart—it was all the same. It was wonderful, too, how fine was the material of their clothes, and it always seemed new and fresh. I was assured that most of them wore seven petticoats, which may account for the substantial air usually noted in the Dutchwoman. It is a welcome thing to the lover of the picturesque this constant presence of the national costume.

Small as our Dutch Middleburgh is, it is easy to lose oneself, and the little streets straggle about, crossing each other. Often making for the Square, and with the great steeple occasionally showing itself over the roofs, I find myself going round and round and ingeniously led further and further away. Then of a sudden surprise you find yourself entering the Place at some unsuspected corner. At another time you enter at another corner under the shadow of the

great Town Hall. Thus, here all the roads seem to "lead to Rome," though in roundabout and perplexing fashion.

In these streets it is pleasant to note the genuine old and rather stately mansions, some of which have barely escaped being turned into shops. These have scarcely "turned a hair," and are as sound as on the day they were built. The museum is a fine old building of this kind, and had once belonged to a Dutch count. It is an additional attraction to the curios to be thus enshrined—the old chambers with their stately chimney-pieces, medallions of owners, and handsome staircases, seeming particularly appropriate.

There are two ancient and interesting houses, both in fine condition, one called the "Steenroots," by the canal and outside the town, the other "The Golden Sun," with a flamboyant sign displayed, a very notable old edifice.

There is also a very primitive old Dutch town, Zerksee by name, which is in one of the storm-beaten islands adjoining the Walcheren, but known as Schouen. It can be reached by steamer which leaves about seven or eight, and entails the rising very early for a jaunt into Flushing. A pleasant young Paris artist had come to stay at the hotel to follow his craft and fetch inspiration out of the leaden Flemish seas, as contrasted with the bright patches of colour furnished by the costumes. He was shy and reserved, and we had set him down as a native Dutchman. He had made this expedition and returned late in the evening, full of enthusiasm for the quaintly original and "untouched" old Dutch life he had seen; for this place was cut off from all communication with the mainland, save by the daily steamer. He was a very pleasant companion, as young Frenchmen often are, and related his adventures in an agreeable and quaint fashion. Unluckily time was wanting or we also would have visited Zerksee. In this fashion the two days went by very pleasantly; we were among the Dutch and of the Dutch. It was strange, by the way, how the Flushing folk "spotted" the English, some staring, and even jeering us as "Outlanders"; mayhap they were thinking of their brethren at the Cape. But out of the beaten track the English are seldom encountered in Holland.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

A REPRISAL.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

SUMMER evening in the fairest province of fair France ; the rapid waters of the Dordogne hastening to the sea flowed through rich pastures, smiling villages, scenes full of picturesque and peaceful beauty. Peasants sauntering homewards from the fields, fishermen cheerily landing nets of pink and silver trout, for which the river was renowned, women leaning idly at their cottage doors—all told of plenty and prosperity. But civil war was at hand, and of such trifling things as human happiness and welfare, ambitious Governments take little heed.

Already a strong army marched along the road to Bordeaux, under the Dukes of Beaufort and Epemon, whilst Turenne, in the name of the great Condé, was mustering the forces which had been disbanded after the victories of Fribourg and Nordlingen : the hero of Rocroi himself languished in prison, his brave deeds and loyal services forgotten. But such was the strange position of affairs, that all the energy he had apparently renounced was manifested by his wife, who, banished from the Court, had taken hostile measures for his liberation and her own.

It was the first step towards the "Woman's war," so called since Anne of Austria and the Princess of Condé were the chief belligerents ; and the heroines of the Fronde, equally active, each had her own subaltern and representative, who only moved in accordance with her supreme will and pleasure. The gossips of the hour set forth—and with more truth than is to be found in many a *cancan*—that the Duchess de Longueville was the general in command of the Duc de la Rochefoucault ; that Madame de Montbazon led the Duke of Beaufort ; Madame de Chévreuse the coadjutor ; Ninon de Lartigues, brilliant and unscrupulous, the Duke of Epemon. This state of things was perhaps not so unusual as might at first appear, and wits were not wanting who ventured to repeat, with some occult meaning only the initiated could divine, that the silliest woman can manage a clever man, but that it takes a very clever woman to manage a fool.

It was under the grand old chestnut trees bordering the broad green alleys of Chantilly that weighty councils were being held, and where one might have looked for the stern visages of hoary-headed statesmen, three gracious ladies, whose silks and satins swept the ground, paced slowly to and fro, with the half languid and indifferent air of those who had no thought beyond the tranquil pleasure of the hour. "Trust not the treason of those smiling looks," so we are told; and underneath this calm exterior there lay concealed, possibly, the strongest emotion of which the feminine nature is capable—a passionate resentment of wrong.

The elder of the three, the Princess Dowager of Condé, taking little note of the discussion carried on between her two companions, sauntered with somewhat slow and faltering steps, which told that years had robbed her of the force to fight with evil days. Her features, although worn and pale, retained in a great measure the perfection which had kept the *volage Bernois* true to his last and possibly the strongest of his many loves. She held the hand of her young grandson, and gazing down upon his bright and speaking face she seemed as if endeavouring to read what future fate might be in store for him, already so sensitive, so sympathetic, so awake to the sorrows that he could not understand, but which he shared with all the keen perception of intelligent childhood.

The mother of the boy, known in the aristocratic parlance of the day simply as *the Princess*, had fallen back a few paces, pausing before one of the gates as if in listening expectation. She had the cold and somewhat haughty air of which no reverses had been able to deprive her. On the contrary, to pride had been added an expression of disdain, almost of arrogance. Her husband's fall had elevated her—she had become a heroine—the object of a love and devotion she could never have attained without it.

In close attendance her dame d'honneur, Madame de Tourville, marched beside her with a truly martial air; her husband had been wounded at La Rochelle and was killed at Fribourg, when the mantle of his military genius had descended upon her in time of need, since she was unwearied in suggestions as to the tactics to be followed in the coming campaign. There was only one person who ventured to dispute her strategic acumen—Pierre Lenet, secretary and treasurer to the Princess, and chief counsellor of Condé; a devoted, honest, and capable man, whose least opinion, fortunately for the cause, had greater weight with both the royal ladies than any more imaginary schemes.

"Let me again lay before your Highness," continued Madame de

Tourville, who had long been discoursing to only half attentive ears "the plan of action I have drawn out with great study and accuracy. Our forces, once arrived before Bordeaux, must take the fortress of Vayres, and then lay siege to the Island of St. George—a perfectly simple matter when effected with the slightest knowledge of war. We should then hold the city in the hollow of the hand, in spite of the somewhat timorous counsels of Monsieur Lenet—Monsieur Pierre Lenet"—in a supercilious tone.

"I would rather Bordeaux yielded without compulsion," a voice replied, which, although perfectly respectful, was not without a suspicion of amusement.

"Ah! mon cher Lenet! you are there," exclaimed the Princess. "I have been waiting for you anxiously! This is a terrible state of things! nothing but silence and inaction. We hear nothing from Turenne De Bouillon or De Rochefoucault; nothing from our friends at Bordeaux."

"I am far from seeing the position in such sombre colours, madame," replied Lenet. "You have good hopes of Bordeaux, and remember a city conquered by force is still an enemy; but one which offers friendly help spontaneously is in a manner bound."

"But this silence! even Claire has forgotten us! This is the sixth day of her expedition, and she assured us that it would not take more than five."

"The road may not be clear, and to raise the sum she hoped for may not be quite so easy; and rough soldiery about—the vicomtesse would run no risks she could avoid by a little delay."

With an impatient movement the Princess again turned towards the gates.

Used as he was to the diplomacy of Courts, Lenet had found his present post of guardian and adviser extremely difficult; all his knowledge of the position, all his sympathy and tact were needed to endure the impatience, ignorance, and inflexibility which met him at every turn and hampered his most necessary calculations; to smooth difficulties, control tempers, pacify disputes, requires a patience and a wisdom not given to many mortals. He now spoke earnestly and with decision. "Your Highnesses must be aware that your present state of honourable captivity cannot last much longer; the cardinal will hardly rest content, and will take stronger measures; a change is imminent, and you must make it, lest voluntary action become impossible. Your flight should no longer be delayed, we know not what the next move may be; remember that the safety of Condé's wife and son is the important point."

"But flight?" exclaimed the Princess-Dowager, who had waited for the others to rejoin her. "Flight! how cowardly! how undignified! and at my age, in my state of health, how could I undergo fatigue, alarm, and hurry?"

"Your Highness can remain here undisturbed; no plots will be directed against you, and indeed nothing could be more desirable than a well-timed attack of indisposition, making it evident that a long and perilous journey must be far from your thoughts."

"And once out of Chantilly, what do you propose?" said the Princess, to whom any amount of danger was preferable to inaction.

"To join the army, which cannot be far distant. La Rochefoucault will be prepared to receive you; he will march to Bordeaux, and once in the capital of the south, we shall be able to make terms."

"To quit Chantilly will be very easy," said Madame de Tourville.

"Nothing is easy, madame, when you have to deal with the diabolical cunning of Mazarin."

The remark was too true to be disputed, and presently the attention of the whole party was directed to the gates, which opened to admit two riders, the first of whom, dismounting, flew rather than walked to meet them.

"Claire! dearest Claire!" cried the Princess, warmly embracing the new arrival, who then turned to kiss the hands of the Princess-Dowager. The young cavalier, as he appeared to be, was dressed in the height of the fashion—lace ruffles falling over his hands, a shirt of fine embroidered *batiste*, *haut-de-chausses* ornamented with knots of parti-coloured ribbon, and beaver with heavy plumes, which could not wholly hide a mass of gold-brown hair—combined to make as fair a show as could be met with on a summer day.

A smile at this resplendence was exchanged between the Princesses, but Madame de Tourville, with a gravity approaching to displeasure, inquired if so much magnificence were absolutely necessary to the expedition.

"Without a doubt," was the amused reply in a voice of singular sweetness, "and when you hear my story, *chère* madame, even you will forgive it; besides, is it not a uniform?"

"Your war paint becomes you well, Viscountess," laughed Lenet; "you must renounce your sex when you would be adored."

"But speak—speak quickly," said the Princess. "What news? You saw Richon?"

"He met me at the little hostelry on the Dordogne, as was agreed, madame; but, unfortunately, the colloquy was brief, for we were interrupted. It was quite as well as I did not travel *in propria*

personâ, or my mission might have been suspected, or, at least, have called for remark."

"And Richon?"

"He gave me a message for your Highness—only two words—but he said you would be satisfied."

"Strange," murmured the Princess, "only two words? What words?"

"Bordeaux—*oui*."

There was a cry of joy: "Lenet! Lenet! do you hear! Ah, yes! I understand. Bordeaux is ours! Richon has well performed his promises."

"There could be little doubt of that. He is staunch, a man of few words, but he means what he says; a native of Bordeaux, and very popular; one can hardly overrate his influence. Your Highness need no longer despair—the city is ours, indeed; but we shall not be able to hold it unless we can secure some strongholds in the vicinity. Two fortresses are especially important, as Madame de Tourville has justly remarked—Vayres, commanding the route for supplies, and St. George, regarded by the Bordelais as the key to their town. Richon would be useful at either place," he added, after a moment's reflection.

"But how are we to give or promise anything," said the Princess; "we have no power, for we have no money. You are the treasurer of empty cases."

"Funds will be forthcoming," said Lenet, glancing at the disguised Viscountess, who answered, "I have succeeded fairly well, I think. My factor was not inexorable, and I bring you the sinews of war."

"Ah, Claire! you are indeed a friend," said the Princess-Dowager almost with tears.

"I think we might secure Vayres," continued Lenet, still meditating.

"Richon at Vayres might not be quite impossible.

"Richon for an important post?" protested Madame de Tourville. "Richon! risen from the ranks? He has no birth, no distinction, not even a gentleman!"

"Neither am I, in your sense of the word," replied Lenet, with some irritation; "but that has been no hindrance to my obtaining the full confidence of Monsieur le Prince. I admire and respect nobility of birth, but there are circumstances in which a faithful heart is worth more than an ancient coat of arms."

"Right! a thousand times right," exclaimed the Princess, laying her hand upon his arm with frank affection, "and there are debts which all the posts of honour in the world cannot repay."

"And had you no adventures, Vicomtesse?" presently asked Lenet.

"You shall hear," she replied. "In the first place I announced myself to the aubergiste as the Viscount de Cambes, adopting my brother's name, as well as his last costume from Paris, and whilst I was waiting for Richon in the room prepared for supper, I had time to look about me. One of the windows gave a full view of the river and the road, but from one facing in an opposite direction I could see a house buried in trees, before which, hardly hidden in the brushwood, I was startled to perceive the glitter of muskets—the setting sun shone on the helmets of soldiers. It was evidently an ambush, and my first thought was of danger to Richon; but as he would have no business beyond the auberge I dismissed the idea, and whilst still wondering what it could mean, a single horseman rode up. He did not dismount, though speaking a few words to mine host, who pointed in reply to the little house in the trees. A sudden impulse seizing me, I made him a sign from the open window, and in another moment he was at my side. It was the Baron de Canolles."

"Ah!" interrupted Lenet, "it is quite clear, then, the house you saw has been given to Ninon de Lartigues by the Duke of Eprenon, who, it is said, is furiously jealous of De Canolles."

Slightly flushing Madame de Cambes went on: "I had no sooner called his attention to the ambush, than he seized my hand and shook it warmly. 'I owe my life to you,' he said; 'but who? what are you? a sorcerer? How could you tell it was for me they lay in wait?' His eyes were so full of surprise and curiosity, that I began to fear he saw through my disguise, and, to my relief, Richon appeared. They knew each other."

"Are you sure the Baron did not recognise you?" asked the Princess; "you must have met at Court."

"Not often; but I evidently puzzled him, for, until Richon contrived to carry him off, he hardly took his eyes from me."

"That is not very surprising," laughed Lenet.

A serious discussion then took place, and plans were formed for an immediate flight. In order to disarm suspicion, it was arranged to give a hunting party, ostensibly in honour of the seventh birthday of the little Duc d'Enghien, which would account for necessary preparations, with guests coming and going, and the usual disorder of festivities.

A banquet would follow, and at nightfall, when carriage after carriage would pass the gates, the Princess, her son, and Madame de

Tourville would quit the château, and making their way across country would soon reach the vanguard of the army. The Princess-Dowager and Madame de Cambes were to be left behind, that the household service might proceed as usual, and nothing strange appear to be taking place.

The plan was feasible, and when the morning rose brilliant and invigorating, the hearts of all concerned grew light with renewed hope and courage ; the place was alive, for the occasion had been notified as one of peculiar ceremony, since the heir of Condé was to be taken from his nursery and equipped in fitting garments for the stag-hunt.

"And may I ride my father's charger?" he demanded with an authoritative air, ending in astonishment, when the request was granted in a storm of tears.

Strict orders had been given not to admit any uninvited guest within the gates of the park, but whilst the party was assembling a horseman rode up well mounted and attended by a groom ; he at once addressed himself to Lenet, and requested permission to make one of the hunt. Perceiving some hesitation he took a folded paper from his pocket, at which the secretary had no sooner glanced than he transferred it to his own.

"Pray join us since such is your wish," he said ; "and should you honour us with your company at supper on our return we will hold some converse together, when you will perhaps explain your meaning, which is at present somewhat obscure." The stranger uttering profuse thanks then joined the rest of the party.

The sport was more than usually successful, and, far from "treason's stratagems and spoils," nothing but careless enjoyment seemed the order of the day ; but at the banquet which followed Lenet contrived to whisper a few words to the Princess which evidently filled her with surprise ; nor could she conceal a movement of stupefaction when he presently added in the same cautious tone, "We may yet see Richon at Vayres."

At a late hour the guests began to take leave, and as the stranger rose with the rest, Lenet led the way to his private apartment. As soon as they were seated he produced the note he had so uncere- moniously retained, and just glancing at it again, inquired, "Am I to consider this paper, monsieur, as the payment for a day's diversion? If so, it is a somewhat singular one."

"As you will—I am inordinately fond of sport."

"You must be, if you think a blank cheque from the Duke of Epéron a fair equivalent."

"I will explain—there is no mystery in the matter—it is my idea

that the document may be of use to you, whereas it is not so much of use to me."

"A blank order? for which you might obtain any amount you please?"

"Money is no great object with me."

"But as it stands, it is merely a signature—is there anything to prevent your making use of it in other ways?"

"Nothing at all; it is, as you say, merely a signature."

"You are in no way bound to use it for any particular purpose?"

"Not at all. I happened to possess a letter to which the Duke attached some importance—an intercepted correspondence—you understand, and he agreed to pay me handsomely for it, trusting to my honour and delicacy."

Lenet smiled: "And how much might your delicacy require for passing it on to me?"

"Oh, I am not grasping; something of course for necessary expenses, and a commission in the army of the Prince. A letter thrown in to one of his adherents might be as well, but if you call me an adventurer, I mean all that I say."

After a little reflection Lenet took from a cabinet a bundle of notes and a brevet as captain signed by the Duke of La Rochefoucault which he presented to his singular visitor, who retired with many promises of co-operation, and reiterated expressions of devotion to the cause.

"Just the man for Richon's garrison at Vayres," murmured Lenet. "Richon at Vayres, and we have won the day."

During this interview, proved by future events to have been of such vital importance, the Princess was completing her preparations for immediate flight. She had exchanged her elaborate dinner toilette for a travelling dress which was almost a disguise, so little did it resemble the almost regal splendour of her usual attire, and a thick veil over her head completely hid her features. Her son was kept awake, not without difficulty, by the pride and pleasure he felt in displaying the novelties of his new costume to the gardener's son, who had been expressly summoned for the purpose, and whose part in the play has been duly chronicled in history. It hardly wanted five minutes to the hour named for their departure when Lenet entered, exclaiming in a tone not very much above a whisper—"Bad news, madame! an officer, who it seems has left half a regiment behind him in the town, has this moment arrived and demands an audience of your Highnesses by order of the Queen."

"What is to be done?" cried the Princess in an accent of despair.

"We have a few minutes in which everything can be arranged," replied Lenet. "I have ordered that he should be taken first to the apartments of the Princess-Dowager. He is one of Mazarin's spies, no doubt, and news of your intended flight has got wind; he has not given his name. Let the little Duke change dresses with the gardener's son, who may be put in his bed, and let Madame de Cambes take your place in your chamber, to which you will be supposed to have already retired; it can be darkened, although it is not likely that the envoy may know you personally. All is ready for your escape if you have still courage to make it."

These arrangements were speedily carried out, and while the Queen's messenger was conducted through endless passages to the apartments of the Princess-Dowager, the Princess and her son made their way to a private door where the carriage was already stationed, and in a few minutes more the fugitives had passed the gates without question or the least chance of being detected.

The Princess-Dowager had kept the Queen's messenger as long as she dared. He found her in her dressing-room with all the air of a suffering invalid, and she fixed her fine eyes mournfully on his face as she took the despatch with which he approached her ceremoniously.

Just glancing at it, she fell back upon her cushions and spoke in a low voice which evidently struggled with tears. "The meaning of this epistle, wrapped up as it is in friendly terms, is perfectly clear. I am your prisoner—and for that matter very easily guarded, being, as you see, in no condition to escape. I knew that Cardinal Mazarin was capable of the most astounding acts of violence, but I hardly thought him base enough to live in terror of a sick old woman! It can only be his wish to make me feel my helplessness, and I wonder that an officer and a gentleman, such as you appear to be, could be found to undertake such a mission."

"Madame! I should be in despair if your Highness were to judge me by the orders I am unhappy enough to execute, but which I would have refused had it been possible to refuse the command of her Majesty the Queen."

"Tell me the plain truth," she said more firmly, "am I to be a captive here in my own château, as my son is at Vincennes, and are you to be my jailer? If so do not delay to give me your orders, for, as you see, I am exhausted with grief and suffering."

"Madame," replied the envoy, evidently distressed, "between her Majesty's commands and your Highness's displeasure nothing can be more painful than my position. I beseech you be more

generous, and refrain from adding to my humiliation. I am but a passive instrument; but, apart from my duty, believe in my sympathy, and that I am the most submissive of your servants."

He then retired, leaving her Highness only the more wrathful that she could find no fault with the emissary. An attendant led the way to the apartments occupied by the Princess, where he had himself announced as the Baron de Canolles, from her Majesty the Queen. An exclamation of surprise met his ear, and it was several minutes before he was ushered into a spacious bedchamber dimly lighted by a lamp, over which a heavy shade had been placed; the curtains of the bed were partially drawn, and half buried in a mass of lace, silk, and drapery, the figure of a woman was faintly distinguishable.

De Canolles waited at a respectful distance for the Princess to speak, but as she kept silence he advanced a little and said, "I have obtained an audience of your Highness at the command of her Majesty: have I your permission to signify her wishes?"

"Speak, monsieur," was the reply, in a half-suffocated voice.

"Her Majesty directed me to assure your Highness of her desire to continue with you on terms of friendship and affection."

"Do not pretend to speak of friendship between her Majesty and myself," interrupted the smothered voice. "There is sufficient proof of such mockery in the dungeon of Vincennes; but pray proceed."

"I am commanded to visit Chantilly," continued De Canolles, "that I may watch over the safety of your Highness and the young Duke, and to endeavour to refute your evil counsellors and restore the harmony amongst royal relatives so grievously disunited."

"And until the harmony is restored the Queen sets a spy on me and mine under the most shallow of pretexts."

"A spy!" cried De Canolles, wounded to the quick. "It is a cruel word! but I thank your Highness for your frankness, and since that is how you judge me, let me be treated as such wretches deserve. Do with me what you will, but do not insult a soldier in the performance of his duty—you who are so great in your position, your virtues, and your misfortunes."

These words, pronounced in a tone of deep feeling, were not without an instantaneous result. The Princess raised herself, exclaiming, "Heaven forbid that I should insult a brave and loyal gentleman! No, Monsieur le Baron, I did not intend to wound you; I know you well for a noble heart, and do you full justice."

Led by generous impulse, the supposed Princess threw herself

forward from the shadow of the curtains, and the lamplight fell upon her golden hair, her luminous eyes, and lovely colouring heightened by agitation and excitement.

De Canolles started as in a flash he recognised the delicate features and exquisite smile of the young cavalier he had met by chance on the banks of the Dordogne, and to whom he probably owed his life. But he was perplexed—almost dazed. The wildest suspicions passed through his mind. Could it have been the Princess of Condé he had seen in disguise, and with whom he had conversed in all freedom and good-fellowship? It was impossible; the idea could not be entertained for a moment. He felt so completely bewildered he knew not how to proceed. At last, recollecting that he had been especially enjoined to assure himself that the heir of Condé was still at Chantilly, he hurriedly expressed his desire to that effect, and was conducted by one of the ladies, who had stood like statues by the bed, into an adjoining room, where he found a child buried in pillows and guarded by a nurse, who whispered to him not to disturb the boy, who had only just fallen asleep after a fatiguing day.

He then felt sufficiently composed to take a silent ceremonious leave of the Princess, and was led to a suite of rooms, where he found an excellent supper prepared for him, and an hospitality unstinted, however compulsory. But it was in vain that he tried to rest and collect his thoughts; he was altogether startled and mystified. Something he did not understand was going on; everyone seemed to be playing a part, and his own undertaking had suddenly become odious and unbearable. *He was a spy!* There was no other word for it—his mission had not struck him in that light before, but it was true—positively hatefully true!

He was moreover haunted by a fascination which he felt to be inexplicable. It was not for the first time he had heard the music of the sweet caressing voice that had called him “a noble heart”; but that he had beheld, in the bedchamber of the Princess de Condé, the charming youth from whom he had so lately parted was not to be thought of for a moment. Tossing upon an uneasy pillow he could only resolve to return to Paris, on the assumption that he had assured himself of the presence and perfect inaction of the rebels, and he would assuredly avoid another interview by starting too early to be received.

A profound silence had fallen on the château when the next morning, very shortly after sunrise, he ordered his horses, and he was about to leave his room when a sealed envelope was put into his hand, the contents of which overwhelmed him with dismay: it

announced the flight it was his duty to prevent, and ended with words that he could only read over and over again with a confusion of feeling it would be impossible to describe. It was half in a wild transport of hope and half in despair that he read :—

“Forgive the deception practised upon you last night in the chamber of the Princess de Condé, and accept my heartfelt thanks for the courtesy with which you endeavoured to fulfil a mission unworthy of you.” It was signed, “CLAIRE—Vicomtesse de Cambes.”

C. E. NEETKERKE.

(To be concluded.)

*LOW LIFE IN NAPLES AS
PICTURED BY NEAPOLITANS.*

MANY books and articles have been written on Naples and the Neapolitans, among them such important ones as Charles Grant's and Consul E. Neville-Rolfe's, but little is known in England of what Neapolitans think of themselves. It would be very interesting if the literary men of Naples would picture the life of the higher and middle classes ; but as writers naturally turn to the picturesque, they find a more genial material among the lower and the criminal classes.

It is from a series of sketches on the two latter members of the Naples population that I draw the present paper, and the first subject shall be the "Women of the Camorra."

The appropriate name for these women, whether mothers or wives, is undoubtedly "the victims." They are tyrannised over, almost, one might say, hypnotised by their sons or husbands. A mother, however, is far less despised and ill-treated than a wife. This fact is proved even by the songs which are constantly improvised at taverns or in prisons. Such "songs" are without head or tail, yet they are full of intense sentiment, and though they are often morbid, they are at least frank. In them the two constant types are the *mother* and the *sweetheart*. Not one of the hundreds of songs of this kind mentions a *wife* ; for a wife is considered as a vile thing not worth a line of verse, and in actual life is treated worse than a slave in the Arab markets. But the mother still owns a corner in the heart of the worst of bad subjects. The miserable convict, who has committed I know not what crime, crouches in the evening under the small barred window of his cell, and allows his thoughts to fly to his lonely mother in her sonless house. In his improvised verses he "kisses her grey hair" ; he addresses her with tender names ; he sobs as he sings ; and yet, when actually living with her, he will beat her to extort money to be spent in a tavern with dissolute companions. The mother, when her irreclaimable son is once again in prison, will

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half starve herself in order to take him some better food or some article of clothing when she goes to visit him on the permitted days.

A sweetheart is still more devoted to the object of her affection. She becomes his slave, his tool ; she will commit any crime at his bidding. His very brutality of behaviour convinces her of his love ; the more he beats her, the surer she is that he cares for her and is jealous of her. She tells her female friend : "Cecillo is madly in love with me, for he is always beating me !" She cannot abide and soon forsakes a lover who treats her gently, for, she exclaims, "A man must be a *man* !" And she, too, sings, and her songs are full of love for the vile man who is in prison. She asserts that "the curls of his hair have twined around her heart and chained her fast" ; and, on the day fixed for a visit to the prison, she goes there among a crowd of her wretched sister-women, worn, half-starved, but still full of passion. And when a sweetheart encounters the wife of her lover in that melancholy abode of crime, it is the wife who gives way, thrust back by the bold and triumphant mistress, who has her arms full of good things for the prisoner ; while the wife, reduced to want by her husband's imprisonment, and unable to feed her children, much less to buy food or clothes for her husband, shrinks away in deep humiliation, unable to cope with the impudent vice that triumphs over her.

A celebrated woman of the Camorra, in Naples, was one whom the people nicknamed "Her Majesty." She was a horrible woman, with the physiognomy of a beast. Her hair was coarse and red, her face broad and deeply pitted. Beneath her low and receding brow two brilliant small eyes, black as grains of pepper, shone out at times with a cruel and gloomy glance. Her thick, short neck resembled that of a gluttonous priest ; it rested on a pair of broad shoulders and elephantine figure. This woman had been a thief from her infancy, and was called, in the dialect of the people, "Chiattona," or "big fat girl." She had spent a great portion of her youth in the female prison of Saint Mary ad Agnone, where she was removed for her frequent revolt, and for having organised a sort of female Camorra among her fellow prisoners. At thirty years of age she had become a terrible woman. At that time she found and married a half idiotic man, in partnership with whom she opened a provision shop, giving her husband four sous a day for pocket-money, and absolutely "ruling the roost" herself. The husband was forced to stand behind the counter from morning to night attending to customers, after which he was allowed to go and spend his four sous on a bad

cigar and a dram. His wife's tyranny and dignity of carriage gained for her the title of "Her Majesty," while her husband was significantly styled "Sir Nobody" by the witty population.

"Her Majesty" was the confidante and counsellor of all the small neighbouring shopkeepers. She organised all kinds of businesses, from clandestine lotteries to affairs of usury. It was she who managed the "*canisto*," one of the cleverest means of cheating poor people and gaining cent. per cent. that exists.

This "*canisto*" (Neapolitan for *canestro*, or basket) is a basket of eatables, which, at Christmas time, is handed over to persons who have, during the previous eleven months, paid *one sou per day* to the shopkeeper in order to have it at the end of the year. "Her Majesty" has received 365 sous, or eighteen francs, sou by sou, for each *canisto*; and at Christmas time the customers who have gone in for this receive a big basket—for *nothing*, as they say—filled with a few rancid sausages, about six eggs, and some pickled peppers and citrons, the whole of which is not worth more than three francs!

But if you were to tell the receiver that he is mad to pay eighteen francs for what is worth only three, he would answer, "But one never misses one sou a day, and then one gets all this gratis!" Just at the time I write this, a case of stabbing has occurred connected with this Christmas ticket.

Such and other businesses—for example, illegal pawning, clandestine lotteries, the reception of stolen goods, the "making of angels," the hiring of children, &c., are carried on by "Her Majesty," her husband not quite understanding what she does, and certainly never remonstrating. And, though now and then the police arrest some one connected with "Her Majesty," she herself manages everything with such skill that she is neither suspected nor surprised.

This woman kept a troop of "children for hire," some thirty in number, and from five to twelve years of age, whom she fed and lodged, and every day distributed through the city, some laden with a board full of plaster figures, others with traysful of lucifer matches, pens, pencils, or needles and thread. Others, dressed in the ragged costumes of Abruzzese peasant-children, and furnished with a tambourine, were hired out to hurdy-gurdy players and danced at the corners of the streets. In the evening, on returning "home," each child had to deposit on the table, behind which "Her Majesty" sat, the sum of thirty sous. Woe betide the poor child who brings less! No excuse was accepted. The culprit was inevitably punished and sent

to bed without supper. When "Her Majesty" had finished her accounts, she placed before such children as had merited it a basinful of stewed vegetables and a piece of bread. The children, tired out by parading the streets, and half famished, devoured the food voraciously, never looking at each other, never speaking or smiling, tearing at the tough bread with their small white teeth, and with a kind of savage glare in their eyes. The few who have failed to bring back the required sum, sob in corners in a heart-broken and subdued manner. Often they are beaten by their cruel taskmistress, and at the appointed hour creep, with their companions, up the narrow stairs to their miserable attic, where a few thin mattresses and ragged covers form their beds. "Her Majesty" was not the only woman of her class, and still worse examples exist in the great city.

Many a female mendicant, when arrested, is forced to confess that the infants who, sickening on her arm and at her skirts, arouse the compassion of passers-by, are not her own. They are "hired babies," and one shrinks from realising their misery.

Such a woman as "Her Majesty" is a personage in the city, and battens on the misery of others. But the peasant woman is purely a sufferer; the poverty of the labouring classes falls most heavily upon her. She lives in a hired hut, surrounded by her starving children, seeing but little of her husband, who, working all day for a sum that can scarcely keep body and soul together, returns to share the scanty meal of the family.

When bad harvests, increased taxes, or other cause, render matters worse, it is the woman who becomes desperate first, and in times of revolt, her passionate animal love for her children, and her very helplessness, make her courageous, and it is she who inspires the men and leads them to the fiercest excesses. Thus, in Sicily, a few years ago, it was the women who were most rebellious, and rushed before the men to set fire to tax-offices and commit other violence. Like starving she-wolves, they fight desperately, thinking to force some means of subsistence for their little ones and their men when all else has failed.

From the women our authorities pass to the children, the large-eyed, vivacious, swarming children of Naples. The law decrees that all, from the age of six to ten, shall be in school, but the law is not obeyed, so that streets and alleys are full of little beggars, little vagabonds; lads of every size, who run about at their own sweet will, and are equally ready to commence a battle of stones among themselves, or against the shop-windows when instigated thereto by rioters in times of political disturbance. In the summer months an

amusing, but very disorderly, spectacle may be seen in the lower quarters of the city when the streets are watered from the hydrants. A troop of naked boys of the vicinity take this opportunity to enjoy gratis a splendid douche under the powerful shower from the hose. The most interesting if the most melancholy class of Naples children is that of which the components are the offspring of the Camorra, which, the Neapolitan writers from whom we glean our information say, still exist in Naples, in spite of all that may be declared to the contrary.

In one way or another the criminals and the very poor are Camorristas. The children of these people are taught by their parents to be bold and insolent, to swear and to fight. A lad, incited thereto by his father or even mother, will bite the ear of the boy with whom he happens, as boys will, to be fighting. If he also succeeds in knocking his adversary down, he will run to his mother to be praised and kissed. When he is a little older, he will habitually carry a knife in his pocket and be ready to use it on the slightest pretext. His eyes grow fierce, and oaths and insults are ever on his lips. He is extremely proud when at last he has stabbed an enemy or gouged out his eye with a piece of broken glass. Such lads evade the school, learn very soon to smoke and gamble, and exact the *soldo of the Camorra* from weaker companions as they play at cards—a tax as inevitable as the legal ones imposed by the municipality. So they begin their lives, and end as confirmed criminals.

But there are other children of a rather less depraved class—the boys and girls who wander about selling, on their parent's or on their hirer's account, matches, pins and needles, cheap fans, and other trifles. Poor little, and certainly innocent, victims of the circumstances in which they are born, upon the terrible fate of the little girls of this class we must here draw a veil. I have heard stories from English ladies, who interest themselves in trying to prevent the evil, that strike one with horror. Certain it is that after the age of ten years the little girls disappear from among the small vendors, and before that age their worn little faces, in which all traces of childhood are erased, excite your pity as you meet the solemn gloomy gaze of their large sunken eyes. I have seen many a merry boy among the match-sellers, but never have I seen a smile, much less a laugh, on the face of the little girls.

All the charitable institutions fail to rid the streets of these wretched children. A great many boys sleep all night in the open air. On coming out of the Mercadante Theatre one encounters in the causeway close by a number of boys and lads lying huddled up

close together against the wall of the neighbouring houses, fast asleep. The Duchess Ravaschieri, in her *Casa Paterna*, or refuge for homeless boys, has, to the present moment, only succeeded in gathering together about 170 out of the thousands of boys of this class in Naples. The other evening a festival was given at the *Casa Paterna*, with *theatrical performances* by the little occupants, and a vast amount of adulation and gratitude publicly displayed. It is well that even a few boys should be saved from a miserable and probably, in the future, criminal life, but, as far as we know, there are no night refuges for little girls, whose fate is far more pitiable.

I have spoken of the hiring of infants for the purpose of begging. But there are also *dummy* babies. Not long ago, a woman dressed in mourning was accustomed to walk on the Toledo Street with an infant in her arms, entirely enveloped in a shawl. After some months had passed, it was remarked that the child never *grew*. The police interfered, and the supposed baby turned out to be a bundle of rags. Another well-known figure in the principal street of Naples was an old woman bent in two, wearing a horrible old bonnet and a thick black veil, who crawled along by the walls, supporting herself on them as she passed with one black gloved hand. She had something of the appearance of a decayed lady, and excited great pity. Most people gave her alms, although she never begged. No one ever saw her face. She had a special hour for walking in the street. At last the police interfered here too, and the result made a great noise in the town. The old beggar was not in the least *old*, but young and good-looking. In order to be able to preserve the bent and painful attitude, she made use of a strong leather strap passed round her neck and buttoned behind her waist. On this she leaned as she walked. She wore gloves because her hands would have betrayed her youth. When the discovery was made, she was found to have saved a large sum of money, besides leading an almost luxurious life in the intervals of her perambulations.

Among the curiosities of low life in Naples is the story of a professor of tattooing, which is a very common practice among sailors and criminals. This particular "professor" had been, in the reign of Ferdinand II., a young sailor on board a man-of-war, and, having been accosted by the king, during a visit of his Majesty on board the *Fulminante*, used to relate with pride how the king had asked him for a light for his cigar, and, on meeting him again, had given him a full cigar-case. This incident made the young sailor an enthusiastic follower of the Bourbons, and, when that dynasty fell,

he used to distinguish the past and present rulers by the nicknames of "The gentlemen," and "The beggars." He always spoke of Francesco II. as "the poor lad who was betrayed," and of the Piedmontese soldiers who were quartered at Naples as "savages." This man practised the art of tattooing to such perfection that he was sought out by everyone who wished to be so decorated. Having committed a robbery, for which he was expelled the navy and put into prison, he was there elected to the Camorra, and on coming out became one of its most feared members. He appropriated the trade of tattooing to himself, and grew tolerably rich. He had a wife whom he beat and ill-treated, making experiments of tattooing on her body, one of which caused her death, for in an experiment of a new design in a green colour the poor woman contracted blood-poisoning and died shortly after the operation. Her husband was arrested, tried for manslaughter, and sent to the galleys for many years. He did not live long after his release. Even women allow themselves to be tattooed, but the operation, if carried on on a pretty large scale, generally causes them to faint. The operator then generally seizes the opportunity of that state of oblivion to rapidly complete the figure he is pricking, glad that his patient no longer feels the pain.

The haunts of the beggars of Naples are also usually the haunts of thieves kept by some woman, who trades on the vice and misery of her fellow-creatures. There the miserable wretches sleep by night, and assemble by day teaching children to pick pockets and beg. Thence every morning the blind, the lame, and the aged set forth on their rounds in the city. A false monk sets out to visit certain families and shops on certain days, giving numbers for the lottery and receiving alms. An old woman departs with her pocket full of sweetmeats, with which she decoys little children into some deserted corner and robs them of earrings or articles of clothing. Others rob the alms-boxes hung up in churches or in front of shrines on the roads. These kneel before the images in fictitious devotion, beating their breasts with one hand, while with the other they fish for the money with a thin stick smeared with bird-lime, which they insert in the small oval aperture of the box, drawing out the coin one at a time. One member of the criminal class, got up as a gentleman of fortune, used to frequent the public billiard saloons, where he soon made friendships with the aristocratic players, attracting them with his charming ingenuous smile, bright blue eyes, and delightful tenor voice, and was often even invited to his friends' houses and introduced to their families. He was no thief; his business was to inform his criminal

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associates of the financial state of the families he visited, thus enabling them to make plots of robbery or gambling.

Another particularity of Naples public life are the libellous short-lived newspapers, nicknamed "flying wasps," the pages of which are filled with fulsome praise or bitter calumnies. The editor and staff of such a paper pose as reformers of public morals, as honest men who bravely expose political or social evils, and head their paragraphs with violent phrases in large type. The Neapolitans, avid of scandal, rush to subscribe to the paper, which, however, quickly succumbs to the expense of damages inflicted upon it for defamation of character, and ceases to exist.

The Neapolitans have a keen sense for the comic and ridiculous, and the popular dialect is rich in nicknames. Among the lower classes scarcely anyone goes by his proper name, but is known by that bestowed upon him by his friends and neighbours, denoting some moral or immoral quality or physical defect. Children and wives have titles derived from the name or occupation of their fathers or husbands. The children of a man called "Giuseppe" are styled "the Giuseppesi"; the wife of a major is called "the majoress"; the son of a sergeant, "the little sergeant"; the daughter of a blacksmith (*ferraio*) is "the *Ferrarella*." A young fellow who sports fine clothing on a Sunday becomes *Milord*; a little dressmaker, who knows how to write, is distinguished by those for whom she writes their letters as "the *Scrivanella*," or little writer. Nicknames also descend from father to son. The famous Neapolitan comedian, Cavalier Edward Scarpetta, is known by the name of his chief rôle, *Sciossciamocca*, or "Shoo-fly." A noted thief and Camorrist named Pasquale de Bellis was, when he had grown rich and a proprietor, nicknamed *Pascalino é Bello*. A man called Spinelli, the idol of the loose women of Porta Capuana, on whom he lived and whom he robbed, was styled, from the mistaken pronunciation of his name, *Speniello*, which, in the dialect, means "the plucker," and was very apt. A cheater at cards was whisperingly greeted when he entered a café with the name "Eye at the Glass," as much as to say to those present, "Be on your guard." Many people of the lower classes are really ignorant of their proper names. A young fellow, on being asked what he was called, replied "I don't quite know. I believe either Peppino or Giuseppe" (which is really the same), "but at home they always call me Soup-and-tripe!"

Even in the educated classes nicknames are freely used; one fair and plump maiden was called "Little Quail," which reminds me of a gentleman in Yorkshire who always called his well-beloved wife

"Quaily." The Neapolitans are as fond of diminutives as we ourselves, and their popular songs are full of such endearing titles. Ritonellas are used to convey news to prisoners. On passing the prison of detention in the heart of Naples, one may hear a man singing under the windows at the top of his voice, seemingly in the mere gladness of his heart. But he was really addressing a prisoner behind the bars of a window looking into the street, telling him what course of conduct he should pursue during his approaching trial, or the day on which it is to commence, or what turn it is likely to take. Women and boys gather round the singer, and sometimes help him, by singing in their turn ; but very soon the sentinel of the prison gives an alarm, and the singer is frequently arrested. Or a man with his hands in his pockets will saunter idly past the prison, give a whistle of recall, and then go on to whistle the refrain of a song, which refrain has to the thieves a particular significance. Such meanings are determined by perambulating organ-players, who then communicate them to criminals and their friends. In this way song becomes an aider and abettor of crime.

Volumes might be written about the religious sentiment and the superstition of the Neapolitans. I will restrict myself here to a few remarks. Among the poor or criminal classes in Naples it would be impossible to find an atheist or materialist. The worst subjects are often the most devout, and Camorristi are generally found wearing a number of amulets and religious symbols. Ignorance and the influence of the priests are the chief sources of superstition. In the lower middle class the father-confessor has often such an ascendancy that in many families nothing is done without his advice and approbation. These priests harness the members of the family to the ecclesiastical car, impress on them ascetic practices, turn the women into bigots, and force the girls into a nunnery. The most vile and miserable of the population will keep a picture of the Madonna in their houses, and never grudge the price of the oil in the never-extinguished lamp. The cheat, the thief, the assassin, take religious vows and keep them, often at a considerable sacrifice.

Before breaking into a shop, or committing some other crime, the perpetrators will devoutly make the sign of the Cross, and when a man goes to a duel he will sprinkle himself with holy water at the nearest church, in order to make sure that his revolver will not miss fire, or his knife fail. Even when robbing some valuable objects from a church altar the thief will first kneel down, murmuring an assurance that it is not contempt for the sacred utensils, but necessity, which leads him to the crime. A very superstitious rascal will try to :

avoid fighting with a man who has a dagger with a handle in the form of a cross. Very many are the miraculous shrines in Naples and the neighbouring country, and not only do the poor and ignorant congregate there, but the rich and educated.

Religion has little moral influence, and seldom prevents a Neapolitan from doing wrong. When he is good it is because it is his nature to be so ; and if he really does good from principle, it is not the Church or the priests that have inculcated the principle, but his own reading and good sense. The women are more superstitious than the men. Should a girl faint, her mother will place a picture of the Mamma del buon Consiglio upon her breast, while the family recites an Ave Maria. This special Madonna is also the protector of infants. When the application of the picture is without effect, the mother reproaches it in very picturesque and strenuous language. St. Anna is the special consoler of forsaken lovers, and an epileptic is cured by a spoonful of the sacred water from the shrine of the Madonna della Saletta. No need to call to mind the Madonna of Pompeii, a comparatively new shrine which bids fair to rival that of Lourdes. There the diseased and afflicted repair by thousands, like the caravans in Zola's famous book, "Lourdes," and the faith of the worshippers is not shaken when many return unrelieved. "The Madonna has her reasons," they say resignedly. The saints are repeatedly invoked by players in the Public Lottery, and vows are made in the hope of winning a prize. The favourite saints in this connection are St. Pantaleone and St. Pasquale.

Signor Russo, one of the writers who is well-versed in the life of the city, gave a graphic description of a low night café, of which there are a great number. Horrible dens in the Porto Pendino Vicaria and Mercato quarters, where the worst specimens of the *mala vita* assemble and talk their incomprehensible jargon. Men with brutish faces, on which crime is written large, with low foreheads, small bloodshot eyes, high cheekbones, and large bony hands with strong curving nails. They gamble with intense passion, the while one of their gang stands on guard at the door looking out whether by chance a policeman is drawing near. A common member of the staff they call a "mouse," and a superior officer is "the cat." The owner of the café is even a more vile specimen of humanity than his customers. He is a member of a criminal association, a receiver of stolen goods, and an illegal money-lender and usurer. A well-known proprietor of one of these cafés had formerly been the beadle of a church, and was still in the habit of confessing his sins every Saturday, partaking of Holy Communion on Sundays, and

going every morning to recite a prayer while he left his wife in charge of the café.

These low places have often poetical names—the “Golden Star,” the “Rose,” the “Three Camellias”—and in them customers will be suddenly insulted and attacked with knife or revolver ; or one will be called out by a pale girl, to be killed as soon as he issues into the street by her brother or father.

The “Golden Star” was the favourite resort of a gang of robbers, whose special trade it was to steal all they could from peasant emigrants who came to the city to embark for America. These simple people were easily deceived and decoyed while loitering before the doors of the agencies’ offices, and very often found themselves perfectly destitute and unable to sail. The special cafés of Naples are, however, fast disappearing, and are no longer so characteristic. There used to be one solely frequented by students ; another by political men, who discussed the rights of the people, and enthusiastically recited poems of Carducci, or quoted from Mazzini’s writings. A poet would even recite his own productions to an enthusiastic audience. In such a political café one strange figure was often seen : a thick-set old man, wearing a long grey beard, a red shirt and black velvet coat. He carried a thick stick, visiting cards, and a bundle of pamphlets, which he distributed among the customers in the café, announcing that he was “Captain Trabucco, first cornet-à-piston to her Majesty the Queen of England, and last descendant from Felix Orsini.” The pamphlet, which he sold for 30 sous, related his story—how he became acquainted with Queen Victoria, and was appointed her first cornet-à-piston ; how he was arrested for complicity in the Orsini plot, and many wonderful anecdotes about Napoleon III., Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Victor Emanuel. Of course his appearance was greeted by shouts of laughter ; but the old patriot was not disturbed. “Anima bella !” he would exclaim at each laughing salute he received. What became of this original figure is not known, and his curious pamphlet must be out of print.

The recent attempt on the life of Mr. Hawkesley, honorary secretary of the Association for the Protection of Animals in Naples, is proof of the difficulty and danger of endeavouring to improve the Neapolitans in this particular, and a striking example is related of the innate cruelty of the people.

A well-known Camorrist used, in his moments of leisure, to buy small birds, and amuse himself by slowly and delicately plucking them alive, and then torturing them by pricking their naked flesh

Low Life in Naples as pictured by Neapolitans. 95

with a needle made red-hot in his pipe. This atrocious habit gained him the nickname of the *Ancellare*, or bird-man. He won a nickname instead of the punishment he so richly deserved.

Altogether it is a sufficiently gloomy picture which the Neapolitans give themselves of the dark sides of Neapolitan life. We began with the bad treatment of women by criminals, and cannot wonder that animals are treated still worse.

There is some improvement visible, but very little. Violent crimes are reported daily in the newspapers, and not even martial law can stop them. Reforms are needed in every separate particular of public life before private individuals can be educated to higher things.

LILY WOLFFSOHN.

DREAM MUSIC.

THE concert was over, the players gone,
The Hall was empty, hushed and still
Dim shadows lay where the lights had shone,
Silence where late the wild notes poured
Their woven madness of good and ill,
Of joy and sorrow, of peace and strife,
Of passionate yearning and baffled will :
A strain with a thousand voices stored,
Like the endless symphony of life.
Now all was silent, the notes that soared
Like the outspread wings of some great wild bird
That beats the air with a fierce delight,
Had dropped into rest at the coming of night—
All was silent and nothing stirred.

Nothing stirred but the tremulous beat
Of a feeble heart, and the fluttering light
Of a weary breath in its rise and fall ;
No one had seen him, no one heard,
In the eager rush of departing feet,
For slumber had touched him in her flight—
The old musician, unknown of all !
His lodging was dark and bare and cold,
And his hands were numb, for the fire within
Of the unquenched spirit could not warm
The worn-out body, starved and old ;
But the hunger and thirst that possessed his soul
Had drawn him forth in the winter storm
To the Hall, and his last coin let him in.

He heard the orchestra's throb and roll,
The lyric cry of the violin
As it flung its music towards the stars,
Like a prisoned soul in this world of sin
That sees its heaven beyond the bars.

He heard it, desolate and alone,
He who once, in the days gone by,
Had shaken the notes in a silver shower
From his magic fingers, had heard the cry
Of applauding crowds, and had felt the power
Of a wild uplifting ecstasy.

Now he was desolate and unknown,
And the circling strains of the harmony
Beat on his nerves with crowding pain,
Till all around him faded away,
And he slept as he were a child again,
Unheeding the silent close of day.

But suddenly through the darkness crept
A ray from the wild white winter moon,
That stole inside from the wind-tossed rain ;
Softly through the shadows it came,
And touched the musician where he slept.
His cold lips trembled and smiled, and soon
A light like a distant kindling flame
Dawned in his face, and the heavy years
Vanished, and left him young once more.
His eyes were closed, but his soul awoke,
And a rush of melody filled his ears
Like an autumn sea on a rock-bound shore ;
Once more the spirit within him spoke,
Once more he saw the land of his dreams,
Its hopes and passions, its joys and fears.

His heart beat quicker, his breath came fast,
While a glad *Allegro* of dancing streams,
An ever brightening and quivering dawn,
Rose on his vision. The radiance cast
On land and sea by its fairy beams
Lit all the world, and the wood and lawn
Woke into joy and light and love ;
Till first a note from some sleeping bird
Thrilled the air with a cry of life,
And another answered it from above,
Till all the enchanted woodland throng
Broke into music, a joyous strife,
And backward and forward flung the song,
Like fairy bells in the forest heard.

The sleeper trembled with pure delight ;
But through the gleam of his youthful bliss
A shadow came falling, sad and slow,
A calm *Andante* of patient woe,
And the joy that sang in the morning light
Hushed its notes at the sound of this,
Sinking back on the undertone
Of the solemn bass that murmured beneath,
As a wave that flings itself on the rock
In a frenzied tumult, and, spent with the shock,
Broken, weary, longing for death,
Sinks away in the parent sea.
The birds were silent, the rosy glow
Faded away from earth and sky,
And the pulse of youth and hope beat low.

The sleeper stirred, and a shivering sigh
Broke from his lips ; but a sudden strain
Roused his blood to a quicker flow,
And thrilled new life through the magic scene.
Forward, forward, into the world !
Leave the pleasure, strive for the gain—
Presto ! The struggle and strife are keen—
Onward now be the spirit hurled !
Heed not danger, fear not disdain,
Be what man never yet has been !
The sleeper's breath came thick and fast
As the pride of victory burnt within,
And the thought of the glory his soul might win
Swept him on in its fiery train !

But through the tumult there breathed at last
A voice that charmed it into rest,
Sweet and low as an angel song
Floating down on a white cloud's breast.
Adagio : the soft notes went
Wafted down through the listening air,
In heavenly cadence echoed long ;
A dream in music, a vision sent
From a golden world, so pure and fair
That it trembled into light and died.

A glow lit up the speaker's face,
And his bosom heaved, but at the close
His hand fell nerveless from his side
As it had touched an empty place.
And the sound of solemn eternal woes
Came from the heart of the deep wood wind
In a dark *Notturmo*, and time and space
Broke their confining bonds in throes
Of mortal agony. Dim and wide
The music spread, as a blind man gropes
After the treasure he cannot find,
Or the waves of a boundless fathomless tide
Sob and wander along the sand ;
And its burden of ever fruitless hopes
Bore down the strain with a heavy hand,
Slowly crushing it into the night.

The sleeper bowed his head in despair :
All is over and life is done !
But through the desolate gloom, a light
Quivered a moment, quivered and shone,
As a star breaks out through the midnight air ;
And pulsating sprays of liquid sound
Flashed out into a passionate glow,
From the depths of the infinite profound
Where the surges thundered to and fro.
A pause, a hush ; the wailing notes
Held their breath in a silent awe ;
The light shone brighter, the masses of cloud
Rolled away, and the sleeper saw
The glorious world where beauty floats
In an atmosphere of life and love.

The harmony gathered sweet and loud,
And all the broken themes of the past
Were woven into that closing strain,
And wound up into the world above.
The first glad joy, and the bitter pain,
And the knowledge that comes with agony,
The rush of a life wide-souled and vast,
The long-drawn yearning melody,

The vision of love, and the crash of doom
The night of loss and the desolate gloom—
All melting at last and for ever in one,
Like the changing clouds in their glory drest
That slowly sink in the saffron west,
Wrapped away in the light of the sun.

All that the heart has felt or known,
All it has ever tried to reach,
The music bound in its rhythmic speech,
And uttered in that all magic tone
That opens the eyes of the listener's soul,
And shows him what lies beyond his ken.
Upward and onward the music streamed,
Floating out through the world of men,
Bearing them on to the distant goal
Where the mystic gates of glory gleamed :
Life is not over, it is begun !
All thou hast striven for, longed for, lost,
The pain, the labour, the shame, the cost,
Weep for no longer—life is won !

Fainter and fainter fell the strain,
Echoing back from the silent wall,
As it rose through the air to heaven again.
But the sleeper's head on his bosom lay,
Darkness and night were alone in the hall,
For the music had borne his soul away !

MARY BRADFORD-WHITING.

TABLE TALK.

MR. SWINBURNE'S NEW DRAMA.

THE appearance of a new poem or drama by Mr. Swinburne is a matter on which the lover of literature is always to be congratulated. Each successive work is in some fashion, metrical or other, an experiment. Endowed in overflowing measure with lyrical and imaginative gifts, Mr. Swinburne knows no limit of method or of range. His Muse soars "above the Aonian Mount," and essays again, after the example of Milton,

Things unattempted yet in prose or rime,

or, as Ariosto antecedently says,

Cosa non detta in prosa mai nè in rima.

After having enriched the world with every species of fervent, impassioned, and rhapsodical utterance, and, in his dramas especially, gone almost beyond precedent in wealth of illustration and richness of imagery, he has elected in "Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards," to restrain himself within the severest limits ever imposed upon dramatic expression. The outlines of the work are as distinct, sharp, and pure as those of Greek art, and the characters are wrought with an exquisite burin, instead of being depicted with a facile brush. We know no dramatic work whatever so inexorably severe. The verse has the clang of armour, the whirr of the swung sword. Not devoid is it of ornament, but the jewels are such as shine in the hilt of the weapon which Hrothgar gives to Beowulf. It is an added grace of the play that, while the characters are Northern, the whole of the action, being laid in Verona, is purposely suffused with the glow of Italian summer.

THE STORY OF ROSAMUND.

NOT to be confounded with Rosamund Clifford, the famous "Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda" of Henry II., is the Rosamund whom Mr. Swinburne now immortalises. She was the wife of Alboin—or, as Mr. Swinburne calls him, Albovine—King

of the Lombards; and her grim story, which is told by Bandello and Gibbon, has received dramatic and poetic treatment from D'Avenant, Alfieri, and Fouqué. Mr. Swinburne has subordinated to her love for her father and her desire for revenge the wantonness with which his heroine has been credited, and has modified in some respects her fierce story. Married to the monarch whose captive she was, and by whom her father, Cunimund, was slain, Rosamund wears with an assumption of patience her gilded fetters, until her lord compels her to pledge him in a cup which, after the savage fashion of the time, he has caused to be made out of the skull of her vanquished father. She then plots, and executes in sufficiently diabolical fashion, her vengeance. Hildegard, her chief attendant, has a lover in Almachildes, a young Lombard warrior. Rosamund, after compelling the maiden to make a nocturnal assignation with the youth, herself keeps it. Guilty unconsciously of polluting the King's couch, Almachildes has, unless he will himself die in torments and see his love burnt as a harlot, to constitute himself the ministrant of the Queen's wrath. This he does, striking the monarch to the heart while he is drinking afresh from the skull. Rosamund then takes poison and dies. Those familiar with the original see how the rôle of Peredeus, by whose hands Albovine fell, is assigned to Almachildes, and how what is most repulsive in Rosamund is softened. The story remains, however, barbaric as well as tragic, and is specially suited to the treatment Mr. Swinburne has accorded.

MR. SWINBURNE'S WORKMANSHIP.

I AM not attempting a review of the drama, many and strong as are the temptations so to do. I shall, however—after counselling the reader who is a genuine lover of poetry, and such only, to turn to the book—give one or two passages illustrative of the marvellous terseness and directness of the treatment. Here is a short and pregnant speech assigned to Hildegard, who is taunted with bragging of his love :—

Love is no braggart : lust and fraud and hate
Vaunt their vile strength when shame unveils them : love
Vaunts not itself.

After arraigning in previous works other deities, Mr. Swinburne now, through the mouth of Rosamund, says concerning Love :—

Now thou knowest. This love
Is no good lord—no gentle god—no soft
Saviour.

Another of Rosamund's utterances embodies an idea frequent in Mr. Swinburne's earlier work :—

Thus heaviness of heart
Kills love and hate and life in me. I know not
Aught lovesome save the sweet brief death of sleep.

So short, with all their concentrated passion, are these passages, they scarcely, when taken from the context, convey the full sense of their beauty or significance. The beauty of the following lines, descriptive of the agony of Hildegard when compelled by the Queen to make proffer of her love to Almachildes, cannot be hidden :—

My maid, my bride that will be, shrank and showed,
In all the rose-bright anguish of her face,
A shuddering shame that wrung my heart.

The italics are, of course, mine. I must not dip further into Mr. Swinburne's marvellous volume, nor pilfer, even for the purpose of exhibition, more gems from a casket full of such.

WHAT DO WE READ?

I DO not think the last word on the subject of a national taste in reading has been said. A good many publishers will attest that the best, in the sense of the most standard, works are the most remunerative. How many editions of Shakespeare are, I wonder, put forward every year? Surely, a very large number. Yet all of them sell. The present year has witnessed the sale of a First Folio for the "phenomenal" price of £1,700. It has also seen the appearance of a score of pretty or scholarly editions, regardless of the fact that we have editions in existence to meet every requirement. A similar experience with the works of Molière has been obtained in France. Editions of Scott multiply, and one edition of the Waverley novels treads on the heels of another. Thackeray and Dickens are constantly reprinted, and we have reissues of the fiction of such partly forgotten novelists as Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth, Thomas Love Peacock, and Captain Marryat. There must be a demand for such works, or they would not, I suppose, be given to the world. The lambent antiquarianism and evangelical piety of Miss Manning, the author of "Mary Powell," secure a success for her books; and Lever's rollicking pictures of Irish life are, if I may trust the booksellers' catalogues, in most active demand. There must, then, be a comparatively large number of readers of past literature. On the other hand, it is embarrassing to a student of English literature to find a volume giving a selection from our English satirists and omitting all mention of Lord Rochester and George Wither.

ARADIA, THE GODDESS OF WITCHCRAFT.

DID any reader ever hear of Aradia? Let him not be ashamed to answer in the negative. Her name appears in no dictionary of mythology, and I myself never heard it until I met with it in the "Aradia, or the Gospel of the Witches of Italy,"¹ of Mr. Charles G. Leland, an indefatigable hunter after folklore, myth, Etruscan antiquities, Gipsy dialect, and other out-of-the-way subjects. Aradia, then, whose name is equivalent to Herodias—not the Herodias of the New Testament, but a much earlier counterpart to Lilit—*is in Italy the teacher of witchcraft, and the patron and goddess of the witches. She is the daughter of Diana by her brother Lucifer. It must be remembered that, according to Milton, "In [and after]*

Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain."

At an early period the rich, according to Italian folk-belief, oppressed the poor and made slaves of them. Such of the victims as could escape lived in the mountains and forests, and earned a precarious livelihood as robbers and assassins. Animated by pity for these poor wretches Diana bade Aradia go to earth, become the first of witches, teach witchcraft to the oppressed, and with it the art

Of poisoning those who are great lords of all;
Yea, thou shalt make them die in their palaces—

and where she finds a peasant who is rich she shall teach the witch how

To ruin all his crops with tempests dire,
With lightning and with thunder (terrible),
And with the hail and wind.

Very curious and characteristic of a country in which the Strega or sorceress is still dreaded is this mention of superstition and democratic revolt. Mr. Leland then gives specimens of the spells and conjurations in which the witches still indulge, their invocations and the like; the whole showing that behind the servile Catholicism of the Italian peasant there lurks a faith in Paganism. There are those in the Romagna of the North who still know the Etruscan names of the Twelve Gods, and indulge in invocations to Jupiter, Venus, Bacchus, and Mercury, as well as to the Lares or ancestral spirits. These survivals of old faith are to me full of interest and significance. They may be so to some of my readers also.

¹ D. Nutt.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1900.

*THE COURTSHIP OF TAMBALA
CHALMERS.*

BY A. WERNER.

"OH! yes, old Chalmers is here still," said M'Kechnie, in answer to a question of mine. "Not at the Mission, of course, but——"

"Why of course?" I put in, hastily withdrawing my legs to admit of the passage of a small boy and a large bucket of water, on their way aft. The *Explorer's* deck-space was limited, and as O'Reilly had just opened the hatch to get out some stores, we had been obliged to remove our long chairs from that haven of refuge.

"Oh! I keep forgetting that you're new to the country," said M'Kechnie, not without a quizzical gleam in his eye. "You'll hear the whole story soon enough. Chalmers had got above himself, you know—bad attack of swelled head, following on a visit to Cape Town,—and began setting the clergy right on doctrinal points. So there was nothing for it but to part."

"Is that the true version?" I asked, for there was an odd dryness in his enunciation which aroused my suspicions. I knew Mac of old, in fact we had been at school together, many years before either of us ever thought of coming to Central Africa.

"I was not there when it happened," he replied, with dignity. "And you will please to remember that I am in the service of the Mission."

"Oh! all right," I muttered hastily. "But what about Chalmers? Where is he now?"

"He works for Kalkbrenner—Ferreira, Kalkbrenner & Co,
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you know. Old Kalkbrenner gives him £50 a year and a house, and finds him well worth it ; for, after all, he's an honest fellow, and capable in his way, though he is such a terribly pragmatical old ass. You'll see him when we get to Port Livingstone. Kalkbrenner has a store and a coffee plantation there, and Chalmers looks after them, keeps the books, and pays the boys and all."

"How did he get that name?"

"Picked it up at one of the Missions, I suppose, and it sticks to him. He's been quite a traveller, has Dr. Chalmers. Went down to Kilwa, first of all, in a slave-gang, when he was a laddie of ten or twelve—he was called Tambala then—was put on board a dhow and taken off by a British man-o'-war and landed at Zanzibar. Then he came up country with Bishop Steere to try and find his own people again, and finally drifted to this neighbourhood. He's seen a deal of life one way and another. When he was baptized he was called David and his full name on the Church Register is David Tambala Chalmers."

"Tambala means a cock, doesn't it?" I asked. I was making tentative plunges into the native language with the help of the Mission grammar and dictionary.

"Yes—suits him best of the three, I think. But you'll see for yourself. He's a caution."

I believe that, as we thus conversed, we were about six miles from Port Livingstone, as the crow flies. But unluckily, as someone has remarked, we were not crows ; and the winding course of the river, the strength of its current (it was at this time in full flood), the state of the *Explorer's* engines and the general cussedness of things delayed our arrival till sunset on the following day.

I saw before me a neat white-washed house, grass-thatched, surrounded by a broad verandah, and shaded by a clump of fan-palms. Down the path which led from the front door came a tall native dressed in a white linen suit with a pith helmet on his head.

"There he is," said M'Kechnie,—“I suppose he's coming on board."

It took some time to get the *Explorer* warped in to the bank, and while this was taking place, I lost sight of the white figure in a crowd of shouting, hurrying natives ; indeed, I was so much absorbed in the details of the scene—it was my first experience of the country that had interested me all my life—that I forgot all about him for a while. Presently I became aware that the boy who had been attending on me during the voyage—himself a former pupil of the Mission—was standing beside me, grinning from ear to ear.

"This is Dr. Chalmers, sir!" he said, with the air of one exhibiting a valuable and interesting product of the country, and waved his hand majestically towards the individual in question, who raised his helmet, and advanced with a sweeping bow.

"Mr. Hay, sir, I have much pleasure to make your acquaintance. I have heard of you from Mr. Vyner, sir. He tells me you come to assist him in developing the resources of this country. It is a fine country, sir,—a mag-ni-fi-cent country; but we need appliances, the appliances of civilisation."

I felt inclined to sit down and gasp feebly—quite overwhelmed by this torrent of eloquence—delivered quietly enough, and with a fairly good English accent. How much more I might have heard about the resources of the country and the appliances of civilisation I cannot tell—M'Kechnie intervened.

"I say, Chalmers, can you put Mr. Hay up for the night? He won't be able to start for Masuku this evening."

"Oh! yes-s!" said Dr. Chalmers with dignity. "Mr. Vyner wrote to me that Mr. Hay was coming, and directed me to have an apartment in readiness. It was ready yesterday, Mr. M'Kechnie, and I have called Mr. Hay's carriers; they will start to-morrow at peep of day."

M'Kechnie attempted no reply—he was probably appalled by the splendour of Dr. Chalmers's diction; but he stole a sly wink at me.

At this juncture the *Explorer's* skipper walked up, red in the face from recent exertions, and mopping himself with a handkerchief originally intended for the native trade, and conspicuously adorned with palm-trees and elephants.

"Hey! here's the Reverend Doctor! How's yourself, me boy? and how's the missis?"

Dr. Chalmers drew himself up with dignity. "Circumstances have occurred to postpone my marriage," he replied, freezingly; and his eye rested on M'Kechnie with an expression which seemed to say that, but for that gentleman's presence, he would have said more.

O'Reilly slapped him on the back and laughed uproariously. "Parson forbidden the banns, hey, Chalmers? Sure, and it's myself would be doing that same if I were he, an' you after thryin' to inveigle me best dairymaid."

The native did not reply. It was easy to see that he did not enjoy O'Reilly's chaff, but he betrayed no annoyance, only turned to me and asked quietly if I would like to come ashore now. So

far as I could judge, it was only his choice of words that was somewhat extravagant ; there were no Christy Minstrel antics about him, and, in manner at least, I was inclined to think—with no disrespect to our tempestuous but good-natured friend—that he was more of a gentleman than O'Reilly.

"What's this about his marriage?" I asked M'Kechnie presently, Dr. Chalmers having gone ashore to get my luggage taken up to the house, while O'Reilly was superintending the hoisting of the same out of the hold.

"I don't quite know. I've been away down river for the last three months ; I heard about it from O'Reilly, but, you know, with him a story never loses in the telling——"

"What's that?" exclaimed the subject of this last remark, who was nearer us at the moment than M'Kechnie bargained for. "Me, the veracious chronicler of British Equatoria? Me, that carries a note-book an' a fountain pen in me pockets, an' it's downright ill I've been with sucking the ink of that same when it wouldn't draw, not to mention the ink dryin' up wid the climate, to stand before the thermometer and note the exact temperature for fear I'd be forgettin' it when I wrote me diary at night!"

"We're all looking forward to the book you're going to write when you go home, O'Reilly," said M'Kechnie.

"And yet you'll not trust me to tell the story of the doctor there an' his colleen dhu?—for colleen bawn she is not, though as purty an' neat a crathur of her colour as ever I've seen. Faith, I've had thoughts of asking her to be Mistress O'Reilly meself ; but then, you see, I'd be afther havin' to git a dispensation, an' our clargy is terribly down on mixed mar'ges of late. Not to mention that Mozambique is the nearest place it could be got."

"Never heed his clavers, Hay," said M'Kechnie. "The matter seems to be that Chalmers, who is a widower of some years' standing, and has two little girls under ten—I'm sorry for him myself, for he's anxious to do his duty and bring them up decently, and it's sore on a man, as you'll allow—wanted to marry one of the Christian girls at the Mission."

"Well, and why shouldn't he? Is there any just cause or impediment?"

M'Kechnie seemed slightly embarrassed. "They say the girl herself didn't want him. And, of course, Dr. Angus couldn't help that."

"That's the offeecial vairsion, Mac, me bhoy," said O'Reilly, with exaggerated mimicry of M'Kechnie's accent, which, by-the-by, was

broad enough to sit on, and he rather prided himself on it. "Dr. Angus didn't want to lose a useful crathur and Mrs. A.'s pet pupil—an' them at all the throuble an' expinse of her training—as they would do, if she married out of the Mission. So, when that's the state of things at headquarters, an' you get asked in a tone of Daniel-come-to-judgment, 'Do you want to have this man?' what would you expect a colleen to do, eh, sir? It's a clear case of intimidation—not intimidation with blackthorns an' hot water, may be, but——"

"Oh! get away with you and your blackthorns!" exclaimed Mac, struggling between amusement and annoyance. "Don't listen to O'Reilly, he just havers even on. You see Lucy's been in the Mission from a child; the Anguses really stand in the place of parents to her, and they're naturally anxious she should make a good choice. And, of course, it would be more satisfactory for her to remain in the Mission."

"But supposing she really cared for him, would they have a right to interfere? Is she so very young?"

"She's older than most of these girls when they marry. But here comes our friend," said honest Mac, evidently glad to change the subject.

My goods had been got ashore, and the three of us sat down in the verandah to the meal which Chalmers had provided "as per instructions of Mr. Vyner," as he confided to me. I had the less scruple in extending my employer's hospitality to M'Kechnie and O'Reilly, as the latter had contributed nobly to this entertainment out of the *Explorer's* stores. We had tinned salmon and sardines for entrées, and canned peaches for sweets; while three fowls had been slain and served up to us in the shape of soup and curry, accompanied by locally grown rice and sweet potatoes, and half a dozen out of the infinite varieties of beans wherein the soul of the African delights. Moreover, there were European vegetables, diminutive and heartless cabbages, very crude potatoes the size of small marbles, and turnips not much bigger, but of excellent flavour, which Chalmers had raised in his own garden, and now produced as freewill offerings out of the pride and vain-glory of his heart.

He did not wait on us himself, but he stood by and directed the movements of two flannel-shirted boys, with an air which would have done credit to the most majestic and highly-trained of butlers. The lemonade and soda-water, however, he brought and uncorked himself, observing that the boys were "unused to these appliances."

O'Reilly sipped at his glass, put it down, and looked round in a

puzzled sort of way, as if the beverage were incomplete, but nothing else appeared to be forthcoming. He then turned to us with a kind of apologetic and admonitory cough, as though expecting us to supply the omission; but Mac and myself became suddenly obtuse, and waited with interest to see what would happen.

"Faith, then, Chalmers, my jewel," he burst out at last, "do ye always serve your soda-water neat?"

"Messrs. Kalkbrenner and Ferreira"—(I could see that he loved to roll out the firm's name in full whenever he got the chance)—"do not keep alcoholic liquors in stock, sir; except as medical comforts, sir——"

"Bedad, that's queer then," said O'Reilly, in a stage aside to myself, "for the one of them's a German Jew, and the other's a Hollander Jew, or a Portagee—I'm not sure which. It's against nature, so it is. . . . Chalmers, alanna," he went on aloud, "can ye tell me on your conscience an' honour—which we all know are very honourable an' conscientious entirely—that ye don't require them medical comforts every day of your life, an' frequent in the course of the day?"

Dr. Chalmers looked fixedly at a point on the landscape, which, in accordance with the laws of perspective, was immediately behind and above O'Reilly's head.

"I am a total abstainer, Captain O'Reilly."

("He is that," said Mac aside to me. "I'll say that for him.")

"And ye never take a holiday, then?" asked O'Reilly, unabashed. To which Dr. Chalmers vouchsafed no answer.

"Here, boy!" said O'Reilly, "where's Luwisi? Run down to the boat, ye little spalpeen, and bring——"

"Don't, O'Reilly," said M'Kechne. "Can you not wait for your fire-water till we get aboard again? ——"

"And it's condemning Mr. Hay to cold water, ye'd be ——"

"Not for me," I struck in hastily. "Please don't send for it for me, O'Reilly—I assure you I prefer lemonade!"

"It puts temptation in the boys' way," said Mac in a low voice. I could see that he was really troubled, and began to find the situation uncomfortable, but, to my surprise, O'Reilly readily gave way and took his soda-water and lime-juice with a very good grace. In his heart he had a real liking for Mac—for all their constant sparring—and he was quick enough to see when he had gone too far.

Not long after this they took their leave. Mac was going to sleep on board the steamer, and start at dawn, with two or three

boys, on his tramp to the Mission. My road to Mr. Vyner's plantation lay in a different direction.

When they were gone, I sat still for a while in the verandah chatting with Kalkbrenner's factotum. I found him really a very intelligent fellow, and the questions he asked about people and things in England showed that he thought more deeply than the educated native usually gets credit for doing. He was communicative enough on all subjects but one—he was unwilling to say much about the Mission or Dr. Angus. After what I had already heard, it was not difficult to guess why; and I must say I respected him for his reticence.

Next morning I was awakened at dawn by the bugle which summoned the station labourers to their toil. A few minutes later, as I was stretching myself inside my mosquito curtain, and thinking that the world looked chilly and miserable, a small boy entered with coffee and biscuits and a message to the effect—or so I understood him—that the carriers were ready when I was. Accordingly I made all the haste I could and emerged on the verandah, to find Chalmers assigning the various items of my luggage to their respective carriers, and starting them on ahead. They didn't look as if they liked it.

"They are grumbling, sir," he said to me after a ceremonious greeting, "because they will have to go first and shake the dew off the grass, so that it will not be so wet for you. Here is your machila, sir."

Two men brought round to the steps a canvas hammock slung to a pole, with a mat stretched above to shade me from the rays of the sun, which as yet were not. They held the canvas at what they thought a convenient height above the ground, and grinned sympathetically at my efforts to get in, which resulted, first, in falling out on the other side, and next in hitting my head against the pole. Then Chalmers intervened, and suggested that they should spread it flat on the ground, laying the pole on one side, which, somewhat to my humiliation, they did, and when I had prostrated myself upon it picked me up tenderly and shouldered the pole. Dr. Chalmers then arranged the cushions behind my head—which requires a certain knack, as I found out afterwards by bitter experience—spread my travelling rug over my legs and tucked it in, and finally—surely the force of thoughtfulness could no further go—inquired whether I was supplied with tobacco and matches. He had seen me put my pipe into my pocket.

"You will get accustomed, sir, and subsequently you will not

be afraid to change your position," he remarked, apparently gathering from my expression that I thought smoking impossible under the circumstances. "Here is the capitaõ, he understands English. His name is Peter."

Peter came forward, a very solemn-faced young man, with his upper teeth chipped into points like a saw, and blue daisies tattooed where his shirt-front would have been if he had worn such an article. He was attired in a white cotton singlet, and a piece of dark blue calico round his waist, and shivered in the chill morning air.

"He will tell the men anything you want. I have told him you are going to stop and breakfast at Palombe's. The men with the provisions have gone on." He then addressed Peter at some length in the Yao tongue. "It is all right, sir. You can trust him."

"Good-bye," I said, for my men at this point began to move.

"Oh ! no, sir, I will walk with you as far as the end of the plantation." Which he did, and I then took my leave and the men jogged on with me along the narrow path through a succession of native gardens—apparently containing nothing but weeds and dry maize-stalks—for the crops had just been gathered in. When we left the gardens and got into the tall grass, I began to understand what Chalmers had meant about the dew. As it turned out, I was performing for my men the task which had been entrusted to them on my behalf : they had turned aside and hidden themselves till the machila was past, whereby, the path being so narrow that my foremost bearer's broad brown shoulders completely filled up the vista, my clothes and the canvas were saturated in a very short time. But the narrative of my journey does not belong to this tale.

"And what do you think of Chalmers?" said Mr. Vyner, a few evenings later, when I was resting after the three days' march at his hospitable bungalow. "A bit self-important, eh? and his language is quite too much for me at times!"

"Oh ! Robert !" said Mrs. Vyner—a good soul who took most things very literally. "I'm sure Chalmers never swears—I never heard him say anything one could object to!"

"On the contrary, my dear, it's the extreme correctness and propriety of his expressions ! But he's a good fellow at bottom ;—and, talk of conceit—he's not half so conceited as that pet of Angus's—what's his name again? Abraham—Isaac—Isaac Kabweza, that's the man—I can't stand him !"

‘Oh ! Robert !’

“No, Helen, I can’t, that’s a fact. You won’t hear a word against him, I know, because he turns up his eyes in church, and makes night hideous with crooning hymns out of tune. We had him here as kitchen-boy for a month—that was quite enough ! I don’t say but the fellow means well—and he certainly did his work—but he’s a confounded sanctimonious prig, and then he’s got hold of all Angus’s little ways—speaks like him, walks like him. . . . I find Angus trying enough, in all conscience, though I suppose he also means well ; but to have him served up in a second-hand native edition is a little too much !”

“I haven’t seen Dr. Angus yet,” I remarked. “And from all I hear, it seems a little difficult to form a notion of him.”

“Well, I won’t prejudice you. You’ll see and hear him soon enough, and you’ll think him a charming, courteous, scholarly old gentleman, who’s been very much maligned—for I can guess the sort of talk you’ve heard on the river—from Ferreira, for instance—or O’Reilly.”

I smiled audibly.

“Mind you, I’m not one of those who run down missionaries on principle. Apart from other considerations, we do need someone to remind us now and then that the natives are not simply—as a boy said to me the other day—‘hoes for white men to till the ground with.’ That’s what infuriates some men against them. They’ve a respect for religion in the abstract—as long as it doesn’t interfere with the details of their daily life—and that’s where Angus rubs it in, to do him justice.”

“But I thought—I understood—Dr. Angus was inclined to be a bit arbitrary himself.”

Vyner laughed.

“That’s where the difference between clergy and laity comes in, you see ! No, but seriously, my dear boy, when you’ve lived a little longer in this country, and had men under you, like the Roman centurion—and nobody to interfere with you when I’m not round—you see whether the instinct of bossing doesn’t grow on you ! And Angus—well, he had peculiar ideas to start with, and he was in a peculiar position—had it all his own way out here for years ; for you know he was in the country before any trader or planter of us all. The niggers all looked up to him as chief and doctor, and everything else, and thought the sky was going to fall if anyone contradicted him. He very seldom saw a white man of anything like his own standing—till quite lately. I don’t know how it happens,

that his colleagues have generally been men of inferior position and education, and as for the three successive Mrs. Anguses, they have all been his humble worshippers. So is it any wonder if the man takes much the same view of his position as the German Emperor does of his?"

"Robert, I'm sure Mr. Hay is so tired, he's ready to fall asleep in his chair!"

I was tired, when I came to think of it; and though I would willingly have asked further questions, I was quite ready to follow Vyner along the verandah to the apartment destined for me, where I slept soundly, in spite of the scampering of rats along the rafters, and the howling of hyenas in the long grass outside. Perhaps these uncanny sounds in some indirect way influenced my dreams, for I thought that Dr. Angus (who, as I had never seen him in real life, appeared to me in the likeness of the celebrated portrait of Savonarola) was denouncing me by name to a numerous congregation as being a heretic of several different sorts, and but a shady character in other respects; and having, moreover, acted as best man at the wedding of David Tambala Chalmers, who, for his part, was formally excommunicated then and there.

I was so struck by this vision that I related it at breakfast next morning, greatly to Vyner's amusement, who remarked that first dreams in a new abode were generally prophetic—and he hoped this one would not prove so.

I suppose my early experience of plantation life was much like other men's. As I am not telling my own story, I will not dwell on them—only remarking that, after I had been at Masuku some seven or eight months, I was sent to Lucheny to take charge of a small outlying estate of Vyner's, and entered on the life of a Robinson Crusoe surrounded by innumerable men Friday.

One hot day in November, when the whole country was parched and dusty and gasping for the rains, I was swinging lazily in my hammock in the shadiest corner of the verandah. It was nearly time for the afternoon bugle to be blown, and I was just regarding with dismay the prospect of turning out in the heat to superintend the digging of coffee-pits, when my boy Kambembe—I remember him as the most portentous breaker of crockery that ever entered my service—came up and announced the arrival of one "Chalama." Somewhat puzzled, I tumbled out of the hammock and walked round the house to find Dr. Chalmers sitting on the front steps.

He rose to his feet and took off his helmet—a sadly battered one by this time. His white shirt bore traces of a journey, and he was

evidently tired and footsore. Two small boys were squatting at a little distance; beside each, one of the round baskets in which a native stows his provisions, &c., on a journey. They were our friend's attendants and carriers.

"How do you do?" I said. "Glad to see you; come into the shade."

"Thank you, sir. I have been over to Mr. Ferreira's other plantation of Chipande, and I am now on my way back to Port Livingstone. When I heard you were here I thought I would like to come and see you. It is not very much out of the way."

I felt flattered by this mark of attention, though inclined to think it must have some reason beyond mere politeness. I thought the man looked haggard and worried; and now and then he stole wistful glances at me as if making up his mind to ask me a question.

I was not mistaken—but the question didn't come just then. I had to go down to the coffee, so I left him, after issuing instructions to Kambembe to supply him with tea and other refreshments, and see to the wants of his followers. It was in the evening, when I was once more established in the hammock, and he sitting on the steps in the moonlight, that—after answering my inquiries, and telling me all the news of the Mission, the River, and the Lake, the gunboat and the Portuguese at Matapwiri's, and the rumoured disturbances up Tanganika way, he began:

"Mr. Hay, sir—if you were at home in England, and you wanted to be married, and you went to tell the minister, would he refuse?"

"Why, no—not that I ever heard of. Not unless there were some legal obstacle."

He repeated the phrase thoughtfully, and asked me what that was.

"Why—if I'd been married before, you know, and my wife was living—or if I wanted to marry my grandmother—or—or—someone like that. 'A man may not marry his grandmother,' you know. That's in the Prayer Book."

"I see. But if there is no legal obstacle?"

"The parson can't refuse—at least I think not. Not if you've had the banns put up properly, or got a license. But if he objected, I should simply go to another parson, to save unpleasantness, or to a Registry Office."

"Registry Office," repeated Chalmers, thoughtfully, as if desirous of getting the words by heart. "What is that, sir?"

I explained, and proceeded to expound, to the best of my ability, the marriage laws of the United Kingdom. And then——

"Chalmers, my man," I said, "you've got something on your mind. Can't you tell me about it?"

He looked at me in a sort of wistful, inquiring way—with the eyes that sometimes make you think a native is like a noble dog, and then said,—

"I thought I would like to tell you, sir. That time I first saw you at Port Livingstone, you did not laugh at me like Mr. O'Reilly; and I thought——"

"Well, let's hear," I said. And he told me—I may condense his narrative—how he had fallen in love with Lucy—otherwise Chingasonji—and how he had reason to suppose she reciprocated his feelings, and how he had gone to speak to Dr. Angus on the subject, and been snubbed for his pains.

"Do you think you are good enough for Lucy?"—the doctor had demanded—(Chalmers's imitation of his tone and manner—I had made the doctor's acquaintance by this time—simply convulsed me)—and settled the matter summarily by sending for Lucy. Lucy, I regret to say, did not rise to the occasion; her courage failed her when confronted with those bristling white eyebrows, and with downcast eyes shielded by a slim bronze hand, she murmured softly, "*Iai, mzungu.*"¹

"There, you see!" said the doctor triumphantly, and enlarged at length on Chalmers's presumptuous folly, while Lucy retired—to be acidulously congratulated by Mrs. Angus on her good sense—and (as was revealed to Chalmers in due course) cried herself to sleep that night in a corner of the girls' dormitory. This was the incident I had heard of from O'Reilly. Subsequently—on being notified that Mr. Kalkbrenner intended to raise his salary, Chalmers had tried his fate once more, with like result, except that, a week or two later, there was brought to him a piteous tear-stained letter, which he showed me. I knew enough Yao to make out the sense of it. She said she loved him with all her heart, and wished to marry him—only the Donna didn't like it, and was trying to persuade her to take Isaac (Mr. Vyner's *bête noire*) instead.

"But it's infamous!" I said. "They have no right to interfere in this way. Why couldn't she tell them so to their faces?"

"She was frightened," he said quietly, and I remembered what O'Reilly had said about intimidation. It was not easy for a gentle-natured girl to avow her own wishes in opposition to those

¹ "No, sir."

whom she had learnt to think of as gods upon earth. And I suppose the Anguses were not consciously selfish. Indeed, I happen to know that they honestly looked upon themselves as exceedingly ill-used people.

Chalmers had finished, and I smoked on to the end of my cigarette.

"I call it shameful," was the first outcome of my reflections. "I shouldn't have thought it of Angus!"

Chalmers smiled sadly, as one who has had experience of life.

"Dr. Angus, sir," he said solemnly, "is like the rotten fig. He is very beautiful to behold, outwardly; but if you open him, you will find him full of worms, and—and unpleasantness!" It was fortunate for me that I was in the shadow of the verandah; and I hastily set the hammock in motion to conceal the agitation I could not control.

"He has no right to prevent your marrying, that's clear," I said, as soon as I could command my voice. "But why need you consult him? It's awkward, I admit, her living in the house, but she might leave. They can't detain her against her will. Where's her home?"

His face fell. "She has no home. Her relations died in the famine, when she was a little child—and she was saved and taken to the Mission. She has some distant cousins on Tyolo. But they live a long way off. And even if she could go there—where could we be married but at the Mission? Dr. Angus would not do it!"

"Nonsense!" I said. "He'd have to. It would be illegal to refuse."

He shook his head. "Who is there to make him do it? There are so few white men in this country, and they hear nothing—or, if they do, they will not care. Perhaps they think it good joke, like Mr. O'Reilly."

"But the Administration?"

"They will not interfere. They are only too glad that Dr. Angus is friendly with them, and does not write letters to Lord Salisbury and the Aborigines' Protection Society."

This, I own, took away my breath for the moment, but I was too much interested in the matter in hand to comment on the extent of Chalmers's information.

"Well," I went on, "I'm not prepared to assert what may or may not be legal under the peculiar circumstances of this Colony or Protectorate—or whatever we call ourselves. But I think you should talk to someone better able to advise you than I. Have you asked Mr. Vyner?"

"I have talked to him in former times, sir, and he was kind; but he always said, 'Be patient,' and 'Dr. Angus means well!' He thinks," concluded Chalmers—not bitterly, but with a certain deliberate sadness, as of one accustomed to disappointment—"that it is not right to tell a black man you think a white man is wrong."

"I don't think Mr. Vyner is like that, Chalmers. I think if he knew a definite way to help you, he would do it. Perhaps things are different now—not like they were when you told him. But what I have been thinking is this: There's a chaplain at the gunboat station at Fort Malo—I hear he's just arrived. I used to know him in England, and he's a very good fellow. Why don't you and Lucy go down and ask him to marry you? I'll write you a letter to him if you like."

Some would have thought that Chalmers was not much impressed by this, as he looked not at me, but at the bricks of the verandah, and murmured in soft, level tones, "Thank you, sir; you are very good."

But I was beginning to know the native, and was not disappointed by this reception of my proposal.

"And Lucy——" He hesitated.

"I've been thinking about that. Do you know my capitaõ, Jacob? His wife's a very decent person. Couldn't Lucy come to stay with them till we can send her down to Fort Malo?"

Chalmers shook his head. "It would not do, sir," he said, with portentous gravity. And I could not get out of him why. Long afterwards I discovered that he feared my reputation would suffer—a consideration which, I must confess, had never occurred to me.

"I will write to Mr. Vyner," he said, after a further pause of consideration. "I cannot go to him just yet, because I have been several days away from the plantation, and there will be many things to see to; but as soon as I can get away I will go to the Mission, and then I will go and see him. He is kind—but I am afraid—Mrs. Vyner——"

He shook his head in a depressed manner instead of concluding his sentence, and I knew what he meant. The good soul was a devout believer in the Angusian infallibility, and, moreover, on terms of intimate friendship with Mrs. Angus—a sour, precise woman, doubtless an excellent person in her way, only that way contrasted strangely enough with Mrs. Vyner's universal, if somewhat inconsequent, kindliness. But, I reflected, that same inconsequence, when the kind heart was confronted with the chance of assisting the course

of true love to run smooth, might triumph over much. Who could tell?

It was growing late for the weary planter who has to turn out shivering at daybreak. My guest rose to his feet instead of waiting, native fashion, to be dismissed.

"You leave early, then? I suppose Jacob has seen about your quarters for the night? I'm sorry I can't do any more for you, but I'll write to Merryweather to-morrow, and—and—well, you can't do better than consult Vyner."

He stood before me, twisting his helmet in his hands, and began, somewhat haltingly, "I thank you, sir." And then, for the first time in my experience, the English language suddenly became inadequate to the expression of his feelings, and he relapsed into Yao. "You have a good heart. Some white men think when a black man loves a woman and has trouble, it is only a thing for them to laugh at when they are drinking with their friends. You did not laugh; no. You listened to me, and you have tried to help. And even if you cannot help, I shall not forget."

"Oh, come!" I said helplessly; "let's hope it'll come all right in the end. There, good-night!" And I shook hands with him, to his evident gratification.

He left next morning, and what followed was reported to me piecemeal from various sources. When, a week or two later, he was able to carry out his projected journey, he arrived at the Mission only to find that Lucy was gone. Mrs. Angus said she was a wicked, ungrateful girl, and had run away to her village, where, no doubt, she had married in the native fashion. Conversations with judiciously-selected and sympathising natives elicited the fact that pressure had been put upon her to marry Isaac Kabweza, a statement reluctantly confirmed by honest M'Kechnie, whom Chalmers sought in the workshops, and cross-examined with merciless rigour. Also it was hinted to him that she had, in all probability, *not* gone to the River.

He was on his way to Mr. Vyner's, pondering these things in his heart, when he met a small shock-headed urchin, clad in nothing but a few inches of dirty calico, and carrying in his hand a spear and a cleft stick with a letter wedged in it. The boy stopped in the pathway with a grin, but not before Chalmers's quick eye had perceived that the bit of blue, red-lined paper—evidently a page from an account book—was addressed to him. The bearer was Lucy's second cousin's husband's nephew, or thereabouts, and he came straight from Tyolo. Lucy had already sent a letter direct to Port

Livingstone, but there was a report (happily it turned out to be unfounded) that the messenger had been eaten by lions ; so she dispatched this small kinsman by the longer and safer road which passed the Mission. So Chalmers, instead of going to consult Mr. Vyner, bent his steps towards Tyolo.

Lucy's relatives welcomed him with effusion. They were decent people, though they had never been at a Mission ; and, never having seen a white man, they believed Chalmers to be a very passable imitation of one, and treated him accordingly. So you may imagine that he was under no temptation to shorten his stay. And then it turned out, most opportunely, that the people of that village had a kind of hereditary friendship with a village in the neighbourhood of Fort Malo, as the native way is in those parts, and were in the habit of exchanging long visits from time to time. There was no earthly reason why one of these family pilgrimages should not take place at once, and Lucy join the party. Chalmers saw them off, with their baskets and bundles, and then returned to his own place, going round *via* Lucheny, so as to see me and report progress. Arrived at Port Livingstone, he found O'Reilly there with the *Explorer* on his way down river, and at once engaged his passage to Fort Malo, thus triumphantly saving appearances in the eyes of black and white alike.

Mr. Vyner had once told me that if I needed a change, and work was not very pressing, there could be no objection to my leaving Jacob in charge and running over to Masuku for a few days. I had never yet acted on this suggestion—that is, I had never left Lucheny unless Vyner himself, or some other white man, were there in my absence ; and, as things were decidedly slack just then, I concluded that the occasion warranted my taking a holiday down to Fort Malo instead. So I wrote to Merryweather—who had sent a kind and cordial response to my letter about Chalmers's difficulties—and accepted his general invitation to come and see him, rather more promptly than he probably expected. I did not give him the option of saying that it was not convenient, reflecting that, if he couldn't put me up, someone else was sure to do so, if it was only O'Reilly, in the canvas cabin of the *Explorer*. So I sent out to engage carriers and made my preparations, starting early in the following week for my three days' journey across country, in the course of which I shot *nyama*, even a bush-buck, and a pig, and two brace of guinea-fowl, so that we entered Fort Malo like a triumphal procession, my men chanting my praises at the top of their voices.

Merryweather was looking thin and yellow. Fort Malo is not an

invigorating place for a newcomer, but his eye was as bright and his spirit as unconquerable as of old.

"You've just come in time," he said. "The marriage is fixed for to-morrow, and, my word ! I hope it's all straight now. Your friend appears to be a born lawyer. I've never been so cross-examined in my life, and then he produced a Prayer Book and made me go through the whole Marriage Service with him to see if there was anything which he, as a member of the Church of Scotland, could not conscientiously approve of, or which might make him into an Episcopalian without his knowledge !"

Merryweather leaned back in his big chair (he was installed *pro tem.* at the Consulate, with its neat green shutters and picturesquely-cut thatch), and was forced to mop his forehead with an outsize handkerchief. He looked ashamed of the operation, and murmured something apologetic about the climate. I assured him that I was accustomed to keep a pair of sheets handy, but he still looked a little disturbed.

"I hope it's all right. I've asked Elliott-Price, and he says it is ; and we're going to register it at the Consulate as well as in my own books. But I've been inquiring, and inquired of to such an extent, that my mind's in a whirl, and I believe I shall wake up and find I've married our friend to all the prohibited degrees at once, or something equally atrocious."

"Have you seen her?"

"Yes ; an uncommonly nice, modest girl she is, too. I must say I respect her spirit, for she is evidently rather timid than otherwise, and it must have required a good deal of courage in her position. But what I can't understand is—this Dr. and Mrs. Angus—Chalmers's account is naturally biased, of course. . . ."

I stated the facts as far as I knew them. Merryweather drummed with his fingers on the arm of his chair for some time before answering.

"'Judge no man this weather !' somebody says in Kipling. I suppose it is true that a long residence in this climate is apt to turn men into 'arbitrary gents' if they're not careful. Witness the Stanley expedition and other cases. You and I must look out, old man. I do not judge Dr. Angus, but it appears to me the climate has made an 'arbitrary gent' of him."

The marriage took place next day in the Consulate verandah. There was a large attendance of Europeans, most of whom, I am afraid, came in the expectation of witnessing something like a nigger minstrel entertainment. They were disappointed in this respect,

but few, if any, regretted it. When Merryweather read out, "Therefore, if any man can show any just cause," I caught O'Reilly's eye. He was purple in the face, and I trembled lest he should interrupt the proceedings by any ribaldry. At the same time it darted through my mind that it was scarcely fair to ask that question with Dr. and Mrs. Angus a hundred miles away, and I was seized with a wild desire to laugh. But we both controlled ourselves.

They were standing up before Merryweather, Chalmers in a white linen suit, which positively glittered with starch and getting up, a pomegranate flower in his button-hole, and a massive silver watch-chain dangling from his waistcoat, with a something on his face which, if he had not been so portentously serious, would have been a smile of self-complacency, as if he felt himself to be a spectacle for men and angels, and an edifying one at that.

Lucy was dressed in her ordinary best; she had not been in a position to prepare extra bridal finery, but the calico folded just under her arms over the short, sleeveless jacket, was snowy-white and gracefully draped, and she had a white rose stuck behind one ear in the short hair—which looked like a black lamb's fleece—and wore on her pretty wrists two silver bangles Mrs. Elliott-Price had given her. She was a slim, graceful creature, with a small head and delicate features, and a complexion like polished bronze; and greatly as she differed from all our previous ideas of brides, most of us thought we had never seen a prettier one.

"I, David Tambala Chalmers, take thee, Lucy Chingasonji" . . . Fortunately Osman Adam, the Banyan trader, had been able to provide a ring that fitted exactly, so there was no difficulty or delay, though the slender brown fingers did tremble so.

And then it was over, and Mrs. Elliott-Price came and shook hands with bride and bridegroom, and brought them in to tea and mixed biscuits, almost an unexampled treat in Lucy's life, and, therefore, fitly associated with this high and solemn festival.

It is long since I left Africa, but the mail still brings me from time to time sententious epistles chronicling the welfare of the family whose head was once Tambala, the slave-boy.

He still manages a store for Ferreira and Kalkbrenner, very much to their satisfaction apparently, and Lucy, his wife, takes in washing from all the Europeans within reach. They have named their eldest boy—unlucky wight—Vincent Hay, apparently after my unworthy self, and the little girl who followed him is Gladys Helen, the former of which appellations I conjecture to belong to Mrs. Elliott-Price.

GOLF AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.

BY all who have handled a club in anything like a decent way, golf is acknowledged to be the best of games. To the uninitiated it wants the brilliancy of cricket or the activity of tennis ; but when the player is possessed of the true passion for the game, golf reigns supreme.

It is, *par excellence*, the game of Scotland. It has been introduced into England, Ireland, France, India and America, with more or less success ; but Scotland is the mother of the pioneers. Its origin dates back into Scotch myth-lore. A club-and-ball game has always been native to Scotland, whether on grass, or ice, or road, or sand. As early as the middle of the fifteenth century the game of golf had assumed its modern form. And so enthusiastically was the game taken up by the people of Scotland, that the king was afraid that its practice might interfere with the more useful accomplishment of archery ; accordingly, statutes were passed prohibiting its exercise as an "unprofitabill sport." Ministers tried to put it down during the services on the Sundays, and kirk-sessions sat upon the delinquents. But it survived, and now it is booming over the civilised world.

Soon royalty patronised the game. King Charles I. was enamoured of the sport. Nor was James II., when Duke of York, less enthusiastic over the royal pastime.

Time-honoured golf ! I heard it whispered once
That he who could not play was held a dunce
On old Olympus, when it teemed with gods.

No wonder, then, that clergymen, senators and professors have embraced the pastime, to keep them from being scheduled by the "gods" as ignorant ! Old and young are votaries of the sport ; the healthy and weak find equal pleasure in the game ; and the burly and the spare alike forget their constitutional differences in the enthusiasm of the tussle. A rosy child and a grey-haired veteran equally enjoy their feeble fozzles as much as the brilliant driver of

powerful *physique*. The game is admirably suited for all, and Clubs are formed from all classes of society. The country gentry, the busy professional men, the industrious tradesmen, and the hard wrought artisans are equally enamoured of the game. The excitement charms gentlemen of all ages, in all weathers, at all times ; and experience has proved it to be one of the most fascinating and invigorating of pursuits. Ladies, too, get quite excited over the game ; the Royal Mary of Scotland has, in this pastime, hundreds of followers.

But the attraction of golf can only be permanent by a strict adherence to the real nature of the game—hole playing. It is ludicrous to see a man playing with clubs and ball alone from hole to hole, and marking on a paper his score at the end of the successive holes, in order to break his own or some other person's record for the round. The man-against-man game by holes is the only real golf. In the good days of old—the days of real chivalry—scoring was considered a necessary evil for medal play. No one thought of writing down his score, or speaking of his score in ordinary matches, although a golfer could follow every stroke in his mind's eye hours after he completed the round. If he took the trouble he could then add up his strokes—which he rarely did unless he felt that his play had been exceptionally good—and tell the score. Of course he may not have required to hole out every putt, especially if by accident he was in the lucky position of playing one off two when near the hole ; but, then, are *all* short putts held out even to-day when scores are tabulated, unless when a stroke competition is on ? If a man is being thrashed, he likes to tell afterwards that his opponent was playing a tearing game, and doing the round in some abnormally low score for him. In the course of the round he was likely in the circumstances to make the score appear so much better, to give evidence that he was really not so terribly thrashed after all—would say to his opponent who was calculating over a yard putt : "I'll give you that !" One has not very great faith in the recorded scores ; unless, of course, when every putt requires to be holed out in a score competition.

And really one does not mind very much the recording of scores in the newspapers, when the play is by holes. The very few, who know the particular links well, may read them, and analyse them ; but no others care about them. The weather, too, and the state of the green at the time are factors which will not allow even those who know the links to judge accurately in comparison with scores at other times. In fact, golfers would be much better pleased to

read the report of an expert without figures coming much in at all, unless the number of holes, one way or the other. But we have not yet reached this excellent method of recording a match by holes.

I write, be it understood, as a golfer of the Old School, thoroughly imbued with all the best traditions of the game when played in its integrity. In the 'fifties' and 'sixties' handicaps were little known. If one man was decidedly better than another he could give his opponent a third to make him pull up to the top of his game. But even then he felt it was not real golf. It is where two are very nearly matched in hole-play that the enthusiasm of the game comes in. And it is not always the very highest exponents of golf who have the maximum of enjoyment. Two mediocre players, who plod away with only a hole or two between them at the close, may have pleasure unknown to scorers. Forty years ago, I knew two old men who went out the first four holes at St. Andrews and in again every week-day in almost all weathers, counting a boll of meal for each match and a peck of meal for each hole ; and at the end of the year the record on James Wilson's club-house door declared the two warriors almost equal. Yet what enthusiasm they exhibited when playing each match ! "Come on the ground," the one would say when looking in at the accustomed hour ; and the other was not long in throwing off his apron for the fray.

When playing the real game of golf by holes, the attraction seizes all. Duffers, first-class players and professionals can always get a match which equally pleases them ; that is the beauty of the game. You can always get a partner up to or down to your own standard, and you enjoy the game at any stage. "Halved hole !" one rapturously cries out after many difficulties. "As sure's death," whispers the caddy of the one to a passing golfer, "they've halved that last hole in seeventeen !" This is said to have been repeated ; it may be an awful exaggeration ; yet the enthusiasm over the "half" was electrical with the two duffers.

One advantage of the game of golf is its inexpensiveness for the amount of pleasure which it secures and the amount of health which it gives to the player. When a man has once purchased a good set of clubs, he has little more than the payment of the caddy to think about, and that useful functionary is the philosopher and friend of the golfer. He studies his master's play, and can give his master the club which undue caution, or timidity akin to funk, would put aside for the stroke. It is recorded of Lord Kingsburgh, whose strokes seldom go far, though he enjoys the game very much, that he

asked for his short spoon in approaching a hole. But his caddy was too many for him. "Aum thinkin'," said the caddy, "that if yer Lourdshup wud tak' yer Lourdshup's driver, yer Lourdshup wud wun nearer the hole, if yer Lourdshup didna' wun up till't." Much of the pleasure of the game is due to the enthusiasm of a good caddy, such as used to be at St. Andrews. Nowadays many of them are careless and greedy; you have to keep your own eye on the ball; the caddy in the days of old was at the ball before you. It was the carelessness and expense of caddies at one time that made some golfers go in for artificial supports for the clubs, which they carried themselves. I remember Mr. Farnie, who had a grand stock of old Hugh's, introducing this substitute at St. Andrews, and the caddies got into a great rage on one occasion when he was out playing a match against a gentleman who had not adopted the substitute. Mr. Farnie called out to the caddy to run to the hole, take out the flag and tell who had to play. "Send yer ain dummie!" was the revengeful answer.

Golf by holes is the only real golf. You are contending with one man, not against the field. The incubus of a very bad hole does not weigh you down, as in scoring. Every hole just counts one. However, I do not believe in calling the first hole a "witch," as some do, when they lose it. It always takes another two—won—before the other can be a hole up. Dash comes in when aggressive; caution when one is ahead. I always like the "honour," whereas some of the modern school do not care about it. They would like to see their opponent fizzle or go into a bunker. They would like their opponent to test the strength of the wind as to being able to carry a burn or yawning bunker either when the wind is favourable or unfavourable. They think they thus benefit by the opponent's shot. The first carries slap into a bunker, therefore the second plays short and secures an advantage. The first drives beyond bounds and loses the hole; the second does not require to play, unless he is of the fast sportsman nature, and will risk anything rather than claim what was lost, though he may just follow number one. Yet I always considered the "honour" as a privilege. As a long, straight and steady driver, I had the power of paralysing or forcing my opponent. And I am very much pleased indeed to find that Willie Park, jun., holds the opinion of his father—both Open champions—that the "honour" is a privilege and advantage. If the opponent is a longer driver one is spared the temptation, which is difficult to resist, of pressing to avoid being overdriven. Of course I have ever in mind the old style of playing for *holes*, and never thinking of a score.

I am quite well aware that Mr. Hilton, the brilliant Open Cham-

pion on two occasions by scoring, is of opinion that scoring is a better test of golf than playing for holes. But he has never been Amateur Champion. As I write this (May 25) I see that he has again—for the fourth time—required to bow before the powerful hole play of Mr. F. Tait in the Amateur Championship at Prestwick. The two methods of determining the best player are quite different. The Open Championship is determined by strokes only; the Amateur Championship has heretofore been determined by match play.

And when I am on this theme I may mention that there is an error in both methods when the number of competitors is so great. Above a hundred entered for the Amateur Championship at Prestwick this year. Three days are taken up in the reduction of these to the two final competitors, who are to fight it out on the fourth day. If we consider the time spent, the energy expended for several days in getting to know a strange course before the match takes place, and then the four days of continuous strain for the final, it must be granted that some easier and shorter method should be adopted. Those who have no chance of the Championship should be weeded out by scoring, yet unfortunately this is not approved of by the delegates at Prestwick who make the arrangements. Two days are quite sufficient. Weed out all except the first four by scoring on the first day, and let these four have a semi-final and final by holes on the second day. This would be less exhausting, less expensive, and far more attractive, especially to onlookers.

But this scoring must not be as at present in some competitions, where thirty-six holes are played the one day by strokes, and the four best players compete by holes on the second day. I have Cruden Bay, in the north of Scotland, in my mind. A considerable number of professionals competed. Four got into the inner circle by returning the lowest scores in the two rounds added together. Now one or two of those outside the circle made serious mistakes here and there which filled up their score most unfairly; yet they were playing better golf, even without any consideration while playing of the particular method which I had the honour of originating and advocating, for the proper determination of the best scorers who are to be left to fight it out by holes for the championship of real golf.

My method is the "choice" score. All competitors play two rounds on the links fixed for the competition; but they are allowed to pick out the best scores for the successive holes, and call the total of these the "choice" score. For instance, if in the first round the player takes four to the first hole, but in the second round he takes three, he can put down "three" as the number for the first hole in his

"choice" score, and so on with the rest. By carefully examining the scores of the first eight players at Cruden Bay, I found that though Vardon was first by the usual method of taking the total of the two rounds, he was only third by my method of the "choice" score. But more remarkable, and bearing out my views for a change in the method of counting, Sayers, who was *out altogether* in the ordinary method of counting, was actually *first* by my method. The fact is, the real order by the "choice" score was Sayers, Simpson, Vardon. That brought Sayers into the charmed circle of the four who were to enter the lists for competition by holes. Braid, also, who was outside by the ordinary method of counting scores, was within the charmed circle along with Herd and Kirkcaldy by my method of "choice" score.

Surely that must be admitted to be a startling fact. But it may be asked by one who is prejudiced against the system which I have advocated for some years: "In what does the merit of the system lie? Why is it preferable? Does this accidental fluke of Sayers being thrown into the charmed circle by your method, when he was out of the circle by the usual scoring method, justify you in saying that it is any nearer what you are continually parading as the only real golf of playing by holes?"

In real golf—by holes—dash and caution, brilliancy and safety are well blended and balanced. Now, according to my "choice" score system, this bringing out of both essential elements in the game is observed as far as can be by scoring. The fact is in the first round you score; in the second you play against your first score. In the first round the element of caution is strictly to be observed; in the second round brilliancy is brought into play. For, let us consider the matter for a minute. If four is the safe score for the first hole in the first round, I play against that, with all I have in me, to try to beat it in the second round. I risk everything. I try a long carry, I bolt a putt. It does not matter though I take five or six to it; but by the bold game I may get down in "three." Then three would be my "choice" score afterwards in my computation for the first hole. And so on for the several successive holes. If I have done very well at the sixth hole in the first round, I need not trouble myself in the second round when I come to that hole. If I have fozzled the ninth hole in the first round I must play with caution in the second round at that hole. No dash must come in now at that hole. I must make up for my former loss there by playing for safety. Of course a man who fozzles the same hole in two consecutive rounds is surely unfit to compete for either Open or Amateur Championship!

You will see, then, that in the second round a man is playing against one opponent—himself—hole by hole, according to his score in the first round. It may be said on first thoughts, "Is a man to be keeping his first card in his pocket all through the second round in order to weigh all these matters?" Well, an ordinary duffer might be expected to forget his score at a hole played three hours before, but really a champion player ought to remember when striking off each hole in the second round what he did in the first. That is one of the points of the vivid attractiveness of the game. A champion player plays each hole in the second round as if stroke by stroke against the first round. He knows every stroke only too well. And without any strain upon even the most illiterate professional's mind, he could be sure that at any hole he would, when playing the second round, recollect what he did in the previous round. Accordingly this "choice" score of the two rounds is as near as can be the best "weeder-out" of all who ought not to be in the final tussle of four.

In this way only two days are required for any tournament or any championship. And as well as can be, avoiding the precarious chance work of the present method of scoring, as in the Open Championship, and the very fatiguing system of reducing the players in the Amateur Championship, we could adopt a system which would bring out the elements of brilliancy as well as caution in the contest for the blue ribbon of the game.

I have no doubt that I should find in other competitions of a similar nature and status equally startling and perhaps unexpected results to those at Cruden Bay, if I analysed the scores in two rounds adopted to weed out all but the four who are left to play by holes; but I have not had access to these. I have brought forward one very prominent case, and that is, so far, an argument in my favour. But it is on the principle of studied play in the second round or a match hole-by-hole against one's work in the first round, and not as mere aggregate scoring against the field, that I mainly argue. And I trust a little candid and unbiassed consideration on the part of my critics of the Modern School will convince them that in order to get quit, as much as we can, of the element of chance (popularly called luck), and press in as far as possible the element of skill (with dash and nerve), that some method like this originated and advocated by me might really be tried. There are difficulties which bristle in every good plan, but it seems to me that here we have fewer than in any other system, considering the great end that it is bound to secure.

It is in match playing far more than in scoring that the pleasure

of golf is experienced. "I managed him at the corner o' the dyke" has more "birr" in it than "I nearly broke my record, but for a confounded foozle," when a man comes into the Club after a match. And what a nuisance it is, in playing a round by holes with an inveterate scorer, to see him take out his paper and pencil at the end of each hole and put down thereon the marks of each. It is a real nuisance for one of us old golfers, at any rate.

When we find that the game of golf is so attractive to men up in years who learned it when young, we must surely conclude that it is because of the skill rather than the force required in playing it. I know I am here on dangerous ground. I have always advocated skill *versus* force in the game of golf. Not that in a brilliant young player physical power is not needed; but even with him he must play with his full strength under control for continued success in driving. "Gowf needs a heid," is an old adage of "The Skipper"—well-known caddy—of St. Andrews. Allan Robertson was a little man, playing with toy clubs and twenty-six balls, yet no one could beat him. His great match of twenty rounds against Willie Dunn in 1843 proved that skill mastered strength in the long run. For Dunn was a tall powerful man, and one of the neatest drivers I ever saw handle a club. But Allan used his head, and by his continued consummate skill in every stroke managed to overcome his brilliant rival. We have only to think of Andrew Strath, Mr. P. C. Anderson, and Dr. Allan (all champions) to recognise their comparative physical weakness with others of strong calibre. A tremendous Blackwell drive with a high tee and broad-faced club may not have been often witnessed in the olden times, though Messieux and Patullo, at St. Andrews, drove as far over St. Andrews' Links with the thin-faced club, no tee, and feather ball. But did ever a Blackwell or one of his school equal the best players of the "fifties" or "sixties" in the telling "second shot"? I am very much pleased to find that Mr. Hutchinson, in his last excellent work on "Golf and Golfers," yields more than does Mr. Hilton to what I have been saying, for he remarks: "Vardon's style in driving is very notable; it is a triumph of mind over matter, of skill and science over the *vis inertiae* of guttapercha, that some men try to overcome by brute force." Mr. Hilton accuses many of the older school of players for maintaining that physical force is of little avail in golf. Let him ask the veteran player, Mr. William Doleman, whose name I have just been reading in the list of successful champions in the Perth Tournament of 1866, and who was trying his hand this week at the Amateur Championship at Prestwick. Mr. Doleman has taken part in more champion-

ships and tournaments than anyone else, and knows the points of the game as well as any living golfer. Let Mr. Hilton ask Mr. Doleman about my own driving in the "sixties," and he will very likely be astonished at the answer, when comparing the force player of the present day with the skill player of old. And it is this matter of skill that lends the fine attractiveness to the game when one passes fifty years of age. The elasticity of youth is gone; the worries of life have fixed an indelible mark on the forehead; yet the game has still its old keenness when equally matched skill players are struggling for the friendly victory. The laurel of a championship may be put on another's brow; no matter is this to the enthusiastic player of the Old School. He has his match against his one opponent, and he banishes care for the time being. The turf still springs under his foot, not now so elastic; eagerly—almost as of old—he hurries after his ball, and his friends think him young once more. The game is giving him a new lease of life.

The attractions of golf are even exciting to one of the Old School as he looks back through the twilight of autumnal years at his young golf-world. When the clubs have been laid aside, because the hand has lost its cunning, or too great a distance from a good golf course prevents one from having regular practice, yet the eye follows with pleasure the accounts of the matches in the newspapers, and the pen occasionally comes to one's aid instead of the favourite weapon of old. "Once a golfer, always a golfer," is a true adage. The praise of the game the initiated will never cease to celebrate—it is all-absorbing. The learned can recreate their bodies and unbend their minds with rare stamina. A stranger may think it ludicrous to see a learned professor or a correct clergyman become animated over the striking of a guttapercha ball with a slim wooden club. But this is just like the effect of stopping your ears to exclude the music in a gay ball-room. Hear the thrill of the waltz tune, and you rush in spirit among the dancers; feel the enthusiasm of the golfer, and the clubs become magic wands and the balls jewels. The whole frame is alive with the pastime. Over the undulating course even the short-breathed veteran will walk, so absorbed is he in the game. He has the terrors of bunkers to try his nerves, and the charms of nice approaches to cheer him. So keen is his spirit that the golfer considers his life immortal.

There is, too, a brotherhood in golf unknown in many other games. That is a joyful attraction. All are here put on the same level. Talent, money, position are all thrown aside when being matched with a brilliant player of any rank. And that is one of the

glories of the game; there is no respect of persons—skill reigns supreme. Many a life attachment has been made on the “green.” Golf eclipses all outdoor games for developing sociality. No game has an equal charm for the keen golfer of any grade in the golfing scale. The cynic’s sneer cannot dampen the spell-bound devotee to the best of games.

And still the Royal game maintains its place,
And will maintain it through each rising race.

J. G. McPHERSON.

BALLADE OF FORGOTTEN NAMES.

IN fair Provence long, long ago—
 When glad the days and debonnair,
 When orange-blossom scattered snow
 And flung perfume upon the air,
 When earth gave corn and wine to spare,
 And calm content crowned every cot—
 Lived many a maiden sweet and fair
 Whose very name is now forgot.

Garsende in early morning's glow
 Would tend the patient kine with care,
 Bellone the shuttle swift must throw,—
 She weaves what soon a bride she'll wear,—
 Billette and Blonde have vowed to share
 Each grief and joy that marks their lot ;
 A lover comes to part the pair
 Whose very name is now forgot !

Proud Audiarde with ample *dot*
 Drives needy suitors to despair ;
 Poor Alasie, who proved life's woe,
 Contempt and scorn condemned to bear ;
 Doussane, whose wit no swain would dare,
 Disdainful maid, now cold, now hot ;
 And Milona, whose golden hair—
 Whose very name—is now forgot !

ENVOY

Time ! throned upon the Judge's chair
 To weigh each deed, unwind each knot,
 Of these what hast thou to declare
 Whose very names are now forgot ?

DORA CAVE.

*THE JOINT AUTHORSHIP OF
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE AND
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.*

KIT MARLOWE'S fame and memory have unduly suffered under the overshadowing influence of Shakespeare, his more distinguished contemporary and friend. Not that enlightened and discriminating judges of poetry in all its aspects, cultivated in its history, wise in its appreciation, experienced in its resources and demands, like Mr. Swinburne, have been oblivious or neglectful of Marlowe's transcendent gifts, but that no one has stepped aside from the beaten track to inquire more minutely into his life and labours, or critically analyse his early performances, in elucidation of his brief and strenuous career. There has been no attempt to render him complete justice, to ascertain and assign to him his actual productions, the result of his restless energy and perfervid exuberance; or, more important still, to trace precisely his collaboration with his greater rival and pupil, and his consequent influence as teacher, on the development, growth, and structure of the National Drama.

Yet, conflicting with all merely nominal discriminating authority, there is little doubt that, if subjected to scrupulous scrutiny, Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" and "Titus Andronicus" were, in their first form and outline, Marlowe's. In spite of their renovation, and the substitution of fresh dialogue, almost from end to end, especially in the tragedy, sufficient proof remains to justify the assignment of the original plan and plot to the elder of the two dramatists. Notwithstanding the scenes between Tamora and Lucius were contributed by his pupil, "Titus" was produced at a period when, in deference to the Greek manner in tragedy, the most sanguinary horrors, as in Hieronymo, were considered admissible and even attractive on the stage. Lurid melodrama of crime and cruelty, of lust and blood, were as much in demand among the groundlings as on the transpontine stage to-day. In deference to this demand, Marlowe struck off "Andronicus" and the "Jew of

Malta" to emulate his success with Tamburlaine, and that of Kyd in "Old Jeronimo" and the Spanish Tragedy; and if Ben Jonson's evidence is to be accepted, he was fortunate and achieved it.

Mr. Hallam said of this tragedy, "'Titus Andronicus' is now by common consent denied to be in any sense a production of Shakespeare's." A temerarious assertion certainly in the teeth of Meres' direct testimony, and the responsible assignment of the author's literary executors and editors. Superficially the historian's opinion was justified, by the horrors of butchery, fiendish lasciviousness, and gratuitous brutality, so foreign to the national poet's manner introduced into it. In its scheme, characters, Scythian features, malignity of revenge, and the unprovoked and unnatural ferocity of its chief actors, it may be said to be wholly in Marlowe's most characteristic manner. Aaron the Jew is twin brother to Barabas, the Jew of Malta. Each works motivelessly to mischief. Each glories in his useless cruelty. If Aaron be contrasted with Shylock, it seems an idle profanation to suggest that the creator of one was in any sense the father of the other.

Pace his idolatry for Shakespeare, one of the wisest of his editors, Mr. C. Knight, discredited Mr. Hallam, and asserted his simple and intelligible belief that in every sense of the word Shakespeare was the sole author of this sombre tragedy. In this he followed Mr. Franz Horn, the German critic. He ridiculed the idea "that Shakespeare only wrote a few lines, and gave some assistance in revising it." As thus suggested, no doubt the notion is nonsensical. The play, if anything, has been wholly rewritten, but not reconstructed. The conception and plot are those of the original author. The same applies in a less marked manner to "The Taming of the Shrew." We are fortunately in a position, with this latter play, to know precisely what the original composer penned, and what Shakespeare, after Marlowe's sudden and untimely death, did to adapt it before he adopted it and made it his. The law of copyright of that day, and the violent and disastrous ending of poor Marlowe, at the time a prisoner out on bail, will explain much. The farce was reset, the localities and names changed, the dialogue in effect rewritten, the induction supplied, and it cannot be doubted that the plot, always attractive, was converted substantially into a new play.

In Marlowe's outline, for it is little more, called "The Taming of a Shrew," the scene is laid in Athens. As is invariable, it may be said, with the dramatist, we are at once introduced to the Hellespont, and Sestos and Orion, and the crystal heavens, and the

Antarctic world, and the Thracian horse, and Hero and Leander ; Egeus and Alcides appear precisely as they do in almost every composition that can be traced to the same author. They are fond reminiscences of his earliest work—of his translations of Ovid and Musæus, of Lucan and Virgil, of his own "Hero and Leander," and "Dido," and of that "Priesthood of the Sun" imputed to him by his jealous rivals and enemies, which we shall have occasion to comment on hereafter. Marlowe never abated his ardour, never stopped to repair, or correct, or prune ; he wrote always at high pressure, and what was once penned remained. Hence his intense and assertive mannerism, his frequent repetitions and reiterations in his allusions and images. He could no more escape Hero and Leander, his boyish love story, or Helen, the first passionate dedication of his muse, or the horses of Egeus, than Mr. Dick could avoid Charles I. He was always subject to their intrusion ; they appear in "Tamburlaine," in "Locrine," in "The Taming of a Shrew," in "Titus Andronicus," in "Edward II.," and "Edward III." in some form or other ; and this peculiarity it was which gave his enemies opportunity and scope for satire to gratify their malevolence and envy, and affords us ample verge for the verification of his authorship and compositions.

Shakespeare's play, as printed in the folio, is called "The Taming of the Shrew," and although possibly worked on at an early date, and long before 1594, was not presumably finished in its present form until 1597 or 1598. There is no evidence of the great bard's hand in the 1594 version, printed by the Shakespeare Society (Marlowe's play), but there is in the nobleman's reception of the players, and its reflex of the same situation in "Hamlet," a suggestion that it preceded that work. As the tragedy was, however, much altered subsequently, we arrive at no assurance of an exact date ; but the accuracy with which Italian society, Italian manners, and the local scenery are presented so much in advance of the poet's earliest efforts, suggesting that the finishing touches were not supplied until he had composed "The Merchant of Venice," and perhaps had visited Italy. The scene of the comedy is transferred from Athens to Padua. All the characters, save one who is called Curtis, possibly a misprint for Cortese, are assigned Italian names, and the entire atmosphere is changed from classic Greece to modern Italy. The picture presented is of the Renaissance, when Venice had attained her meridian glory of wealth and luxury, Padua had become famous for its University and as "the nursery of the arts," and Lombardy was deemed "the pleasant garden of great Italy."

The skeleton or outline and scheme of the story is preserved, but, like Bottom in Fairyland, it is "translated." In the original, a rich Athenian merchant has three daughters; the eldest is Kate, the curst, to be tamed and taught. These three ladies have as many suitors. Kate is sought by Ferando, the Petruchio of the later play; the second daughter is Emilia, beloved by the son of the Duke of Sestos, by name Aurelius; the youngest, Phylema, pursued by Polidor, son of a wealthy merchant, also of Sestos. The father, Alphonsus, interdicts the marriage of the two younger ladies till Kate is off his hands. Ferando, the shrew tamer and a friend of Polidor, is nominated as a likely man to undertake the wooing of the eldest, with the best wishes of her sisters' suitors, who are naturally anxious he should succeed. The bait of a dowry of 6,000 crowns is an additional incentive to Ferando to present himself as the Argonaut in the undertaking, and he it is who is familiar to us as the dashing Petruchio.

Marlowe's, or the first form of this amusing comedy, may be described as a very artless, if not juvenile, sketch of the archaic process of cure or discipline which is to be adopted with this vixenish damsel. By the elimination of one of the three sisters, and the adoption of a complete underplot, this meagre form is elaborated by our great poet into a rollicking comedy of intrigue and mystification of a broadly farcical complexion. The characters, situations, dialogue, and the features of the action are changed, but the main idea and scheme of the story are still faithfully preserved.

Ferando in the original is a more or less surly boor. He is a rough-tongued, ready-mettled mentor void of fun or humour, but, like the lady he woos, somewhat coarse of speech. As Petruchio he is developed into a mercurial roystering Falconbridge, with a smack of Benedick's wit and Prince Hal's resources of repartee, exaggeration, and invective. He is a master of gibes, and flouts, and sneers, but especially of epithets. But in all the riotous and gratuitous over-acting, of the brutality of the tigress tamer, by an exhibition of an even more ferocious temper, the audience sympathise with him, and conceive he is but playing his part with sincere good nature at bottom. He is accepted as a level-headed citizen, resolved on effecting his cure by out-heroding Herod. I have described the original as artless and juvenile. It is juvenile in its simplicity, carelessness, want of finish, and ineptitude of dialogue. It has no local character of Greece or Greenland. Shakespeare's version is all Italian. The local customs of betrothal, the mode of salutation and greeting among old friends, as between Hortensio and Petruchio, before it

was marred by the painter, like Tranio's "Mi perdoni," the characteristics of scenery, the features and affluence of the citizen life, the traits of nationality, the very air we breathe are all Italian. It is Italy of the Renaissance, and very "choice Italian" too. The poet even corrects some of his early errors, in that Baptista is no longer a feminine name as in "Hamlet." Petruchio, like a shrewd citizen, journeys to luxurious Venice, not to Padua, to buy his wife's jewels and presents and trousseaux, precisely as if to the manner born. What is more to the purpose, every man talks after his own fashion, that is as himself. In the prior play all the characters, without discrimination, chatter the same inflated high-strutting Marlowese. Their ordinary and familiar dialogue is of Diana's purple robe, The Terrene Main, Citherea's silver doves, the chastity of Phoebe, "Fair Cynthia's burning rays," "the stately Legate of the Persian King," "Juno and bloody Pyrrhus," and "Priam and his sons," and glistening Cepherus, and "glistening Hyacinth," and "winged Pegasus," and—I know not what. All of the *dramatis personæ*, indeed, discourse thus in ancient Pistol's vein, and as no real man and woman ever did, except on the stage. The drunken tinker and the very serving men cite Latin and refer to Plato and Aristotle like full-fledged undergraduates.

We know from Menaphon that "The Taming of a Shrew" was on the stage before 1589, or Marlowe was twenty-five, but the dialogue and the absence of all attempt at individual characterisation suggest a greater immaturity of composition and an even earlier date. The semblance of intrigue in the courtship of the three sisters may be described as artifice without aim, contrivance without concealment, and mystery without meaning. In the amended form of the story by Marlowe's pupil, the design is in part simplified, but on the whole is made more complex. Kate has but one sister, Bianca, a mirror of modesty and maidenly grace. She is assigned three suitors, and the embarrassments of these rival claimants, a reflex of those of the lovers in "The Merchant of Venice," furnish an abundant source of confusion, intrigue, and merriment. We are left long in well disguised doubt as to the lucky man, and thus speculation is invited, and curiosity piqued. In addition to this under-plot there are some admirable contrasts in situation, and in the apposition of character, as between Tranio, the favoured and confidential friend and retainer of the young Lucentio, and Grumio, Petruchio's old and trusty servitor and factotum. The reasons for Petruchio's self-imposed mission are made more plausible, and the pretty moral that Lucentio by indulgence spoils the flawless Bianca, and Petruchio,

by well enforced firmness, tames her wildcat sister, are admirably expressed.

Substantially cloth of frieze becomes cloth of gold in the new version, Linsey Wolsey is changed to Tyrian Taffeta, and the base alloy of the earlier playwright becomes, in the crucible of the magician, a veritable ingot of pure gold. The amazing difference of calibre between the two geniuses, in spite of Marlowe's fervour, and spirit, and originality, is attested by the general delineation of character, and the poetry and music of the rhythm throughout the chief speeches ; but the brief induction typically comprehends and expresses the individualism and distinctive characteristics of the two poets most completely. Mr. Knight considered there was "a marvellous superiority" in the new over the old induction. It is certainly much more natural, much more human, and also more humorous. With a fidelity peculiar to the poet's idiosyncrasy, he follows the story throughout with a pious simplicity, and does the same with the idea of the induction. He avoids Marlowe's rhetoric. The hero of the "mighty line" leads off with a passage so good, that he repeats it in *Dr. Faustus*, which in both are wholly *dehors* the subject matter and business of the story, thus :—

The lord or nobleman speaking, says :—

Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from the antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
And darksome night o'ershades the chrystal heavens.

In the third scene of "*Faust*" that gentleman repeats the first four of these lines, *à propos* of nothing but as an effective opening. They are gaudy ornamentation merely. This Shakespeare eschews. Throughout we have similar Marlowesque displays. Polidor, one of the suitors, starts off with this speech :—

Welcome to Athens, my beloved friend,
To Plato's schools and Aristotle's walks,
Welcome from Sestos famous for the love
Of good Leander and his tragedy,
For whom the Hellespont weeps brinish tears.

This again is introduction. In *Edward II.*, Act 1, sc. 1, we are similarly saluted :—

And like Leander, gasped upon the sand,
So thou wouldst smile, and take me in thine arms.

We never indeed get away from Leander and Hero, where Marlowe

is concerned. Thus later on in "The Taming of a Shrew," at p. 37 of the Shakespeare Society's edition, Phylema says :—

And should my love, as erst Leander did,
Attempt to swim the boiling Hellespont
For Hero's love, no towers of brass should hold,
But I would follow thee through those raging floods
With locks dishevelled and my breast all bare
With bended knees upon Abydos shore.

And then again in Edward III., attributed to Shakespeare, and worked on undoubtedly by the greater dramatist, Act 2, sc. 2, l. 153, there is this passage which has been tenderly left, by his superintending hand :—

Fairer thou art by far than Hero was,
Beardless Leander not so strong as I ;
He swum an easy current for his love,
But I will, through a Hellespont of blood,
Arrive at Sestos where my Hero lies.

Again, in "Locrine," said to be an anonymous play, but which Dr. Farmer assigned conjecturally and accurately to the same author as "Titus Andronicus," we find :—

From Græcia through the boisterous Hellespont
We came unto the fields of Lestricon.

In his early poem of "Hero and Leander" he thus led off :—

On Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood.

Here we have three or four distinct references in plays, never assigned to Marlowe, to Leander and the Hellespont. Does any one suggest that these are casual and intentional imitations by other poets? Surely they are but unintentional repetitions, by the same heedless and busy hand. So far from being exceptional, his dramas abound with them. He had what Prince Hal has called "a damnable iteration."

His first poem, as we know, was "Helen," which turned, like Peele's, on the siege of Troy. Unfortunately it has not descended to us. Presumably the passages recited by the Players in "Hamlet" are from it, and the younger author really admired them. But its chief interest to us is that all the persons referred to, Hecuba, Priam, the "rugged Pyrrhus," the "hellish Pyrrhus," all reappear again and again in Marlowe, and with them the Myrmidons, Priam's fifty sons, and Egeus and the Thracian horse, as well as the Grecian thousand ships. Here, again, is a reminiscence in the second part of "Tamburlaine" of this the poets' first love :—

Helen, whose beauty summoned Greece to arms,
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos.—P. 2, a. 2, sc. 4.

Again, in "Dr. Faustus" :—

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

Again, in "Dido" :—

Tell him I never vowed at Aulis' Gulf
The desolation of his native Troy,
Nor sent a thousand ships unto the walls.

Again, in "The Taming of a Shrew" :—

More fair than was the Grecian Helena,
For whose sweet sake so many princes died,
That came with thousand ships to Tenedos.

Can any one doubt that this identical reference to Helena and a thousand ships, thus varied, is that of the same poet?

The references to Hecuba, Priam, and the fifty sons, and "the bloody Pyrrhus" are not less frequent, mannered, or characteristic.

Thus in "Dido" :—

About whose withered neck (Priam's) hung Hecuba,
With trembling voice Priam appeals to the furious Pyrrhus,
Achilles' son, remember what I was,
Father of fifty sons, but they are slain.

Similarly in "Lochrine" :—

(Not Hecuba, the Queen of Illium.)
When she beheld the town of Pergamos,
Her palace burnt with all-devouring flames,
Her fifty sons and daughters fresh of hue
Murdered by *wicked* Pyrrhus' bloody sword.

Act 3, scene 2.

Thus varied in "Titus Andronicus" :—

Of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had.

We recall the passage in "Hamlet" :—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast—
The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble.

With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus,
Old grandsire Priam seeks.

"The Taming of a Shrew" :—

Who foiled the bloody Pyrrhus, murdering Greck.

Thus in "Dido" :—

At last came Pyrrhus, fell and full of ire,
His harness dropping blood, and on his spear
The mangled head of Priam's youngest son
And after him his band of Myrmidons.

I have omitted a passage from "Locrine," and probably others quite as illustrative.

Penthesilea, Hector's paramour :—

Who foiled the bloody Pyrrhus, murderous Greek.
Not aged Priam, King of stately Troy,
Grand emperor of barbarous Asia,
When he beheld his noble-minded sons
Slain traitorously by all the Myrmidons,
Lamented more than I for Albanact.—"Locrine," Act 3, scene 1.

The epithet "wicked," as applied to Pyrrhus in "Locrine," appears also in "Dido," thus :—

As loathing Pyrrhus for this wicked act.

There is a passage in "Tamburlaine" that I should have thought ought long ago to have settled the paternity of "The Taming of a Shrew" :—

The headstrong jades of Phrace, Alcides tamed
That King Egeus fed with human flesh.

Thus in "The Taming of a Shrew" :—

As were the Thracian horse, Alcides tamed
That King Egeus fed with flesh of men.

Here are some resemblances proving, as I think, identity of authorship between "Locrine," "Titus Andronicus," "Tamburlaine," and the writer's first book of "Lucan."

In the second act of "Dido" is a passage too long to cite, and in "Titus Andronicus" this reminiscence of it :—

As erst our Ancestor (Æneas),
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy.

"Titus Andronicus," Act 5, scene 3, l. 80.

In referring to the poet's translation of "Lucan," let me point out another resemblance to "Locrine," too great for a dissimilar writer :—

LUCAN :

Like to a lion of scorched desert Africa,
Who seeth hunters, pauseth, till fell of wrath,
And kingly rage increases.

With jaws wide open, ghastly roaring out.

Here is a partial repetition in "Locrine" :—

A mighty lion, ruler of the woods,
Of wondrous strength and great proportion,
With hideous noise scaring the trembling trees
And yelling clamorous : shaking all the earth.

Here is a passage from "Tamburlaine," ridiculed in "Perimides" by Greene, which is singularly like a corresponding rhapsody in "Locrine." ("Tamburlaine," Part 2, Act 2, scene 3):—

Now walk the angels on the walls of Heaven
As sentinels to warn the immortal souls
To entertain divine Xenocrate.
Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps
That gently looked upon this loathsome earth,
Shine downward now no more, but deck the Heavens
To entertain divine Xenocrate,
The crystal springs, whose taste illuminates
Refined eyes with an eternal sight,
Like tried silver, run through Paradise,
To entertain divine Xenocrate.
The cherubins and Holy Seraphins
That sing and play before the King of kings,
Use all their voices, and their instruments,
To entertain divine Xenocrate.
And in this sweet and curious harmony
The God that times this music to our souls
Holds out his hand in highest Majesty
To entertain divine Xenocrate.

Greene, in "Perimides," 1587 or '88, after complaining of "two Gentlemen Poets" who held him in derision, explains: "That he could not make his verses jet upon the stage in tragical buskins, every word filling the mouth like the burden of Bow Bells, daring God out of heaven with that Atheist Tamburlaine, or blaspheming with the mad priest of the Sun."

These words are eminently appropriate as spoken of this rhodomontade. They apply equally well when we turn to "Locrine":—

Behold the heavens do wail for Gwendolen,
The shining sun doth blush for Gwendolen,
The liquid air doth weep for Gwendolen,
The very ground doth groan for Gwendolen,
Ay, they are milder than the Britain king,
For he respecteth luckless Gwendolen.

"Edward III.," Act 2, sc. 1, line 156:

Say she hath thrice more splendour than the sun,
That her perfections emulate the sun,
That she breeds sweets as plenteous as the sun,
That she doth thaw cold winter like the sun,
That she doth cheer fresh summer like the sun,
That she doth dazzle gazers like the sun,
And in this application to the sun,
Bid her be free and general as the sun;
Who smiles upon the basest weed that grows
As lovingly as on the fragrant rose.

There is more invocation of the sun in "Loctrine":—

Where'er Aurora, handmaid of the sun,
Where'er the sun bright guardian of the day,
Where'er the joyful day with cheerful light,
Where'er the light illuminates the day.

Act 1, scene 1.

It is possible that the passage which most aroused Greene's indignation was this:—

The chiefest God, first mover of that sphere,
Enchased with thousands ever-shining lamps,
Will sooner burn the glorious frame of heaven
Than it should so conspire my overthrow.

For I the chiefest lamp of all the earth,
First rising in the east with mild aspect,
But fixed now in the meridian line,
Will send up fire to your turning spheres,
And cause the sun to borrow light of you.

Both these speeches are by Tamburlaine in his most exalted mood. In Greene's satiric attack in "Menaphon" on Marlowe and Shakespeare there is another reference by way of sneer at the former poet's astronomical rhapsodies. "Neither will I proceed herein, as our philosophical poets are wont, that muster every word of art in an almanack, every fixed star in the firmament, to prove that country most canonical where their mistress abideth."¹

Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azured arms.

"Doctor Faustus," scene 14.

There are two passages in "The Taming of a Shrew" that seem even more open to this criticism. Polidor sounds the praises of his mistress:—

Fair Emilia, summer's sun-bright queen,
Brighter of hue than is the burning clime,
Where Phœbus in his bright equator sits
Creating gold and precious minerals.

Nash's sarcasm curiously is aimed at the same interlude, when he says:—

For what can be hoped of those that thrust Elysium into Hell? . . . The vain-glorious tragedians, who embowel the clouds in a speech of comparison; thinking

¹ As thus Xenocrate in "Persepolis," Helen in "Attica," and see "Faust," Gwendolen in Britain.

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themselves more than initiated in a poet's immortality if they but once get Boreas by the beard and the Heavenly Bull by the dewlap.

This last allusion is to "The Midsummer Night's Dream," and Greene seconds him in the text, thus: "As white as the hairs that grow on Father Boreas's chin, or the dangling dewlap of the silver bull." Both these innuendoes referring to Boreas are aimed at the line in "The Taming of a Shrew":—

Whiter than are the snowy Apennines,
Or icy hair that grows on Boreas' chin.

The sneer at those who "thrust Elysium into Hell" refers to passages by Marlowe in the second part of "Tamburlaine" and a line in "Dr. Faustus," thus:—

For he confounds hell in Elysium.—Act 1, scene 3.

Those in "Tamburlaine," Part 2, Act 5, scene 3:—

Earth droops, and says that hell in heaven is placed,

which is repeated; and Act 4, scene 3:—

Now hell is fairer than Elysium.

The gibe at "the heavenly bull by the dewlap" is assuredly not aimed at Marlowe at all, but to the line in "The Midsummer Night's Dream," Act 4, scene 1:—

Dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls.

These same attributed follies ascribed to the same "vain-glorious tragedians" prove that the two satirised playwrights were associated and were collaborators, confounded by their would-be censors.

Although it has long been well-known to the editors and critics of Shakespeare that these twin brethren were actors and playwrights in the same company of players, and this, in 1593, when Marlowe came to his sad and untimely end, it may certainly be considered curious and a discredit to the so-called science of criticism, that for nearly three hundred years no one has taken the trouble to investigate the relationship of these distinguished men—the joint fathers and founders of the English national drama. Very cursory examination would have convinced any candid investigator that Marlowe had a very considerable share in two or more of the greater poet's assigned and acknowledged dramas. How did this arise? By collaboration or subsequent adoption, no one has cared to inquire. Yet Marlowe, of all authors, ancient or modern, was, from his haste and carelessness, fecundity, indifference to fame, and constitutional improvidence, the most mannered and the most conspicuously easy to trace in all his undertakings. He had a fund of pet phrases and allusions, almost amounting to slang, on which he constantly drew. A preference for

forms of expression and high-sounding epithets quite peculiar, and a characteristic resonance and vigour of versification, unlike that of any other author, and intrinsically and personally his own.

"He was Marlowe of the mighty line." "Marley, the muses' darling, for thy verse, fit to write passions for the souls below, if any wretched souls in passion speak!" says his friend Peele. "One of the last of the Titanic brood," urged Dryden.

Yet the fact that at the time of his sudden and violent death he and the national poet were working for and engaged by the same company; that Shakespeare's references to the dead shepherd, his friend, are sympathetic, and that they were jointly the subject of Greene's and Nash's scurrilous attacks in "Menaphon" in 1589, seems to have escaped notice, and certainly never appear to have induced serious scrutiny of the Shakespearian plays in which Marlowe's hand most manifestly appears, viz., "Titus Andronicus," "Henry VI.," and "The Taming of the Shrew."

Indeed, no one among their various editors has ever attempted to see justice done to the less honoured poet. The fact that Meres in 1598 assigned to Shakespeare a drama which Marlowe certainly outlined, and in which the story was as obviously his, although the editors of the Folio appropriated it, and that his footprints are clearly traceable in every line of "Lochrine" and in almost every scene of "Edward III.," as well as in "The Taming of a Shrew," seem not to have given rise to suspicions or inquiry. That these tried comrades and allies were by Greene and Nash assailed and associated together as coadjutors, and as master and pupil, and actually in their writings confounded by both satirists, did not even pique curiosity. Yet with this key in their hands, sentences belonging to one author being assigned to the other, and *vice versa*, the commentators, one and all, have gone out of their way to discover some possible or hypothetic author other than Marlowe, who could possibly have written in blank verse, so rich in mythologic lore, "The Taming of a Shrew," as originally written; or have supplied the Marlowesque passages in "Edward III." Malone declared the former play to be Kyd's; but he also alleged he was the author of "Hamlet," "Lear," and "King John," having, so to speak, Kyd on the brain. Mr. Collier discovered that Houghton was the author, Knight asserted it was by Greene, Mr. Bullen believed it was by an imitator of Marlowe; Mr. Fleay, a pseudo-infallible authority, declares it was by Lodge most likely, and, like Dame Quickly, verifies his reckless surmise by offering the precise spice of detail necessary, "swearing upon a parcel gilt goblet sitting by a seacoal fire," that it was founded on an older

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play of Kyd's. All this is, of course, positive pure or impure fiction. Kyd never penned a play on the subject that can be proved. If any intrinsic evidence in the world is indisputable, it is that the play is assuredly Marlowe's, and that no other person had a hand in it. Whether he borrowed the plot or whence he derived it is only matter of surmise.

If, in like manner, we accept "Tamburlaine," "Faust," "The Jew of Malta," and "Edward II.," as beyond impeachment the Canterbury poet's, we must also admit, in addition to "The Taming of a Shrew," "Lochrine," "Titus Andronicus," and "Edward III.," although these two last have never been even conjecturally claimed for him. Capell, in 1760, published "Edward III." as Shakespeare's, and Shakespeare's it most undoubtedly is in its present form—not merely as to the greater part of the dialogue, but as to its entire supervision. It is Shakespeare's in its philosophy, its morals, its ethics, and its fatalism. Sufficient, however, of the original text still survives to complete its absolute authentication as previously Marlowe's. The parallel readings, citations, and allusions already given, establish this, and it is also further affirmed by the satires of Greene and Nash. As to "Lochrine," if further proof is demanded, the poet himself has furnished it by claiming it as his own in the opening lines of "Dr. Faustus," thus :—

Not marching now in fields of Trasymene
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthagen,
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state is overturned ;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly verse.

This is in the poet's usual "high astounding terms," and perhaps a little Thrasonic, but it furnishes the list of his plays before "Faust," viz., "A Lost Drama about Hannibal and the Carthaginians," "Dido," "Lochrine," and "Tamburlaine."

If these accumulated proofs are not sufficient, we can still further fall back on the positive identity of phraseology in "Edward III." and "Lochrine" with that of "Faust," "Tamburlaine," and "Dido," to decide the point. The allusions throughout are to "The Rape of Helen," and "Hero and Leander." But the most trivial epithets, adjectives, and phrases are not less characteristic. Thus in "Dr. Faustus" we have "The topless towers of Illium," in "The Taming of a Shrew," "topless Alps"; in "Edward III.," "whose top seems topless," a form of expression only once adopted by Shakespeare, and that in a play on which Marlowe had presum-

ably worked, yet which seems natural to the elder poet's superlative manner.

There are even more convincing sentences and expressions. In "Edward II." the sentence, "Because he loves me more than all the world," is repeated precisely in "Titus Andronicus," Act 2, sc. 1, line 71; and another, "Whose eyes are brighter than the lamps of Heaven," to be found in "Tamburlaine," Part 1, Act 3, sc. 3, which is repeated exactly in "The Taming of a Shrew," Act 1, sc. 1 (p. 7).

It may perhaps be suggested that such instances, as well as those offered by recurring phrases and epithets, like "boisterous Hellespont," "boisterous Boreas," "chrystal skys," "chrystal Heavens," "lovely," and "Elysian," is only evidence of imitation or plagiarism by other poets. Yet surely such flattery would not extend to positive blunders and deformities. Thus Marlowe, in his ignorance, geographic and otherwise, believed that the Laplanders were not a diminutive race, but Giants; that the Moors were all miners, and according to his enemies mixed up Hell and Elysium. All this is true, as well as the peculiarity, sneered at by Nash, of his profuse and reckless use or abuse of astronomical terms, such as "Zodiac, Antarctic, Phœbus, Cynthia, Aurora, Orion, Boreas, Welkin," &c. Similarly his preferences for adjectives like chrystalline and chrystal, azure, glistening, lovely, &c., is affirmed again and again, and it is too much to ask of our credulity to suppose that such errors and lapses of taste, and such indications of ignorance, would be followed and copied by any ordinary imitator.

On all these points Greene's satires or lampoons are of peculiar value. Marlowe and Greene were rivals as playwrights and contemporaries. Greene was the elder by about four years, but was less precocious and much more jealous and malignant. Marlowe's success as his junior in a species of writing to which, in 1587, Greene devoted himself to become "an author of plays and a penner of love pamphlets . . . so that I soon grew famous in that quality," was a death blow to his fondest hopes and ambition. This was indeed the genesis of his bitter and sustained animosity—the birth of an enmity which hardly ended with his life, for he left a scurrilous and abusive pamphlet to be published after his death, assailing both Marlowe and Shakespeare in venomous and opprobrious terms, which effusion had subsequently to be apologised for.

At this juncture perhaps a brief explanatory notice of Marlowe's career may be useful. Marlowe was the son of the parish clerk of St. Mary's, Canterbury. He was baptized on February 26, 1564,

being about two months in advance of his great contemporary Shakespeare. He was educated in the King's School, Canterbury. Thence he proceeded to Cambridge, where he graduated, taking his B.A. degree in 1583, and his M.A. in 1587. Greene, four years older, took that degree the same year. Before this date Marlowe had achieved fame as a poet among his friends and contemporaries, by his translations of Ovid's "Amores," of the earlier books of "Virgil," of the first book of Lucan's "Pharsalia," and two or three sestiads of Musæus' poem of "Hero and Leander," as well as by his original poem "The Rape of Helen."

The same year saw his first and greatest popular success with the first part of his mighty historic sketch of "Tamburlaine the Great." It was neither right tragedy nor right comedy, as Sir Philip Sydney pointed out. But its force, vigour, and fire fairly captured the town. It was popular from the first. Its swaggering prologue hit:—

From jiggling veins of rhyming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine
Threatening the world with high astounding terms,
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.

"Tamburlaine," in 1588, with the warlike frenzy of England, begotten by the advent of the Spanish Armada on our coasts, at fever point, with its resonant diction, pomp, and glorious circumstance of successful war, might well capture the popular imagination. When the low-born Scythian peasant, the man of the people, drove on the stage three monarchs harnessed to his chariot, or, in the popular mind, the three allied kings of Spain, Italy, and France, following, as it did in October, the dispersal of these enemies, it might well be that "Tamburlaine" and its audacious young author were acclaimed in the heroics of the hour. It was no wonder, also, in spite of its high astounding terms, its Boanerges rhetoric, and its bombast and inflation, that the thundering periods found an echo in the swashbuckling minds of the Nymms and Pistols and their fellows of the commonwealth. No wonder that its tall talk, fluent as everyday speech, so facile and free, flexible and elastic, yet metrical, found its way. The author imparted to dramatic dialogue those characteristics of vigour, versatility, variety, and vitality which have been in all phases its chief distinguishing feature ever since. He was the real originator of blank verse, "Tamburlaine" being, be it noted, the only work of any importance or consideration in that metre, because "Gorboduc" of twenty years before can scarcely be considered seriously. This is a fact of no small moment when it is considered that

Shakespeare was his follower and adopted it, and that all our noblest classic tragedies, the distinguishing features of our loftiest histrionic literature, are in this measure. He had discovered that it was the most perfect form of musical expression compatible with the freedom of ordinary conversation. In this respect he was both founder and framer, master and mason. He imparted to dramatic dialogue that impetus of virility, resourceful, unfettered, unrestrained, that it afterwards achieved in the hands of a genius "who was not of an age but for all time." The men who preceded him had no sense of its resources and capacities.

As has been pointed out "he found the ten-syllabled line monotonous, monosyllabic, and divided into five feet of alternate short and long." He touched it with Promethean fire and left it "various in form and structure, sometimes redundant by a syllable, sometimes deficient, sometimes enriched with unexpected emphases and changes," in the heat and ardour of his strenuous and passionate composition. In his hands the heroic measure became a Proteus. He did not merely drive the feeble rhymed couplet from the stage, but substituted a new and vital metre by the melody, force, and variety which he infused into the iambic measure, thus leaving models of versification which for pomp and stately grandeur, in spite of occasional rhodomontade, Shakespeare and Milton alone can be said to have surpassed.

There is, moreover, a gigantic and Titanesque quality about his conception and treatment of his themes, which justified Dryden's compliment of his being, "of the Giants before the flood." There was indeed a Michael Angelo grandeur and simplicity about him and his work, a breadth, boldness, and vigour which separated him *à toto cælo* from the Lyllys, Lodges, Nashs and Greenes, although Kyd and Greene in later years aspired to imitate him. Drayton's estimate was and still is true and appreciative as well as descriptive:—

. . . Marlowe, bathed in the Thespian springs,
Had in him those brave translunary things
That your first poets had, his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear :
For that fine madness still he did retain
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

Having said so much in praise of his verse and versification, it must be conceded that he was not in the Shakespearean sense a dramatist. He had no definite appreciation of individualism in his dialogue. All his characters breathed his own strenuous life, vigour, and vitality. He repeated himself recklessly, not merely in thought,

theme, and allusion, but in phrases, terms, and expressions, as if style were of no consequence. He did not stop to polish or correct. He wrote for the day and its necessities, and either from a natural impatience, or indifference to fame, neither doubted nor delayed. His verse thus flowed on, resounding, turbulent, foaming, and occasionally headlong, like a mountain torrent without pause or hindrance. 'Twas this fire of impassioned ardour, this unchecked haste, this hurried resonance, which infused into it so much of his own personality. It was animated, perfervid, pictorial, but in no sense dramatic. Kings and soldiers, Scythian bandits, and Turkish bassoes, citizens and clowns, Tamburlaine and Bajazeth, Gwendolen and Xenocrate, all talk in the same high impassioned strain and on all occasions too. They rhapsodise in "the swelling bombast of a bragging blank verse," as Nash not too good-naturedly put it. This defect, for defect it is, is seen in "The Taming of a Shrew" as well as in "Titus" and "Edward III.," most markedly, when in contrast with the dialogue supplied by his pupil. In the first we may trace it in the Induction. There is no semblance of character in the tinker Sly. He indulges in drink and scraps of Latin; Will, the serving-man, talks about the "winged Pegasus in all his pride," and the Lord about Orion all in the same key. Shakespeare's Tinker, on the other hand, shows his knowledge of rustic and rural life, his acquaintance with ale scores and lawful ale measures, and rails at and quarrels in his drink with his hostess, precisely as a drunken tinker would.

It is no doubt from this species of haste and carelessness, and this intrusion of personality even to defects, that makes Marlowe's work so easily distinguishable from that of his contemporaries. His individualism was moreover so peremptory, marked, and violent that he infused himself into all he wrote, and moulded his very words into his own image. Thus there is a fierce and elemental, almost savage love of violence and cruelty in him, and a no less gratuitous fire of lust and passion, which says much for his Bohemian life, his insolent affectation of Atheism, when its profession was dangerous, his brawling, and his sudden and violent death.

Indeed, it would not be too much to say that the respective moral attributes of the two poets indicate and express their different shares and contributions, even in collaboration and in their joint undertakings in the most minute as well as in the most exalted analysis. The heedlessness and vehemence of the one poet is in complete contrast with the artistic scrupulousness and care of his confrere. Marlowe appeared wholly indifferent to his repetitions.

Sensuousness and sound misled him. Shakespeare shunned a positive repetition as poison. Synthesis and sense chiefly delighted him. With his earliest art master it was wholly different. Resonance, a preference for sounding epithets, or some sonorous jingle, a sensuous admiration for colours, jewels, and precious stones, luxury and external splendour, the melody of musical words not necessarily expressive or applicable, seem to have been the master keys to Marlowe's ideal of style. Hence the extraordinary and even preposterous recurrence of such mythologic names as "Aurora," "Phœbus," "Cynthia," "Diana," "Boreas," "Tyrrhene" for "Mediterranean," "Welkin," &c. Also for certain favoured adjectives, as "glistening," "boisterous," "chrystalline" and "chrystal," "milk-white," "snowy," "icy," &c. Thus we have "chrystal Hellespont," "lady bright" and "chrystalline," "chrystal heaven," "chrystal sky," "bright heaven chrystal," "chrystal robe," &c.

It is possible that other contemporary poets used one or more of these epithets or phrases on occasion, but not in conjunction, but it is the constant recurrence that marks down the Canterbury poet, with his "raptures of air and fire." Thus, in "Tamburlaine," we borrow light of Cynthia, and find "fair Cynthia," "the shining veil of Cynthia," "milk-white Cynthia," "as rays of Cynthia to the clearest sight," "Cynthia and the ceaseless lamps," and the adverb "lovely," repeated probably twenty times in "The Taming of a Shrew."

The distinguishing difference in treatment in their views of divine justice and their moral attributes are also most marked, characteristic, and striking, in the larger as in the slighter features of composition. In the respective poets' choice of subjects and historic themes, in their heroes and heroines, and their opposed and even obnoxious ideals, Hamlet is as widely severed from Tamburlaine, Lucrece from Helen, as the Poles.

There can be little doubt that the mode of criticism adopted in reference to Shakespeare, and the scant attention paid to the works of his elder co-mate, instructor, and guide, have together contributed to many fictitious conjectures of authorship, and errors literally innumerable as to the dates, origin, and construction of the national poet's plays. The analysis of construction by the artificial tests of metre, rhythm, or by the executive features and manner, is obviously vastly inferior to that supplied by the spontaneous instincts of expression, the natural recurrences of thought, the usual attitude of mind, and the choice of subject and story as indicating the sympathies of a poet. These supply the true test of workmanship and individualism.

Impersonal as *Shakespeare* was, it must not for a moment be supposed that he had no characteristics in recurring periods of his identity. On the contrary, he had many. That they were widely different from those of *Marlowe* goes without saying. They are, however, not less infallible. He rarely repeated himself. But his singular and even unique adoption of a strictly legal phraseology, the scientific accuracy of his judicial and juridical knowledge, his exceptional predilection for puns and that species of verbal quibbling in his early plays, his facility in the declamation of field sports, his loving observation of and intimacy with all the phenomena of country life, his domination throughout his career by the story and woes of *Lucrece*, the outraged Roman matron who had his entire sympathy, as *Helen* had *Marlowe's*, all in various manners prove his hand and substantiate his style. Cautions of the repetition of the same thought turning on the jungle of sound,

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd,
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd,

which occurs in "*Richard III.*," "*Titus Andronicus*," and "*Henry VI.*" might be instanced, but these repetitions are few. Such as they are, they are intensely characteristic and convincing. But the repetitions of the same thought, or with slight variations, and with modification of expression, the same jewel in a different setting, are very many, and sufficient to justify in illustration a paper long as this present one.

My purpose, however, in this article has been to show how closely identified in labour these two rare spirits, the fathers and founders of the English Drama were, and to go one step further, and render unto *Cæsar* the things which are *Cæsar's*, paying tribute where tribute is due. *Marlowe's* sudden death, the greater glories of his follower and friend, undoubtedly conduced to the ignorance concerning his work which has prevailed. He has been very ably edited by editors who had scant leisure, and whose varied engagements prevented that minute attention to the poet's text which the occasion and circumstances demanded, and I have, therefore, drawn attention to some of the minutiae of detail necessary to form a positive conclusion. The style is the man, and whether we vary the phrase in the fifty modes ingenuity has suggested, there can be little doubt that a man's writing, like his face or his hand, is part of himself—that it explains itself as being part of the man, just as the totality of a deed, or of an Act of Parliament, furnishes the best means for its interpretation and successful exposition. That has long been an established legal maxim, and to that I appeal.

The interest involved in Marlowe's productions, save to students of Shakespeare, is not large ; but the priority, date, and sequence of the younger poet's plays, the contributing causes of his choice of theme, his possible collaboration in early life, and his adoption of rejected plots, his position as *Johannes Factotum*, are all features of undoubted significance to the Shakespearean student. The best summary I have been able to form is that "*Lochrine*," "*Titus Andronicus*," "*Edward III.*," following "*Edward II.*," "*The Taming of a Shrew*," were all originally Marlowe's. That Shakespeare, after Marlowe's death, adopted in part and almost wholly re-wrote "*Titus Andronicus*," certainly contributed some scenes to "*Edward III.*," but absolutely appropriated "*The Taming of the Shrew*," making it by adoption and reconstruction rightfully as claimed his own.

JAMES T. FOARD.

A REPRISAL.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

THE gates of the city of Bordeaux opened wide to welcome the Princess and the heir of the great Condé. A *feu de joie* was fired from the ramparts and promptly answered by the vessels in the port ; flags and garlands fluttered from the windows, flowers carpeted the streets, cries of "Vive la Princesse ! Vive le Duc d'Enghien !" filled the air.

Robed from head to foot in black in all the majesty of woe, the Princess passed through the streets, her little son by her side, waving his plumed hat with his usual grand air, and exciting by his beauty and evident enjoyment of the scene a perfect transport of enthusiasm.

There could be no doubt of the ardour and sincerity of their partisans, but it was impossible to forget that the Queen's army was not far distant, and that the island of St. George which commanded the city was in the hands of the Mazarines. It was a small fortress, but had lately been reinforced and a new governor appointed.

"Ah, madame !" said Lenet, "the cardinal knows how to choose his men ; he has just placed at St. George a personal enemy of your Highness."

"And who may that be ?"

"No other than the Baron de Canolles, who, as a man of spirit, is very unlikely to forget the mystification at Chantilly."

"It was too cruel a deception," said Madame de Cambes, "and I honestly regret my part in the play."

"Surely he was not so badly treated ?" laughed the Princess.

"Oh, madame, it was unpardonable !" and the Viscountess bent low over her embroidery. "He was too generous, too scrupulous for such a mission. He could never pardon it—unless, indeed——"

"Unless we could bring him over." Lenet completed her unfinished sentence. "Then we have Richon at Vayres without a doubt or a suspicion. Being a native of the place the appointment was the occasion of no great surprise, and caused no particular comment. No one could dispute a nominee of the Duke of Epem

who is hated so cordially for his cruelties and extortions, that he may well be supposed at times to court a little popularity. The visit of that adventurer brought us better fortune than he was aware of, and he has been true to his bargain, for he has managed to pick up a rare lot of rascals—just what Richon wanted for his garrison—well accoutred too, and the townsfolk never thought to ask on which side they were going to fight. We shall see what happens when the duke comes near enough for parley. I have my doubts.”

“I trace the plotting of Ninon in it all,” said Madame de Tourville, with her wonted air of comprehension. “She can do what she pleases with the duke; and that good-looking pretended sportsman was doubtless one of her employés. All that Richon has to do now is to lay siege to St. George without a minute’s delay.”

“There would be bloodshed,” said Madame de Cambes, shuddering.

“We must be prepared for that,” sternly answered the Princess. “In a holy and righteous cause such as our own there must be no drawing back, no weakness,” and at the moment she looked very much like an inspired prophetess.

“Is there no less terrible way?” murmured Claire.

“Yes, Vicomtesse, there is capitulation. The Bordelais might storm the place, or talk of doing so if they want all the honour and glory of it, whilst both armies are close at hand; and although Canolles, who is a fire-eater, might sacrifice himself, he would have no right to sacrifice so many lives to satisfy a private wrong. He must capitulate if he gets worsted,” reiterated Lenet.

“An envoy might be sent to make terms,” said Madame de Tourville; “that would be quite *en règle*.”

“But is his position so hazardous?” asked the Princess. “I do not put much faith in the martial ardour of the citizens.”

“We have the whole army to back us,” replied Lenet. “De Canolles will find himself between two fires; he might be forced to see that, although I doubt it, and who would take the office of peacemaker?”

“We do not ask for peace, but for submission,” said Madame de Tourville. “I would offer my services if her Highness would commission me.”

“No, no, madame! you are much too war-like,” laughed Lenet. “You would go sword in hand and leave the flag of truce behind. I should prefer Madame de Cambes. It strikes me she would prove an envoy not unlikely to be listened to.”

“But why should she succeed?” inquired the Princess.

"She would be eloquent, owing him some reparation, madame, since her personation of your Highness would have cost him his commission but for the astute policy of Mazarin, and then she might do what no one else could do without getting a bullet in the head. *She might drive a bargain.*"

That evening there was a formal banquet at the island of St. George. De Canolles had invited the governors of the adjacent strongholds who were all in the Queen's service to meet the officers of his own garrison. He found himself the centre of a circle of distinguished men, with most of whom he was already acquainted.

Elated with his good fortune in having been placed in a post of distinction, he was the gayest of the gay. It was far more than he had hoped for; far more than he deserved, for he had been too easily taken in, enthralled by the aspect of the sad and noble woman whose misfortunes had all his sympathy. And even now he felt bewildered—dazzled—touched to the heart—when he thought of her who had deluded and defeated him. Her eyes—her voice—perpetually haunted him; and to see her again face to face—to complain—to reproach—and, finally to fall at her feet, adoring, was his wildest and, seemingly, his most unattainable desire. It was with difficulty that he dismissed dreams so importunate, if so vague. But it was no time to indulge them, for the guests had assembled in the great hall, and only one loiterer was expected. "We wait," explained De Canolles, "for the Governor of Vayres; a few minutes' grace must be allowed him."

"The Marquis de Bernes?" said an old commandant, interrogatively. "He is an old man, and only acts through his subordinates; he is probably with the Court."

"The headquarters of the privileged," laughed De Canolles.

"And yet, Baron, no need to be pre-eminently a courtier to obtain rapid preferment. Peste! Captain—colonel—governor—of St. George in the space of a few months is pretty fair you must admit."

"Indeed, I hardly know how to account for all these favours! Some good fairy must be watching over me."

"Perhaps the fairy's name is *Good Desert*," said another of the party. But before a fitting acknowledgment could be made, the Governor of Vayres was announced, and De Canolles went forward to receive him with all due ceremony, but came to a standstill with an astounded air. "Richon!" he exclaimed. "Richon! Governor of Vayres!"

"No other, my dear Baron," replied Richon, with the grave and courteous manner habitual to him.

"Ah ! so much the better ! A thousand times the better !" said De Canolles, cordially.

Introductions were made and the usual civilities interchanged. There was much friendliness as well as much politeness in the relations of the day, and before the supper was half over the new arrival might have counted on the sword and on the purse of everybody present.

"It must be confessed that Monseigneur the Cardinal, although a churchman, is no bad judge of a soldier," said the commandant who had before spoken. "De Canolles here—Monsieur Richon at Vayres," and fixing his eyeglass in his eye with much deliberation, he stared very fixedly at Richon, who bore the somewhat unusual inspection with perfect equanimity, and said, laughing, "Oh, as for me, I do not pretend to stand upon my own merits, I am only an old inhabitant."

"The Queen may sleep in peace," said De Canolles.

"I hear her Majesty is with the army, and that La Meillerie is about to join forces with the Duke of Epernon, but the Condé party is strong."

"There will be a shock for somebody's bastions," asserted Richon ; "and you will be in the thick of it, De Canolles, for the Bordelais, as I hear, are wild to take St. George."

"I must content myself with a bourgeois battle then, and I am ready for them," was the laughing reply. The words were hardly uttered when the beat of a drum was heard and the guests looked at each other in surprise—all except Richon, whose eyes were fixed upon the door, which, presently opening, the officer on guard approached De Canolles and announced the arrival of an emissary from the Princess.

"From Bordeaux ?"

"From Bordeaux, yes, Monsieur le Gouverneur."

He rose, but Richon laid a hand upon his arm. "The war has begun in earnest," he said ; "and it is for us to leave you and to return to our posts."

The calm decision of his manner put a stop to discussion, and, however unwillingly, a hurried leave was taken, and rapid in their movements as if already in the field, the soldiers threw themselves into the saddle ; Richon, however, remained behind. "I could not leave you with the rest," he said ; "we are old friends, and whatever happens, may every good await you ! Adieu."

De Canolles looked at him fixedly. "There is something I do not understand in this," he said ; "I do not ask—for probably it is

not your secret—but you are moved, and it does not take a little to move a man like you.”

“I have a feeling that we shall not meet again,” murmured Richon.

“And what then? for if it were so, one of us would be dead, but would still live on in the heart of a friend.” With a warm hand grasp they parted, and De Canolles gave orders to admit the envoy.

Advancing a few steps, and signing to the officer to retire, he paused in a sort of bewilderment as a heavy mantle fell to the ground, and there stood before him no other than the young cavalier of the Dordogne—the pretended Princess of Condé—the Vicomtesse de Cambes.

“I am not here to ask if you remember, or if you forgive me,” she said, in her low musical voice; “but simply as an envoy from the Princess. Will you listen to me patiently for a few minutes, Monsieur de Canolles?”

He bowed with ceremonious politeness: the two occasions when he had been so completely mystified came rushing to his mind, and it was in a coldly sarcastic tone that he replied: “I am aware, madame, that you are an adept in masquerades, may I beg an explanation of your new representation as an ambassador?”

A deep flush was, for the moment, her only reply, but mastering her emotion, she continued: “Remember that I do not belong to myself, and am forced to fulfil the tasks imposed on me; you see before you, as you say, an ambassador charged with a message to be delivered at whatever cost. It can be no secret that the Island cannot hold out for a day against the regiments of the Duc de la Rochefoucault already arrived in the city; nothing but bloodshed can come of a vain inglorious struggle. The Princess feels that some reparation is due to you; that you are placed in a position to forfeit your life for which she is in some degree responsible; she would therefore advise, would offer, would even implore——”

“Madame,” interrupted De Canolles vehemently, “whatever may be the odds against me, I will defend the place with my whole strength—if need be with my life.”

“Yet hear me,” she continued; “you are attached to the service of the Queen and Cardinal by what you take for ties of gratitude, but you cannot approve the acts of a government solely dictated by private ambition. Hostilities have not yet openly begun; you might give up a losing game with perfect honour. Retire from this command.”

“Why will you ask the impossible?” exclaimed De Canolles. “I

am bound—more than ever bound—instead of well-deserved disgrace, her Majesty has loaded me with favours ; she still believes in my good faith. To desert her cause *here* and *now* would be nothing short of infamy.”

“I comprehend your position, but soon these dissensions will be past—will be forgotten ! The cardinal’s power is already shaken—the great Condé will return with renewed glory and influence. But surely there are other things besides policy and ambition.”

“No more, I beseech you,” said De Canolles. But she went on unheeding : “If a woman—not indifferent to you, whom you could love—should say—Let us quit these scenes of discord and violence—far from France”—her voice was suffocated with tears—“waiting for better days——”

Her pleading eyes, her charming fear and hesitation, shook De Canolles, and, aware of her advantage, she drew nearer and laid her hand upon his arm : “In the name of the service I once rendered you, avoid this conflict ! To-morrow St. George will be attacked ; the garrison, a mere handful compared with the assailants, will be defeated ; and you—spare me the anguish of seeing you vanquished and wounded to death, or killed !”

“Claire,” he replied, taking both her hands and pressing them to his lips ; “I prefer death—a thousand deaths—to dishonour ; let me die, if die I must, rich in your love and not unworthy of your remembrance. Leave me now, my beloved ! If better times should come, I will remember your words.”

There was silence, and then the door closed behind her.

It was near midnight, and De Canolles, calling his officers to his side, went round the fortifications. He was a true soldier, and the older men under his command were surprised to find in the favourite of Courts, the gay convivial companion, an experienced captain. It could not but be seen that the position was critical ; the fortress was badly provisioned, since a protracted siege had never been contemplated, and it was confidently expected that the battle now imminent between the two armies would be decisive. The presence of La Rochefoucault in the city, directing the councils of the Princess, had probably brought about a more warlike disposition on the part of the Bordelais, and it had become clear that the only hope for St. George was the arrival of reinforcements from the Duke of Epemon.

But whilst his eyes mechanically followed his defences, De Canolles went back in thought to the events of the day, and, farther back, to all that had happened to him since his first meeting with Madame de Cambes. Before that time nothing seemed worth recollecting ; one

day had followed another without bringing either fact or feeling of importance ; but a light had broken in upon him which changed the aspect of everything—a love sudden and violent, as is ever the case with passions destined to take possession of a life.

All was quiet during the night, but with the dawn of day it was perceived that a battery had been planted on the near bank of the river during the hours of darkness, and it could be seen that several long boats were approaching slowly, encumbered as they were with scaling ladders and all the paraphernalia of determined assault.

De Canolles posted his garrison and waited. Some time elapsed and the troops were permitted to land, but were met by a raking fire from the ramparts which was answered by the guns of the battery. There had been no time for effectual outward defences ; the walls gave way and huge masses of masonry proved even more fatal to the besieged than the cannonade. The firing was continuous, and a spent ball striking De Canolles, he fell senseless. It was the signal for surrender ; the assailants burst open the gates and entered without opposition, taking prisoner De Canolles—still unconscious—his officers, with the remnant of the defeated garrison, and re-entering the city amidst shouts of exultation.

More than a week went by and no decisive move had been made, when rumours reached Bordeaux that Vayres had been attacked, and amidst much confusion—there being apparently two parties within the walls—had easily capitulated, and was in possession of the Royalists.

The Princess, with her ladies, and the Dukes of Bouillon and La Rochefoucault were seated in the council room when Lenet entered with an air of consternation very unusual with him, and announced the arrival of a messenger, who followed him without further ceremony.

"You bring us news from Vayres, monsieur ?" said the Princess, eyeing the officer with a sternness that seemed as if defying him to disturb her haughty serenity.

"It is my misfortune to be the bearer of the worst possible tidings" he replied. "Vayres is taken—and—the Governor—Richon," he hesitated.

"Proceed" said the Princess impatiently.

"Richon was taken, accused of treason, and hanged in the market place."

There was a general cry of horror, and the Princess, white to the lips, appeared to be gasping for breath.

"Without parley ? No court-martial ?" inquired La Rochefoucault.

"Even so, general. His appointment as governor of the fortress was discovered to be a fraud, the outcome of a strange and unexplained stratagem, and the whole garrison picked by himself were heart and soul for your Highness and the Princess."

"It was an act of high treason, and so treated," said the Duc de Bouillon.

The Princess rose, and clasping her hands exclaimed with set lips : "He shall be avenged !"

"It always seemed to me a risky thing, and not exactly usual in military affairs," said La Rochefoucault with his constant cold impassibility, "to introduce an enemy into a town of known loyalty to the Queen ; fortunately there is such a thing as reprisal."

"Reprisal !" murmured Madame de Cambes, trembling with one of those singular intuitions which are not uncommon in moments of great agitation.

"Let us look things in the face," continued the duke. "Richon was a sort of idol of the people here and in the neighbourhood ; the news will spread like wildfire, and, in a few hours' time, we shall command neither the passions nor the actions of men. It is for us to act—to take the initiative—or we fail. Your Highness must reflect that you are no longer a woman—you are a soldier—take a firm attitude and let it be understood that you will not depart from it."

"I put myself in your hands, duke," she replied. "Avenge my honour and your own, for he was your friend too."

As the general withdrew, he summoned the captain of the guard. Standing near the door Lenet heard the orders given, and bending over Madame de Cambes—she had fallen back almost fainting in her chair—he whispered "Courage—you have great influence with the Princess—use all of it ! lest under the title of 'reprisal' a horrible murder be committed."

Wholly unconscious of peril, De Canolles, enjoying full liberty as a prisoner on parole, had met with cordial hospitality from the *élite* of Bordeaux.

His gaiety, courteous manners, and good looks, with the insecurity of his position, made him a hero of romance, although its tragic end was never for a moment suspected.

On the day that the news of the death of Richon reached the city, he was present at one of the outdoor fêtes which had become frequent since the entry of the Princess and her suite.

As the entertainment proceeded he could not help remarking a singular movement among the guests, who, collecting in groups, conversed in agitated whispers ; he saw, too, that he was regarded

with more than usual interest, and that there was something anxious and even pitiful in the looks passing in his direction.

He was mingling with the crowd when one of the most popular belles of Bordeaux touched him on the arm and whispered, "Were I a prisoner on parole I would jump on a good horse and cross the river." She vanished almost before he could turn at the sound of her voice, but his bewilderment was soon at an end, and he understood the full significance of the warning, when an officer of the guard made his way through the crowd and signed to him to follow. As soon as they reached the garden gates he found himself in the midst of a party of soldiers, and was led away before he had time to form a question.

As they passed along the streets he saw that they were thronged with people gesticulating and shouting as if in a frenzy of wrath and excitement.

"What does all this mean?" at length he asked of the sergeant at his elbow; "are they all gone mad in your town to-day?"

"You will know soon enough," said the soldier roughly, and as they reached the prison it was sufficiently plain that, unless the gates had been rapidly closed behind him, he would have run some risk of being torn to pieces.

Late in the afternoon the Princess of Condé, attended by her ladies and Pierre Lenet, re-entered the council room which they had left while preparations were being made for a more formal conference.

A dais had been hastily erected, on which were placed two chairs of state—one for herself and the other for her son. The Dukes of Bouillon and De la Rochefoucault, with other members of the Council, were already assembled, and were consulting together in low and serious tones. The hoarse murmurs of the crowd were distinctly heard, and loud outcries at intervals of "Vengeance for Richon—down with the Mazarines!"

"You hear the demands of the people," said La Rochefoucault, leading the Princess to her place. "Ere long we shall have no voice in the matter. I therefore submit to your Highness and the Council the necessity for speedy action."

"We are all of one accord," she replied, "and the people of Bordeaux are even now pronouncing judgment."

"Ah! madame," exclaimed Lenet, "be patient, I implore you! Let there be calm deliberation at all events, there is always time enough to condemn."

"Monsieur Lenet is right," said the Duc de Bouillon. "The

death of a man is too grave a thing for the responsibility of it to rest upon the blind fury of a mob."

The Princess, with an air of irritation, turned to the Council: "Richon, one of our most devoted adherents," she said, "has been cruelly murdered; it is a provocation to which we must reply by the most energetic act that lies in our power."

She was answered by a murmur of applause.

"We have three hundred prisoners," said La Rochefoucault, "of whom some are officers of distinction; let these be brought before us, since it is evident that the man we find of the same rank in the army and commandant of a fortress, as was Richon, must die, like him, a felon's death."

"There is but one," said a clerk consulting the list of names, "the Governor of the Island of St George."

"Let him be summoned," said the Princess.

Not a sound was heard when the order had been given, and every eye was fixed upon the door; but Lenet, determined on a last appeal, besought the Princess almost in a whisper, with his eyes fixed sternly on her own: "Think, madame! a step once taken cannot be recalled; the Baron de Canolles is a prisoner on parole, he had neither act nor part in the death of Richon. A just feeling of indignation will be created against you—peace cannot follow on what would be little short of a crime. You are throwing the fortunes of your house upon a single die."

"There is little danger when one is sure to win," she replied dryly.

Lenet then turned to La Rochefoucault, "You, duke, who are so superior to the impulses of momentary passion—you will surely counsel mercy and moderation."

"I am greatly guided by the dictates of reason," was the cold, half sarcastic reply.

"We have no alternative," said De Bouillon.

The door opened and De Canolles appeared surrounded by guards. Never had he looked so handsome, so distinguished; he showed no symptom of anxiety, and advancing with a firm step bowed low to the Princess and the Council. She herself was impressed at his noble and imposing air, and, surprised at his perfect self-possession, remained silent, looking at him fixedly. She signed to La Rochefoucault to conduct the proceedings.

"Your name, sir?" said the duke.

"Louis De Canolles."

"Your rank in the Army?"

"Colonel in the Regiment of De Navailles."

"You were Governor of the Island of St. George?"

"I had that honour."

"Take down the prisoner's replies." And La Rochefoucauld directed the clerk to hand the paper to De Canolles, saying, "Have the goodness to sign, Monsieur le Baron."

De Canolles came forward to the table and signed with a firm hand.

As he stood there above them all, his calm dignified manner and unalterable composure produced a strong feeling in his favour, and, for the first time, something like hesitation was perceptible in the voice of the Princess as she said briefly, "You may retire, monsieur." But no sooner had he withdrawn than she regained all her inflexibility, and the outcries from without becoming more violent, she rose, opened the window with her own hand, and stepping out upon the balcony exclaimed in a loud voice: "People of Bordeaux, go in peace: be satisfied—for Richon is avenged."

It was not till after his return to prison that De Canolles was made aware of the fate of Richon, and then he at once comprehended the terrible significance of all that had passed as far as he himself was concerned. Richon's last words came back to his mind, and horror almost froze the tears that rushed to his eyes, long unaccustomed to such weakness; he saw before him as a panorama the ruse at Vayres—the false appointment—the shameful death—and the reprisal! nor was he surprised when, after a few hours' solitude, he was informed that sentence of death had been pronounced against him.

For a time he was absolutely speechless; he could hardly bring himself to believe that the Princess and her advisers could sanction a deed so merciless—so opposed to all the canons of military law. And Claire? could she not have pleaded for him? would she not force open his prison doors and come to him in his hour of anguish? But after the first movement of revolt he understood that all those who cared for him were absolutely powerless, and that he was sacrificed to the madness of revenge inspiring an infuriated mob. The hour for his execution had already arrived, and he remained so stoically calm that those about him were convinced that he expected a reprieve—but it was not so: he knew that he was a doomed man, and the soldier's soul within him steadfastly refused to quail before the prospects of death.

The crowd still raved and shouted in his ears, although, as he passed along the streets, there were not wanting low murmurs of

compassion: his fine presence, his courage, his unalterable calm struck a feeling of misgiving among the spectators, and as he mounted the steps of the scaffold there was a momentary hush.

Lenet—his features convulsed with agitation—made his way through the crowd and stood beside him; but the despair and the remorse he felt deprived him of the power of words, and he hardly dared to meet the mournful eyes of the man he was powerless to save.

The set face of De Canolles was shaken by a momentary spasm and his lips parted as if to utter a word—but it was only a sigh. Lenet only too well understood the message it was meant to convey and as he turned aside to hide his blinding tears, a hideous yell rose up from the dispersing crowd, and *Richon was avenged!*

C. E. MEETKERKE.

HISTORICAL INFLUENCES OF THE "DIVINE COMEDY."

THE "Divine Comedy" of Dante is the first great Christian poem, the first great literary production of modern Europe. Without a prototype it stands in sublime and unique isolation, a landmark in the ages. In form it also resembles no other work. It is an Epic, but an Epic of a mystical kind, and characterised by the special feature that it is to a great extent subjective; Dante himself is the hero, if hero it may be said to possess, and certainly he may be regarded in that light to the extent that without some knowledge of his life and of the political events which influenced it the poem would be incomprehensible.

Men and women whose comparatively insignificant personality would no longer be worth attention assume an importance on the page of history from the prominence given to them in the "Divine Comedy"; events which would no longer be regarded with interest are invested with undying value from Dante's crystallisation of them in his work.

By his genius are lighted up those by-paths of Italian history into whose dark intricacies we should not otherwise penetrate; for its sake we tread the narrow winding paths of mediæval political intrigue, and from the dust of obscuring centuries we disinter those personages to whom a few graphic touches from the master's hand have given a life and interest with which historical research alone would be powerless to invest them.

Our intention here, however, is not to follow these, but to trace those greater influences which, while moulding the political destinies of Europe, were also instrumental in shaping the genius of the man who was to be at once their outcome and interpreter.

Two great passions animated Dante's soul and permeated all his work on its political side—his devotion to the Church and his devotion to the Empire, that remarkable institution of mediæval politics which, dating from the coronation of Charlemagne at 1

in 800, terminated only with the resignation of Francis II. two centuries later, though its glory had long since departed and it had sunk into a decadent and effete condition. In these two institutions of Church and State he saw, with the ideal vision of the poet, the highest and purest form of government. As he takes pains to show in his treatise, the "*De Monarchia*," his conception was that neither of these should be subservient to the other, but each supreme in its own sphere, the Pope as ruler of things spiritual, the Emperor as ruler of things temporal. And this man, who looked with so passionate an intensity for an ideal form of government, was born at a time of chaos and anarchy, when the whole of Christendom was torn by the conflicts of Pope and Emperor, when he who was supposed to be Christ's Vicar cared for little save his own aggrandisement, and when, owing to the disagreements of the Electors and the indolence of the candidates, the Empire groaned under an interregnum of fifteen years' duration. Frederick II. had in 1254 ended his life of contumacy, under the ban of the Church he had defied, and left to his successors a heritage of strife and bloodshed which devastated Italy for years. His son Conrad, who succeeded to the Germanic dominions, did not feel sufficiently strong to claim the whole of the Empire, and, as a matter of fact, never assumed the Imperial crown. He crossed the Alps and descended into his Neapolitan territory, where he vanquished the Papal adherents and succeeded to the territories inherited from his grandmother, that Empress Constance who exchanged the veil for a crown, and for the sin of broken vows is relegated by Dante to the lowest of the heavenly spheres:—

This is the luminary
Of Mighty Constance, who from that loud blast,
Which blew the second over Suabia's realm,
That power produc'd which was the third and last.¹

On the death of Conrad after a short illness, four years later, confusion again prevailed. His infant son Conradin was acknowledged in Germany by a small party only, and the Empire was left practically without a head. Then from the surrounding phantasmagoria there steps on the historical scene the picturesque figure of King Manfred, illegitimate son of Frederick II., and titular king of the Sicilies which he held in trust for his infant nephew. This prince had spent his youth and early manhood amid the almost Oriental luxury of his father's Sicilian court, and he himself had been one of

¹ *Par.* iii. 120, Cary's Translation.

those utterers of early Italian verse which became the parent of that Tuscan school in which Dante's early genius was nurtured. From this indolent, self-indulgent life, Manfred now entered the stormy arena as the champion of the Imperial cause in Italy—the courtier and poet were merged in the warrior and hero, and we see him distinguished by those qualities of bravery and chivalry which appealing to Dante induced him to place Manfred, not among the awful warnings of the Inferno, in spite of the stains of sensuality on his life, but as an example of the Divine mercy which will receive the penitence of even the dying sinner and enable him to purify his soul on the lower ledges of the Purgatorial Mount. "Horrible," says the Prince, when Dante meets him among those who delayed their penitence on earth and are doomed to wander for thirty times the length of their contumacy on the lower slopes of the mountain, "horrible were my sins, but the arms of the Infinite Mercy are so wide that she receives all those who turn to her."

The whole scene of their meeting is one of those lifelike and human passages which are so specially characteristic of the *Purgatorio*. No one is likely to forget how Dante, when being shown the way to the upward path by the timid group of spirits, turns to one who accosts him with the question whether he has ever seen him on earth, and beholds him "blond and beautiful, and of a noble demeanour," but disfigured by a wound, which had cleft one of his eyelids in twain. "And when," says Dante, "I humbly disclaimed to have ever beheld him before, he said, 'Behold,' and showed me a wound on his breast, and then added smilingly, 'I am Manfred, the grandson of the Empress Constance.'" A touching message follows to his daughter, also Constance, who married King Peter III. of Aragon and became the mother of Frederick of Sicily and James of Aragon; and Dante is bidden relate to her the particulars of his death and of that late repentance by which his salvation was attained, coupled with an earnest request for the prayers which alone can shorten his period of probation in Ante-Purgatory.

Dante's description of Manfred may have been obtained from some one who had seen him, but he himself in spite of Manfred's question could never have done so. In 1265, the very year of Dante's birth, the contest between the Papal and Imperial parties was brought to a crisis by the action of the Pope, who invited Charles of Anjou, brother of the French King, into Italy, and who allowed him to be declared Senator of Rome, Imperial Vicar of Tuscany, and King of Naples. Manfred immediately prepared for resistance, and with characteris-

¹ *Pur.* iii. 121.

impetuosity staked all on a pitched battle which was fought on the plains of Grandella near Benevento in 1266. His rashness cost him his life; the Guelphs under Charles were completely victorious, and Manfred, in whom centred all the hopes of the Ghibellines, lay dead on the field. His body was not discovered for several days, and Charles then refused it honourable burial on the grounds that he had died under the ban of the Church. It was hastily interred in unconsecrated ground near the bridge of Benevento, and above this rude burial-place soon appeared a heap of stones thrown up to mark it, not only by Neapolitan soldiers, but even by the followers of Charles, who recognised in Manfred, though an enemy, a brave prince and the son of an Emperor. But even now the resentment of his enemies would not leave the body of the defeated prince in peace. The Pope refused to allow it to remain in Papal territory, and in compliance with his orders it was torn from its resting-place with the ringing of bells and inverted torches, which belong to the rite of excommunication. Manfred himself relates this in his meeting with Dante, and very striking is the contrast which the poet does not fail to draw between the Divine mercy of God and the vindictive animosity of His vicegerent on earth. The next figure to step on to this stormy stage met with no happier a fate.

In 1268, the young Conradin, deprived by the death of Manfred of his champion and protector, himself entered Italy to claim the dominions unlawfully wrested from him by Charles. As he proceeded through Northern Italy, the Ghibellines flocked round his standard, but the army of Charles met him and opposed his progress south, and at the battle of Tagliacozzo they were again victorious and Conradin became a prisoner in their hands. His high birth, his gallant conduct, and above all his extreme youth, might well have furnished claims to the mercy and generosity of his conquerors; but in Charles of Anjou such qualities seem to have found no root, and after a mock trial Conradin was condemned to death as a felon and a traitor, and at the early age of seventeen perished on the scaffold. Dante alludes in an indirect way only to the battle, dim rumours of which may have reached him in his early childhood. Amid the enumeration of battlefields whose piled-up horrors would not equal those of the ninth circle of Malebolge, he includes Tagliacozzo, and alludes briefly to the strategy of Alardo, one of Charles's generals, to which, rather than force of arms, the victory was due. (*Inf.* xxviii. 19.) To the cruel death of young Conradin he refers in the passage of fierce satire and vituperation by which Hugh Capet is made to prophesy the actions of his descendant Charles of Anjou:—

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"To Italy came Charles : and for amends," he says with bitter irony, "made a victim of Conradin" (*Pur.* xx. 67).

Soon after this, the growing power of Charles was for a time somewhat checked. The Pope Gregory X., elected in 1272, made efforts to conciliate the two rival parties in Italy, and he was succeeded in 1276 by the unscrupulous Nicholas III. of the great Orsini family—he who from his place among the Simonists of the third Bolgia accosts Dante with the grim play of words on his family name :

I
Of a she-bear was indeed the son,
So eager to advance my whelps, that there
My having in my purse above I stow'd
And here myself.¹

Motives of personal ambition led this pontiff to attempt further humiliation of Charles, and he succeeded in wresting from him the Imperial Vicariate of Tuscany and the Senatorship of Rome. How much more he might have accomplished we can only conjecture, but he had already formulated plans to place the whole of Italy in the hands of members of his own family when death put a stop to this daring act of nepotism, and Charles secured the next election to a creature of his own, Martin of Tours, he whom Forese Donati points out to Dante among the gluttons.

He was of Tours
And purges by wan abstinence away
Bolsena's eels and cups of muscadel.²

By this election the power of Charles seemed once more to be in the ascendant ; but other forces, other influences were slowly at work, and already an event was being prepared by which that power was destined to be crushed for ever. In Sicily the overbearing tyranny of Charles and the unbridled licentiousness of his soldiery, from which no Sicilian woman was safe, had long caused a feeling of fierce resentment to smoulder there. Warlike preparations were already being made by Peter III. of Aragon, "he of the strong limbs" (*Pur.* vii. 112), Manfred's son-in-law, who had entered into a league with the principal Sicilian nobles, when an accidental circumstance set the spark to the smouldering material and precipitated the pending revolution, which has become famous in history as that of the Sicilian Vespers.

¹ *Inf.* xix. 70, Cary's Translation.

² *Par.* xxiv. 21-5, Cary's Translation.

On Easter Tuesday of the year 1282 a lovely and modest Sicilian girl was rudely insulted by a French soldier, as she approached the Church of Montreal, near Palermo, at the hour of Vespers, with her bridegroom. She fainted in her lover's arms, and he, crying "Death to the French!" excited another youth standing near, who struck the Frenchman dead. The cry spread in a moment among the gay crowd assembled for their Easter holiday-making, and a scene of indescribable horror and confusion ensued. The Sicilians had known no mercy and they showed none. In the course of the conflict which spread to the city, two thousand Frenchmen were massacred, their houses sacked and decent burial denied them. Charles rallied his forces and made a desperate attempt to regain the island, but was defeated by Peter of Aragon, on whom the Sicilians bestowed the crown, which he on his death left to his son Frederick, the grandson of Manfred, so that once more the kingdom passed to a descendant of the Hohenstaufens. Dante alludes to this insurrection, by which the whole of Italy must have been shaken at the time, in the passage which he places in the mouth of Charles Martel, the grandson of Charles of Anjou, between whom and the poet a warm affection seems to have sprung into existence during the brief visit of the former to Florence in 1294. The crown of Sicily was among those which he states should have been his had not that evil rule, which always excites a subject population, moved Palermo to the cry, "Death! Death!" (*Par.* viii. 73.)

Charles of Anjou only survived the Sicilian Vespers three years, and on his death his son Charles II., known from his deformity as *Il Ciotto*—whose virtues Dante grimly describes as being represented by I., while his vices might be reckoned as M. (thousand) (*Par.* xix. 127)—was released from a Sicilian prison on condition that he gave up the kingdom of Sicily, and declared it to be separate from that of Naples.

In the meantime the long Interregnum had been ended by the death of Richard of Cornwall, Emperor in name only, and the election of Rudolph of Hapsburg; but this had little effect on Italian politics, since Rudolph, though a wise and brave prince, confined his attention to the restoration of order in his Germanic dominions and left Italy to take care of herself—a lasting regret to Dante, who felt that so able a man might have done much to heal those wounds from which his beloved country was bleeding. He it is whom we find in the Flowery Vale on the slope of Purgatory, sitting apart from the other princes and rulers, with lips that take no part in the holy chant, and "with the appearance of one conscious that he had

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neglected that which he ought to have done" (*Par.* vii. 90). The two succeeding Emperors, Adolphus of Nassau and Albert of Austria, the son of Rudolph, were also both names only as far as Italy was concerned. The latter was reigning at the time when the vision of the "Divine Comedy" is supposed by the poet to have occurred, and it is to him that Dante addresses those burning words of reproach which are among the most impassioned verses of the *Purgatory*. The pathetic meeting in which Sordello claims Virgil as a countryman has just taken place, and to the younger poet, standing sorrowfully apart, this joy, which the mere mention of their land brings to the two compatriots, furnishes a painful contrast with the discord and anarchy by which the Italy of his own day was distracted. Then follows his soliloquy on the state of Italy, in which the words occur,

O German Albert ! who abandon'st her
That is grown savage and unmanageable,
When thou shouldst clasp her flanks with forked heels
Just judgment from the stars fall on thy blood !

Nor in continuation does he omit either to allude to the neglect of Rudolph,

For that thy sire and thou have suffered thus
Through greediness of yonder realms detain'd,
The garden of the Empire to run waste.¹

In 1308, on the death by assassination of Albert, Henry VII. of Luxemburg was elected to the Imperial crown, and Dante thought at last to see some prospect of his ideal dream of an empire being realised. For the first time since the death of Frederick II. an Emperor crossed the Alps and entered Italian soil, and Dante, then a wanderer and an exile, turned to him all that passionate enthusiasm of which he was capable, as the saviour and deliverer of his native land. In him he thought to see the ideal ruler, the great Augustus, the worthy representative of the Roman Empire, and in addition to this it was on him that he placed his last hopes for a commutal of that sentence, which closed the gates of Florence against himself. Alas ! for the poet's dream ! Henry entered Italy to receive the Imperial crown at Rome, but, as far as the Italian cities were concerned, his reign practically accomplished nothing. Himself an idealist, Henry had formed no definite plan of action, and approached the difficult problem of Italian politics unprepared with means for its solution. He trusted to the scenic display of a coronation at Rome to bring back the allegiance of the cities, and when, instead of having the

¹ *Par.* vi. Cary's Translation.

expected result, they took up arms against him, he showed himself incapable of grappling with the difficulty. Even Dante's trust was shaken by his slow progress, his unprofitable delays, and he addresses a fiery letter of appeal almost of command to him, couched in the style of the ancient prophets, and conjuring him to attack Florence without delay. When Henry at last marched against the rebellious city he refrained from any direct attack, and while still delaying outside its walls he caught a fever and died. With him perished Dante's last hope for Italy, his last prospect of recall to Florence for himself; but, faithful still to his hero, he blames the times rather than the man for the failure. "He came to reform Italy ere she was prepared," he says; and when amid the white-robed hosts of the supreme Heaven he sees one vacant place with a crown placed above it, he tells us that they are waiting for the august soul of the great Henry (*Par.* xxx. 133).

While the Empire had been in the hands of those who so failed to realise the poet's ideal, the representatives of Papal authority had been still less worthy of his esteem. On the death of Martin IV., in 1285, he was succeeded first by Honorius IV. and then by Nicholas IV., who each devoted themselves more to the aggrandisement of their respective families, the Savelli and the Colonna, and paid little attention to the Church. In 1294 the holy and simple-minded Celestine V. was proclaimed Pope, but he felt himself unequal to the dazzling splendours and high office of the Papal chair, for which he had exchanged the retired life of a hermit, and soon afterwards made that "great refusal" which filled Dante's soul with indignation and contempt. (See *Inf.* iii. 60.) To him succeeded the proud and ambitious Boniface VIII., who made every effort to restore the temporal power of the Pope, and who, assuming the crown, sword, and sceptre, declared himself Emperor as well as Pope. "Rome once," says Dante, with passionate regret, in probable allusion to this, "was wont to boast two suns, but now is the sword joined to the crozier" (*Pur.* xvi. 112). By him, in 1300, was instituted the first jubilee year, when plenary absolution was promised to every Catholic who should visit S. Peter's, Rome, and it is said that over 2,000,000 pilgrims from all parts availed themselves of the privilege, Dante being not improbably one of the number; so at least we are led to infer from the lines in which he compares the ordered march of the spirits in the first Bolgia to that of the countless hosts passing the bridge over the Tiber at the jubilee (*Inf.* xviii. 28), and which would seem to be the touch of one who had himself been an eye-witness of the great procession. Boniface's pontificate was prin-

cipally spent in long quarrels with the French king, Philip the Fair, and with the powerful family of the Colonna. Some members of the latter, goaded past endurance by the Pope's treachery to them, formed a league with the French, and entering Boniface's native town of Anagni (or Alagna), where he had retired for the summer months, with shouts of "Death to the Pope!" "Long life to the King of France!" they raised the faithless inhabitants against him, and for three days Boniface was a prisoner in his own castle. He was released at length and returned to Rome, but his proud spirit never recovered from the insult it had received, and he died soon after. He was succeeded by Benedict XI., who died after a short pontificate, and Philip of France then secured the election of a Frenchman, Clement V., he "of more foul act, the pastor without law," whose advent in the third circle of Malebolge Nicholas III. foretells (*Inf.* xix. 82). To him was due that transfer of the Papal seat to Avignon which lasted seventy years.

Such, then, was the condition of Church and Empire during the lifetime of the man who cherished so passionate an ideal of each, and the effect of this is traceable throughout his work. He saw with the clear eye of the poet and the idealist all that might have been, and, with all the bitterness of a thwarted disappointed nature, he contrasted it with what was. To this is due what may at first seem an anomaly, his devotion to the office and his abuse of its representatives. The two are never confounded by him. Boniface is at the same time "the chief of the new Pharisees" (*Inf.* xxvii. 85), "the desecrator of the holy chariot" (*Par.* xxxii.) and the "Vicar of Christ," in whose person Christ Himself is again mocked and scourged (*Par.* xx. 87). The Empire is ever sacred, but for this very reason he does not hesitate to condemn the Emperors who left the wounds of Italy unhealed.

He himself was apparently powerless at the time that his great work was written, a wanderer, an exile, without position or means; but one weapon was within his grasp, and with all the force of his intense passionate nature he hurled it against the abuses he deplored. No fear of Pope or Emperor deterred him. The thing must be, and the passion of his soul was too strong for the man's whole personality not to be borne away on its current.

This intensity of Dante is apparent in his work from whatever aspect it is viewed, and it must be remembered that if in the "Divine Comedy" he holds up a mirror to the political corruption of his time, he no less holds one up to those spiritual struggles by which in his own person he typifies mankind. The Dante who threw himself

with such passionate ardour into the conflict of Church and State is none the less Dante the lover, the worshipper of an ideal woman, the author of the "Vita Nuova," as well as of the "De Monarchia." Lover and poet, philosopher, politician, idealist, all these are united in the marvellous personality which produced the "Divine Comedy."

NORLEY CHESTER.

THE LOST CITY OF THE VALE.

TO those who, like Ben Jonson's Ananias, "do hate traditions," or in whose ears the clearer voice of history has told only a forgotten tale, the little grey town of Winchcombe, or Wincelcombe, as Domesday has it, which dozes to-day in a sequestered corner of the Vale of Evesham, is merely a little grey town, hard featured, stolid, uninteresting to a degree—a place to be passed by on the way to anywhere. But to the musing itinerant who remembers something of old-time doings, and who likes to remember them when the clock will let him, there is much in and about the decayed borough of Winchcombe to tempt his lingering there, not one hour, but many. Of the semi-walled town which Leland saw, there is little left, while of the "great citie" which was once the capital of Mercia, the seat of its court, the centre of its rude and hardy life, there is not a trace. All the same, the ground it stood upon is not as common ground; the scenery about, the verdant hills, the spreading meads, have something not their own; the associative glamour is upon them which lends to inanimate things that something of ourselves which makes them, as it were, the sharers for the moment of our own consciousness. So that there is charm enough in just being in sight of these things, in just standing still (by the mill-brook, say, where murmuring water is to help you), free to gaze and day-dream as you will where such dreaming comes so naturally. Your fancy, haply, may build up anew the quaint old city for you; lead you through its populous ways and byways, so full of life and odd variety; or enact afresh for your solitary behoof its poor, dead comedy and tragedy; at which you may smile or sigh, as the mumming moves you; then wonder what the intense reality was like as you remember how artless and elemental in all its workings was human nature then.

Of the ancient capital, or of the country whose once powerful rulers even Charlemagne thought it worth while to be on friendly terms with—they were good pawns in his colossal game, though he might never use them—the chronicles have little to tell us, save

some old-wife tales and legends, and of those, curious as they are, far too few. There are cynics who will tell you that the Alexandrian fire was possibly a good thing after all, since it made ashes of much metaphysical and other rubbish fit only for oblivion. There may be something in that, though one cannot help wishing that some Lubbock of the time had snatched from the burning the "best hundred books" to make those wondrous centuries less dark withal. But of the fire which destroyed most of the actual annals of the Mercian capital—the records of a town which, in its day, and in its way, was as vigorous and alive as any in Europe—there can be no reservation to our regret. They would form no great library—one of King Kenulf's coffer might have held the lot of them—a square or two of sheepskin might have served to catalogue every document; all the same, that was an unkind fire, and in the absence of what it did away with, posterity has to fall back on odd fragments here and there in other and outside records, and on such silent witnesses as remain in and about it to get even a shadowy picture of the old town which from a Celtic encampment had risen to be a "citie" of the first importance.

Though pegged out, so to speak, by the Dubuni, one of the many lost tribes of Britain, and chosen by them as a fitting pitch for their headquarters, it was their conquerors, the Romans, who probably paved the way (or built it, rather) to the creation of Mercian Winchcombe. There is evidence enough about the place to show that the sheltered combe—its hills, its woodlands, and green savannas—enticed some numbers of them to make their homes where Nature's face had such welcome on it. And they could do so and share through more than one capillary of the great organism, their Empire, something of the larger Life beyond them. Virgil, Theocritus, Hesiod, and the rest, the poet-minds who have cast a charm for all time over the sweets, and bitters too, of rural living; these they could all appreciate in their remoteness and still feel that they were within reach of any or all of their busy and enlivening social centres; that even Rome itself had open gates for them if the desire or need for "a run to town" should ever press hard upon them.

Of this, indeed, they had daily reminders. From their villas or gardens they could see on the spine of the hill the constant going and coming of human and animal figures—soldiers, civilians, haughty officials, lowly pilgrims, pack-horses without number, what not—which made the Foss, as the great highway was called, only second in importance to Watling Street. With Gloucester, Wor-

cester, Alcester, Cirencester, all within easy riding distance, the Romans of Winchcombe were well in touch with their world, and throughout their long stay no doubt had a fairly good time of it. They went their way with the rest, they and their pride, their culture, their noble language; and the country they had looked after so wisely and well became, as they knew it would, a social chaos, a featureless waste, a howling ruin.

But out of all this was bound to come an order of some sort, and the only order possible in the absence of a strong centralised Government was a division of the country into small kingdoms, more or less definite in contour, but each with a ruler who could keep things fairly straight till the several territories were ready to be merged into one, and their peoples to blend into one common nation. Egbert, when his time came, cleared the ground for this amalgam, and in a century or two the thing was done. But as one of the results of these temporary divisions our Winchcombe, as the metropolis of Mercia, owed its civic origin and upgrowth.

Crida, an Anglian chief, and descended, of course, from Woden, was seemingly the first of Mercian rulers. But, as was the case with all these early kings and kinglets, he would be for ever on the move, now coercing, now persuading, the sullen natives into wholesome submission; and probably Winchcombe, as yet a mere group of primitive huts with a Roman ruin or two, saw little of him, even though thus early it had been fixed upon as the seat of government. But under Penda, when the country had assumed something like definite form, and its people had resigned themselves to the new *régime*, the necessity of a permanent head-centre where the business of ruling over an extensive domain could be transacted with some attempt at regularity and dignity; where the royal person and its court could be housed in a manner suitable to their high circumstance and growing splendour; where kingly power could not only be felt but seen in the thousand symbols and ceremonies by which it loved to surround itself—the need for a fitting stage for all this, and the final choice of it, would soon bring to Winchcombe a small army of builders, masons, quarrymen and others, whose noisy labours, once started, were destined to echo through the quiet of the vale for many a day.

For in spite of the wars, big and little, and the alarms and excursions which sent the birds flying in all directions, the little capital of Mercia grew and prospered bravely. Its people became many, and its trades and handicrafts made busy increasing heads and hands. It was good, steady, going a-head, each generation bearing its

quantum of social gain, its legacy of experience won in the then comparatively new art of living in cities. Such stirring times could seldom if ever have been dull or monotonous. With the pomp and circumstance of the Court ; the royal comings and goings to the blare of trumpet and rattle of tabour ; with the festivals of the Church, the recurring holidays, with their feasting and gamings and general merrymaking, the good folk of Winchcombe had plenty of set-offs to their quieter work-a-day existence, which even of itself in a place crowded with ever moving and shifting figures, and sounding to the welkin with a myriad noises, could never have been particularly "slow."

In the days of Kenulf Winchcombe was in the heyday of its greatness, being indeed the "best toune of ye countrie." Mercia covered then—for Offa, with his wonderful dyke, had materially widened its boundaries—an area equal to thirteen shires. That was a good slice of England to take care of in those turbulent times, but the thing was done, and Winchcombe, as the capital of such a rich and fertile piece of Albion, had grown quite naturally into the fine and flourishing place it was when Kenulf was king. With its royal palace and its stately Benedictine Abbey—the king's own gift ; its protecting circle of stout walls and turrets ; its numerous and animated streets, the "great citie" no doubt deserved all it got of royal and civic pride and affection for it. Dear to kingly and common heart alike would be its continued good hap and welfare as "the chief toune of ye countrie."

And now it is all so utterly traceless ! The palace in its massy strength ; the goodly abbey ; the numberless dwellings which housed that teeming populace ; even the walls which belted all, are as traceless now as though they had never been.

The death of Kenulf—a good king and true, if ever there was one—reminds us of a moving tale. It is one of the few legends which have come down to us from that "realm of shadows," as Lytton somewhere calls it, and is told by William of Malmesbury and Matthew of Westminster, as well as in the curious "*Legenda Aurea*," or Golden Legend, a copy of which is now in the Bodleian. Here is the pith of it :—

Kenulf, dying in 822, left as successor to the Crown his son Kenelm, then a youngster of seven. He had for his guardian one Askobert, who shared with the Princess Quendreda the task of his education and upbringing at the royal hunting palace on the Clent Hills. But the little fellow was in dangerous hands. Quendreda, jealous of her brother's distinction, was soon hatching a plot with

Askobert to have the boy put away, and so clear the path to the power her ambition coveted. Kenelm had another sister, Dornemyll, who "loved hym moche," and who, with Wolwene, his nurse, ought to have been some protection for him. But the wily Quendreda, who had already attempted to poison the lad, was scheming with Askobert a more effectual way of getting rid of him before even a suspicion of the plot had occurred to any one. It was Kenelm himself who had the first hint of it, and that through a dream. He thought—but his dream was a long one. Let the good Wolwene, to whom it was related, give, in her alarm, the purport of it: "Alas!" she broke out, wringing her hands, "alas! that I should this day abide . . . thy sister bespeaketh thy death, and to kill thee hath thought. But the bird which thou becamest to heaven did fly; that was thy soul, that thither shall go after thy life's end." Nothing seems, however, to have come of the warning. Askobert—probably unsuspected—found opportunity one day to do the deed he was bent on. Like Brutus, he was "an honourable man," but why spare the knife when a mere boy stood 'twixt him and high advancement? Was not Quendreda more than well-inclined to him? Had she not promised him great reward if he would only do this thing? So without scruple he did it—in the depths of a wood into which he and his young victim had gone forth, as they had done times before, for an apparently innocent ramble. He buried the body under the shade of a hawthorn tree, and returned to the palace to tell Quendreda that she was queen of all the Mercians. For a time all went well. The new queen made a "progress" through her kingdom, exacting the homage of her subjects, and forbidding any one of them on pain of death to mention Kenelm's name. But murder will out, and sometimes in a marvellous fashion. In far-away Rome no less a person than the Pope came by the dreadful truth. He was at mass one day in the cathedral, when all at once the roof opened above him and a dove, "whiter than any milk," flew down to the altar and placed before him a little scroll. He took it up and read these words:

In Klent, in Cowbacke, Kenelm, king's child, lieth
Under a thorn, his head taken from him.

His Holiness thereupon sent to Wolfred, the then Archbishop of Canterbury, to seek out the wood of Klent. There, guided by a white cow, so the chronicle has it, they found the little body under the hawthorn tree. It was then borne "with great honour and ceremony" for more fitting interment at Winchcombe. The *cortège* entered the town to the tolling of bells "rongen without mannes

helpe," the guilty conscience-stricken Queen watching its slow approach from the windows of the church. She came by her death, it is said, in a storm which followed on the funeral. Leland supposes that she had made Askobert her husband, and he speaks of his reigning in her stead for two or three years "untyll such time as a kinnesman of Kenelm's put him down." The curious old story has some basis of truth. Beyond doubt Kenelm was laid alongside his father in the great Abbey of Winchcombe. About the year 1815 their stone coffins were found, and in the smaller one was discovered the rusty knife of Askobert, which had been buried with its victim.

Kenulf was the last of the Mercian kings worthy of the name. Not one of his successors proved able to hold the country together, and at the same time beat off its harassing enemies. There was no help for it—Mercia was tottering to its fall. The flowing tide from Wessex could not be swept back: it surged on and ever on; and in no long time the little kingdom, after a run of nearly three hundred years, gave in for good and all, becoming tributary to Egbert as king of all the Angles.

Within gunshot of the parish church of present-day Winchcombe is the semi-ruined mansion or Castle of Sudeley, whose history with that of the monastery continues to throw no little side interest on the old town. There had been a Castle of Sudeley for long before King Hal's time, but it was not till his bustling reign that anything happened there which is at all worth talking about—at any rate history is very silent about the place till we find as its lord the well-known Admiral Seymour. He it was who, after trying his level best to win the hand of Princess Elizabeth—then hardly out of short frocks, but already a most astute young lady—married instead, as we all know, the widowed Catherine Parr. She removed to Sudeley from More's old house at Chelsea, where the sprightly Elizabeth had been under her charge. But, as if fond still of some young life about her—for she seems to have been a good, homely body—she soon had as sharer of her quiet days at the castle another but very different girl—the Lady Jane Grey. In contrast to her slim young figure is the venerable Miles Coverdale, whose "doing" of the Scriptures into honest English had lately got him into such a bother at Paris. Here, in the chapel of the castle, he preached daily to the Queen and household; and on the death of Catherine, in childbirth, it was he who delivered the funeral sermon, "very rich and godlie," which perhaps served to soothe the grief of little Jane, who was present as chief mourner, and whose tears for her lost friend would be many and bitter.

A few days afterwards Seymour was suing once again the hand of Elizabeth, then at Hatfield. Was Catherine done to death, as some have asserted? Was she put out of the way, as the poor girl at Cumnor was, to make easier a too-ambitious vaulting? Conjecture only shakes its head. But the event—the death—caused a sad-enough scattering of the Sudeley household. Seymour laid his head on the block two years later, and, whatever his sins, that surely was hard payment. Lady Jane Grey suffered with young Dudley, her husband, a like fate, for no worse crime, it would seem, than being the niece of her uncle. Coverdale had gone his way to be made Bishop of Exeter, but he was deprived and thrown into prison by Mary, though he was lucky enough to escape the hard fate of his fellow-bishops, Latimer and Ridley. We find the good man, after many wanderings, at Geneva, where he lent a hand in perfecting the Geneva Bible. He died in a London rectory in 1568, "being old and full of days."

But we have not seen the last of our little group. In 1782, after Sudeley had been for long a derelict ruin, the leaden coffin of Catherine was brought to light, and on the removal of the sear-cloths her face was exposed, "white and moist," as when she was put away two hundred and thirty years before. The marble effigy under which she now rests in the Sudeley chapel gives us some idea of how comely those features were; and Elizabeth, who had gazed on them in the life so often, would, on her visit to the castle in 1574, give more than a passing thought for the gentle queen who had been as a mother to her in the halcyon days at Chelsea. Gloriana was a guest at the castle on two later occasions, and must more than once have walked the quaint, yew-alleyed gardens in which nowadays you may see a weather-stained bust of her. Maybe, too, the first Charles paced sadly to and fro those same garden paths while staying here after his defeat at Gloucester. A few years later and its gay parterres were being strewn with the *débris* of the castle walls, as shot after shot crashed into them from the Roundhead cannon on the neighbouring hill. A melancholy ruin still remains to show what Noll's "villainous saltpetre" did on that noisy day. But Catherine, sleeping quietly through it all, had her favourite room spared. It remains part of the present mansion, and is much as it was when she sat in it o' summer nights, and heard through the open lattice the Winchcombe curfew.

Quite close to the castle, and in its own grounds, is the great stone tythe-barn, which is about all that is left of the fallen Abbey of Winchcombe. A few carved fragments, filched for building pur

poses, may be traced here and there in the streets of the town ; but of the actual monastery not one stone remains upon another for the musing eye to fasten upon. It was probably already aging to a ruin when Miles Coverdale, in his walks abroad, would pass it by, looking up doubtless at its gaunt emptiness with a gleam of quiet satisfaction, for the fire into which the Inquisition had thrown his Second Edition must have burnt a sore place in the old man's heart. At that time the abbey had been closed for some years. Its last abbot but one was the famous Richard Kyderminster, one of those lordly Churchmen whose magnificence lends a dolphin-like aspect to the last days of monasticism. There is a curious letter of his extant, in which he presents Wolsey with "eight lampreys distributed in four pasties with certain other things cooked in an oven after the manner of the country." His successor was Ancelm, the last abbot, who finally and sorrowfully gave up the abbey keys. It was not an event which a certain Richard Russell had looked for when he "bequeathed his body to the monastery, and half a mark annually to keep a lamp burning before the altar of the Virgin for ever, the sacristy to find the lamp." The naïveté of this reliance on the eternity of human things is a pathetic commentary on the patch of ground, which is now *supposed* to be the site of the mitred Abbey of Winchcombe. "Ah, nuncle," Kenulf's jester might have said, with a grimace and a caper, "thou art so fat with consequence, and this brave building shall so shadow forth thy greatness, that posterity shall rub its eyes and gaze on nothing."

Indeed, one can only say of good Kenulf's very dust, as that of the forgotten thousands who finally closed their eyes here, that it lies somewhere within the broken ring of trees, which now encircles the dead old city. And as the gillyflowers nod on the ruins of Sudeley, bending to kiss the bees, whose low hum alone breaks the stillness, so the fruit trees of Winchcombe thrive on its former foundations, to weave in the soft April days their snowy wreath about the necropolis of its past. Turning away with quiet steps at the thought to thread the drowsy streets, which never yet heard the scream of railway whistle, one comes, by-and-by, to the little stone bridge spanning the stream which turns the town mill-wheel, and pausing here to look back through leafy openings on the site of the ancient capital of Mercia, the brook, gurgling beneath, seems to be saying as plainly as can be :—

Man may come, and man may go,
But I go on for ever.

JOHN STAFFORD.

ROBERT BURTON AND HIS "ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY"

DESCRIBED BY HIMSELF.

THE writers of the various biographical notices of Robert Burton, the author of that most fascinating book, "*The Anatomy of Melancholy*," have, almost without a single exception, neglected the very best source from which an estimate of his character could be drawn. No one, surely, desirous of describing what Montaigne was, would omit the reading of his "*Essais*," in which he lays bare his inmost soul; but Burton, a kindred spirit, more learned and equally original, has usually been treated in that preposterous fashion, though his monumental work is quite as self-revealing as that of the famous French writer, and therefore demanding as careful a study. This want it will be my endeavour to supply in the following pages, in which I shall use as far as possible the author's own words. As references to the "Partitions, Sections, Members, Subsections," into which the book is elaborately divided, would occupy too much space, I shall merely give the page, which will enable the reader to verify the quotations in any edition of one volume with but little difficulty.¹ The subject may be divided into two parts, the one dealing with the man, the other with the book.

1. Robert Burton, "born of a worshipful family" (p. 385) "at Lindley in Leicestershire, the possession and dwelling-place of Ralph Burton, Esquire, my late deceased father" (p. 336), first saw the light in the year 1576. He was the second son, his elder brother being William, the antiquary, as he is sometimes called, or, more properly, the genealogist of his native country. He had two other brothers: George, mentioned in his Will and at p. 724, and Ralph, also named in the same document. It would appear that he had only one sister, Katherine Jackson, to whom he left an annuity

¹ I make use in this article of the edition in one volume published by Chatto & Windus.

of eight pounds. His mother was "Mistress Dorothy Burton ; she died, 1629" (p. 456, note). To judge from the references in the Will and in the book to the members of his family, they must have been on the happiest and most affectionate terms with each other. Robert was at two grammar schools, Nuneaton, mentioned in Will, and Sutton Coldfield (p. 332), at which places the treatment was such that he says, in a very interesting passage, "many children think no slavery in the world (as once I did myself) like to that of a grammar scholar" (p. 218). When seventeen years of age, he was sent to Brasenose College, Oxford, from which he passed to Christ Church in 1599, where he practically resided for the remainder of his days. Of both the University and his own college he speaks with no little emotion : "Yet thus much I will say of myself, and that I hope without all suspicion of pride, or self-conceit, I have lived a silent, sedentary, solitary, private life, *mihi et musis* in the University, as long almost as Xenocrates in Athens, *ad senectam fere* to learn wisdom as he did, penned up most part in my study. For I have been brought up a student in the most flourishing college of Europe, *augustissimo collegio*, and can brag with Jovius, almost *in eâ luce domicilii Vaticani, totius orbis celeberrimi, per 37 annos multa opportunaque didici* ; for thirty years I have continued (having the use of as good libraries as ever he had) a scholar, and would be therefore loth, either by living as a drone, to be an unprofitable or unworthy member of so learned and noble a society, or to write that which should be any way dishonourable to such a royal and ample foundation" (p. 2). In a note it would appear that he held the office of "keeper of our college library, lately revived by Otho Nicolson, Esquire."¹ Having in due course been admitted to Orders, Robert Burton was presented to the vicarage of St. Thomas, in the year 1616. Later on he became incumbent of Seagrave in Leicestershire, "presented thereto by my right honourable patron, the Lord Berkeley" (p. 332), to whom he dedicated the sixth edition of the "Anatomy." He also held the benefice of "Walsby in Lincolnshire, where I lately received a real kindness, by the munificence of the right honourable my noble lady and patroness, the Lady Frances, countess dowager of Exeter" (p. 336). This, as we are informed in a note on the same page, was "lately resigned for

¹ In Fuller's *Church History of Britain*, book v., century xvi., section 32, we read that "Otho Nicolson, one of the examiners of the Chancery, bestowed eight hundred pounds in building and furnishing a fair library." I need not say that this was a very large sum in those days. I quote from Tegg & Son's edition in three volumes, London, 1837.

some special reasons." The first two appointments, as we gather from the Will, he retained until his death, which took place at the beginning of January, 1640, modern style. With the emoluments of these, added to the income derived from "my land in Higham which my good Father Ralph Burton of Lindley in the County of Leicester Esquire gave me by Deed of Gift," as we read in his Will, Burton must have been able to live comfortably, and even to save, for, in the same place, he speaks of "that which I have annexed to that Farm by purchase since, now leased for thirty eight pounds per Annum to mine Elder Brother William Burton," which was no inconsiderable sum at the beginning of the seventeenth century. He had therefore good reason for saying, "I am not poor, I am not rich ; *nihil est, nihil deest*, I have little, I want nothing : all my treasure is in Minerva's tower. Greater preferment as I could never get, so am I not in debt for it, I have a competence (*laus Deo*) from my noble and munificent patrons, though I live still a collegiate student, as Democritus in his garden, and lead a monastic life " (p. 3). Having joined the ranks of the clergy, though his liking was elsewhere, for he says, "I am by my profession a divine, and by mine inclination a physician" (p. 15), and, conscious of his extraordinary abilities, it was a bitter disappointment to him that he was not raised to greater eminence in the Church. He hints that it was partly his shyness, or rather his reserve, that militated against his advancement. "Had I done as others did, put myself forward, I might have haply been as great a man as many of my equals " (p. 210, note). He also failed to advertise himself by preaching and writing, like Joseph Hall, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, to whom he undoubtedly refers. "For had I written positively, there be so many books in that kind (divinity), so many commentators, treatises, pamphlets, expositions, sermons, that whole teams of oxen cannot draw them ; and had I been as forward and ambitious as some others, I might have haply printed a sermon at Paul's Cross, a sermon in St. Marie's Oxon, a sermon in Christ Church, or a sermon before the right honourable, right reverend, a sermon before the right worshipful, a sermon in Latin, in English, a sermon with a name, a sermon without, a sermon, a sermon, &c. But I have been ever as desirous to suppress my labours in this kind, as others have been to press and publish theirs " (p. 13). He failed, while others succeeded, and in this powerful and eloquent passage he describes their efforts and his own : "Let them go on, get wealth, offices, titles, honours, preferments, and what they will themselves, by chance, fraud, imposture, simony, and indirect means, as too many do, by bribery, flattery, and parasitical

insinuation, by impudence and time-serving, let them climb up to advancement in despite of virtue, let them 'go before, cross me on every side,' *me non offendunt modo non in oculos incurrant*," as he said, correcting his former error, "they do not offend me, so long as they run not into mine eyes. . . . I was once so mad to bustle abroad, and seek about for preferment, tire myself, and trouble all my friends, but all my labour was unprofitable ; for while death took off some of my friends, to others I remain unknown, or little liked, and these deceive me with false promises. Whilst I am canvassing one party, captivating another, making myself known to a third, my age increases, years glide away, I am put off, and now tired of the world, and surfeited with human worthlessness, I rest content " (pp. 413-14).¹ There is something very pathetic in the manner in which he again and again bewails his want of success in attaining to high ecclesiastical dignity, which was certainly his darling wish. It is difficult to ascribe his failure to any particular cause. He possessed, one would think, all the requisite qualifications for a bishop of the period. Every page, indeed almost every line, of his book furnishes superabundant evidence that he was one of the most learned men of his time, not only in profane literature, ancient and modern, but also in the Scriptures, the works of the Fathers and the Schoolmen, and the religious writings, controversial and otherwise, of the age in which he lived. He hated "the bull-bellowing Pope" (p. 674); he detested "hell-born Jesuits and fiery-spirited friars" (p. 489); he considered that "the true Church, as wine and water mixed, lay hid and obscure to speak of, till Luther's time, who began on a sudden to defecate, and as another sun to drive away those foggy mists of superstition, to restore it to that purity of the primitive Church" (p. 698); he praised James I. as a wise, learned, religious king, "a famous scholar himself, and the sole patron, pillar, and sustainer of learning," and, on his death, he wrote, "But he is now gone, the sun of ours set, and yet no night follows. . . . We have such another in his room, and long may he reign and flourish amongst us" (p. 210): but neither from James nor from Charles did he receive any preferment. All his efforts were in vain. In the anguish of his heart he at last exclaims: "And now as a mired horse that struggles at first with all his might and main to get out, but when he sees no remedy, that his beating will not serve, lies still, I have laboured in vain, rest satisfied, and if I may usurp that of Prudentius,

¹ This last paragraph is written in Latin. I have used the translation given in Chatto & Windus's edition.

Robert Burton and his "Anatomy of Melancholy." 189

Inveni portum ; spes et fortuna valet,	Mine haven's found ; fortune and hope adieu,
Nil mihi vobiscum, ludite nunc alios.	Mock others now, for I have done with you " (p. 414).

Before leaving this part of my subject, I must not omit to say that Burton gives a dreadful account of the treatment and condition of the clergy in his time, and amply confirms the description given by Fielding, Thackeray, and Lord Macaulay. As his evidence is not only of great historical value, but also highly personal and characteristic, I make no apology for the following quotation. James I., in his address to the reader, prefixed to "A Counterblaste to Tobacco," says, "Our Cleargie are become negligent and lazie," and the reason is here given. The patrons of livings (for the most part) "are a debauched, corrupt, covetous, illiterate crew again, no better than stocks . . . a sordid, profane, pernicious company, irreligious, impudent, and stupid, I know not what epithets to give them, enemies to learning, confounders of the church, and the ruin of the commonwealth : patrons they are by right of inheritance, and put in trust freely to dispose of such livings to the church's good ; but (hard taskmasters they prove) they take away their straw, and compel them to make their number of brick ; they commonly respect their own ends, commodity is the steer of all their actions, and him they present in conclusion, as a man of greatest gifts, that will give most ; no penny, no paternoster, as the saying is. . . . A clerk may offer himself, approve his worth, learning, honesty, religion, zeal, they will commend him for it. . . . Or, if he (the patron) do give him entertainment, let him be never so well qualified, plead affinity, consanguinity, sufficiency, he shall serve seven years, as Jacob did for Rachel, before he shall have it. If he will enter at first, he must get in at that Simoniackal gate, come off soundly, and put in good security to perform all covenants, else he will not deal with, or admit him. But if some poor scholar, some parson chaff, will offer himself ; some trencher chaplain, that will take it to the halves, thirds, or accept of what he will give, he is welcome ; be conformable, preach as he will have him, he likes him before a million of others. . . . If the patron be precise, so must his chaplain be ; if he be papistical, his clerk must be so too, or else he turned out. These are those clerks which serve the turn, whom they commonly entertain, and present to church livings, whilst in the meantime we that are University men, like so many hide-bound calves in a pasture, tarry out our time, wither away as a flower ungathered in a garden, and are never used ; or as so many candles, illuminate ourselves alone, obscuring one

another's light, and are not discerned here at all, the least of which, translated to a dark room, or to some country benefice, where it might shine apart, would give a fair light, and be seen over all. Whilst we lie waiting here as those sick men did at the Pool of Bethesda, till the Angel stirred the water, expecting a good hour, they step between, and beguile us of our preferment" (pp. 211-12). It will be noticed how often Burton harps on the one particular string. If it were necessary, each and all of his statements might be confirmed by quotations from the satires and other works of Joseph Hall, whom our author not only quotes, but whose vigorous style he imitates and many of whose illustrations and expressions he employs. They were contemporaries, Hall being the senior by two years.

There is no reason for doubting that Robert Burton was a sincere believer in the doctrines of the Church of England. His long residence at the University, where uniformity of belief and teaching no doubt prevailed, would naturally restrain him from aberrations in matters of religion, had he ever been inclined that way. He submitted himself to the orders of his superiors. When discussing "vocation, predestination, election, reprobation," he says, "I might have said more of this subject ; but forasmuch as it is a forbidden question, and in the preface or declaration to the articles of the Church, printed 1633, to avoid factions and altercations, we that are University divines especially are prohibited 'all curious search, to print or preach, or draw the article aside by our own sense and comments upon pain of ecclesiastical censure'" (pp. 733-4). He is also very severe on the sectaries of his time. "But see the devil," he exclaims, "that will never suffer the Church to be quiet or at rest : no garden so well tilled but some noxious weeds grow up in it, no wheat but it hath some tares : we have a mad giddy company of precisians, schismatics, and some heretics, even in another extreme, that out of too much zeal in opposition to Antichrist, human traditions, those Romish rites and superstitions, will quite demolish all, no fasting days, no cross in baptism, kneeling at communion, no church music, &c., no bishop's courts, no church government, rail at all our church discipline, will not hold their tongues, and all for the peace of thee, O Sion ! No, not so much as degrees some of them will tolerate, or universities, all human learning ('tis *cloaca diaboli*), hoods, habits, cap and surplice, such as are things indifferent in themselves, and wholly for ornament, decency, or distinction-sake, they abhor, hate, and snuff at, as a stone-horse when he meets a bear : they make matters of conscience of them,

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and will rather forsake their livings than subscribe to them. They will admit of no holidays, or honest recreations, as of hawking, hunting, &c., no churches, no bells some of them, because Papists use them ; no discipline, no ceremonies but what they invent themselves ; no interpretations of scriptures, no comments of fathers, no councils, but such as their own fantastical spirits dictate, or *recta ratio*, as Socinians, by which spirit misled, many times they broach as prodigious paradoxes as Papists themselves " (pp. 698-9).

It has been said that "at his vicarage he always gave the Sacrament in wafers," which, according to Joseph Hall (Works, London, 1647, p. 331), was the Calvinistic practice : "Geneva useth wafers, we unleavened bread." But there is no evidence to show that he identified himself in the slightest degree with the views of the French Reformer. He certainly preaches no sombre or harsh doctrines in the closing part of his book wherein he treats of religious melancholy, a subject peculiarly his own, for he says, "I have no pattern to follow as in some of the rest, no man to imitate" (p. 660). It is much to be regretted that Burton should exhibit such a spirit of hatred against everything Catholic. The violence of his language, whenever he refers to the Jesuits, for example, is scarcely inferior to that of Joseph Hall, in his treatise entitled "The Honour of the Married Clergy," which for coarse invective it would be difficult to surpass. There are no accusations, however shocking and incredible, that Burton does not repeat when talking of "mass-priests, monks, Jesuits, and friars" (p. 547), or indeed of any member of the ancient Faith, be he Pope or peasant, though to his credit it must be said that the worst are not given in English, but in Latin. According to him, they are without exception hypocritical, immoral, insincere, and devoid of every good quality. As for the Jesuits, he makes their very learning a reproach to them, and is angry because they refuse to be convinced by the arguments of those who have written against them. In his own energetic language, "Satan is their guide, the flesh is their instructor, hypocrisy their counsellor, vanity their fellow-soldier, their will their law, ambition their captain, custom their rule ; temerity, boldness, impudence their art, toys their trading, damnation their end" (p. 705). It will be no surprise to the reader, therefore, to learn that Burton approved of persecution in its severest form as far as the leading offenders were concerned. With regard to others he says, "For the vulgar, restrain them by laws, mulcts, burn their books, forbid their conventicles ; for when the cause is taken away, the effect will soon cease. . . . We have frequently such prophets and dreamers amongst us (speaking of the

sectaries of the time) whom we persecute with fire and faggot: I think the most compendious cure, for some of them at least, had been in Bedlam" (p. 704).

Burton was never married. "I have no wife nor children good or bad to provide for" (p. 3). "I am a bachelor myself and lead a monastic life in a college" (p. 274). It would appear that our author, either through despair of obtaining preferment, or on account of his studious habits, or through natural disinclination, was unwilling to change his single condition. Or perhaps he had not the means until well on in years, when of course he would not do what he has so strongly condemned in the case of others: "It is most odious," he exclaims, "when an old acherontic dizzard, that hath one foot in his grave, a *silicernium*, shall flicker after a young wench that is blithe and bonny" (p. 655). He discourses on the single and double state in the following fashion: "In sober sadness, marriage is a bondage, a thralldom, a yoke, a hindrance to all good enterprises ('he hath married a wife and cannot come'), a stop to all preferments, a rock on which many are saved, many impinge and are cast away; not that the thing is evil in itself or troublesome, but full of contentment and happiness, one of the three things which please God, 'when a man and his wife agree together,' an honourable and happy estate, who knows it not? If they be sober, wise, honest" (p. 603). But, though he passed his life in such studious retirement, and never was, as far as one can judge, wounded by a shaft from Cupid's quiver, he was nevertheless acquainted with every phase of the passion of love, as the reader may see by turning over the pages of the third partition of his book, wherein he treats of "love-melancholy." He claims, it is true, that he is "but a novice, a contemplator only . . . , and what I say, is merely reading, by mine own observation, and others' relation" (p. 581). But he also declares it to be a part of his subject, which he must not omit, though some may consider "that it is too light for a divine, too comical a subject to speak of love symptoms, too fantastical, and fit alone for a wanton poet, a feeling young love-sick gallant, an effeminate courtier, or some such idle person. . . . But let these cavillers and counterfeit Catos know, that, as the Lord John answered the queen in that Italian Guazzo, an old, a grave discreet man is fittest to discourse of love matters, because he hath likely more experience, observed more, hath a more staid judgment, can better discern, resolve, discuss, advise, give better cautions, and more solid precepts, better inform his auditors in such a subject, and by reason of his riper years sooner divert" (p. 466). Fortified by these considerations, Burton accordingly proceeds with his task,

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to which he devotes 200 pages, studded with the happiest quotations from the poets, beginning with Anacreon and coming down to "an elegant poet of ours" (p. 511), by whom he means William Shakespeare, whose "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" he much admires.¹ It is a veritable anthology of all erotic poetry. Among much that is admirable and excellent in this treatise, on which it is evident he bestowed the utmost care and wrote, if I may be excused the expression, *con amore*, there is not a little that deserves reproof. If a "divine" could write so freely, not to say licentiously, in that age, it is clear that some allowance may be made to the poets and dramatists. It was a time when plain-speaking prevailed, as anyone conversant with the literature of the Tudor and early Stuart periods is well aware. Joseph Hall does not mince matters in his "Satires" and several of his earlier works; but he does not make a boast of it, neither does he attempt an apology. But Burton openly says, "I call a spade a spade" (p. 11), and then proceeds to defend himself by quoting from Catullus and Martial, the latter of whom declares that though his page be wanton, his life is honest; while the former is of opinion that, while the poet himself should be chaste and pious, his verses need not be so, but may contain wit and humour. "I am of Catullus' opinion, and make the same apology in mine own behalf" (p. 469), and then he breaks into Latin, in which language it was at first his intention to compose his book, and in which he is always autobiographical. He was evidently delighted when he reached this portion of his task, for he says, "After a harsh and displeasing discourse of melancholy, which hath hitherto molested your patience, and tired the author, give him leave with Godefridus the lawyer, and Laurentius to recreate himself in this kind after his laborious studies, since so many grave divines and worthy men have without offence to manners, to help themselves and others, voluntarily written of it" (p. 468). It is utterly impossible to give an analysis of this extraordinary production, which, so far as I am aware, is without a parallel in any other language. Considering the author was a divine and a bachelor, and "an old grave discreet man" to boot, the reader is amazed at his complete knowledge of everything connected with the subject; and, though Burton stoutly asserts that his own single life has been blameless, whilst he altogether disbelieves in the innocence of monks or nuns, or other celibates, the study of his work makes one very incredulous as to the truth of his declarations as affecting himself. However, turning to

¹ See *Notes and Queries*, 9th Series, vol. ii. pp. 1 and 501, where I have pointed out Burton's acquaintance with English writers, especially Shakespeare.

other matters, let us hope and believe that he was as he claims to have been.

It would appear that his melancholy disposition increased in the latter years of his life. In his early days, he is reported to have been, according to some of Wood's informants, "very merry, facete, and juvenile, and no man in his time did surpass him for his ready and dexterous interlarding his common discourses among them with verses from the poets, or sentences from classic authors; which, being then all the fashion in the University, made his company the more acceptable." There can be no doubt that his failure in obtaining preferment increased the malady to which he may have been naturally inclined. As a remedy, he devoted himself with greater ardour than ever to his studies. "I write of melancholy," he says, "by being busy to avoid melancholy" (p. 4). To this we are indebted for a book which, with all its faults, is one of the most interesting in English literature. Among the various remedies he recommends is "a cup of wine or strong drink, if it be soberly and opportunely used" (p. 451), though he was a total abstainer himself. "I am *aquæ potor*, drink no wine at all, which so much improves our modern wits" (p. 11), he says, evidently referring to Ben Jonson and others of his contemporaries, of whom he again writes later on, "as our poets drink sack to improve their inventions" (p. 442). As far as he himself was concerned, Burton followed the advice of "the three Salernitan doctors, Dr. Merryman, Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, which cure all diseases" (p. 370). Country life had great attractions for him. "If my testimony were aught worth, I could say as much of myself; I am *vere Saturnus*; no man ever took more delight in springs, woods, groves, gardens, walks, fishponds, rivers, &c." (p. 343). Hear how charmingly he defends angling as a pastime: "But he that shall consider the variety of baits for all seasons, and pretty devices which our anglers have invented, peculiar lines, false flies, several sleights, &c., will say, that it deserves like commendation, requires as much study and perspicacity as the rest, and is to be preferred before many of them. Because hawking and hunting are very laborious, much riding, and many dangers accompany them; but this is still and quiet: and if so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the brookside, pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams; he hath good air, and sweet smells of fine fresh meadow flowers, he hears the melodious harmony of birds, he sees the swans, herons, ducks, waterhens, coots, &c., and many other fowl, with their brood, which he thinketh better than the noise of hounds, or blast of horns, and all

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the sport that they can make" (pp. 339-40). Has Izaak Walton written anything better than this exquisite passage, which is only one of a thousand on as many subjects that might be quoted? Surely a man endowed with such tastes as these, of so highly educated a character, could never have so lowered himself as to go to the bridge-foot and listen "to the ribaldry of the bargemen, which never failed to throw him into a violent fit of laughter," according to the "Biographical History of England" by the Rev. James Granger, whose work was published in 1769, nearly 130 years after Burton's death. An earlier reference to the story is to be found in Bishop Kennet's compilation, "A Register and Chronicle, Ecclesiastical and Civil;" but as this was given to the world as late as 1728, it is of little more authority than the other book. The story is probably a mere figment, suggested most likely by what our author says concerning Democritus: "Howsoever it was, there he lived at last in a garden in the suburbs, wholly betaking himself to his studies and a private life, saying that sometimes he would walk down to the haven, and laugh heartily at such variety of ridiculous objects which there he saw" (p. 2).

Burton has been accused of a belief in astrology, but it is doubtful whether it went much beyond an acquaintance with all that had been written on the subject. "If thou shalt ask me," he says, "what I think, I must answer, *nam et doctis hisce erroribus versatus sum* (for I am conversant with these learned errors), they (the stars) do incline, but not compel; no necessity at all: *agunt, non cogunt*: and so gently incline, that a man may resist them; they rule us, but God rules them" (p. 133). He calculated his own nativity, and found that "Saturn was lord of my geniture, culminating, &c., and Mars principal significator of manners, in partial conjunction with my ascendant, both fortunate in their houses" (p. 3). That Saturn has a great deal to do with melancholy, he proves not only from astrology, but also from physiognomy, metoposcopy, and chiromancy (p. 135). In the same place he defends himself in the following manner: "But I am over tedious in these toys, which howsoever, in some men's severe censure, they may be held absurd and ridiculous, I am the bolder to insert, as not borrowed from circumforanean rogues and gipsies, but out of the writings of worthy philosophers and physicians, yet living some of them, and religious professors in famous universities, who are able to patronize that which they have said, and vindicate themselves from all cavillers and ignorant persons." In his excuse it may be urged that there were very few of his contemporaries who did not attach some credit to things of this

kind, which, as Bacon says, "ought all to be despised, and ought to serve but for winter talk by the fireside" (Essays, xxxv.).

With regard to other matters, Burton was in advance of his time. "Dancing, singing, masking, mumming, stage plays, howsoever they be heavily censured by some severe Catos, yet if opportunely and soberly used, may justly be approved" (p. 346). He has even a good word for the rougher sports of the time, and condemns the rigid precisians who would do away with them in the following note: "Some explode all human authors, arts, and sciences, poets, histories, &c., so precise, their zeal overruns their wits; and so stupid, they oppose all human learning; because they are ignorant themselves and illiterate, nothing must be read but Scriptures; but these men deserve to be pitied, rather than confuted. Others are so strict they will admit of no honest game and pleasure, no dancing, singing, other plays, recreations and games, hawking, hunting, cock-fighting, bear-baiting, &c., because to see one beast kill another is the fruit of our rebellion against God, &c." (p. 702).

I think I have now shown the reader pretty clearly what sort of man Robert Burton was, as described by himself. He had his faults, like other people, and makes no claim to perfection. "I am," he says, "none of the best; I am none of the meanest of you. As I am an inch, or so many feet, so many parasangs, after him or him, I may be peradventure an ace before thee. Be it therefore as it is, well or ill, I have essayed, put myself upon the stage; I must abide the censure, I may not escape it" (p. 8). He is honest and outspoken and submits to all fair criticism. "I fear good men's censures, and to their favourable acceptance I submit my labours,—*et linguas mancipiorum contemno*. As the barking of a dog, I securely condemn the malicious and scurrile obloquies, flouts, calumnies of railers and detractors: I scorn the rest. What therefore I have said, *pro tenuitate meâ*, I have said" (p. 10). This "melancholy" man of the early seventeenth century, in more than one respect, reminds us very much of a certain "dyspeptic" sage of the present, who, unlike his predecessor, had seldom a good word to say of any of his contemporaries. Though Burton contended might and main against the malady that had attacked him and embittered his existence, it was too much to expect that he should be altogether victorious in the struggle. In his own striking language, he says, "As in Mercury's weather-beaten statue, that was once all over gilt, the open parts were clean, yet there was *in fimbriis aurum*, in the chinks a remnant of gold: there will be some relics of

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melancholy left in the purest bodies (if once tainted) not so easily to be rooted out " (p. 282).

To disprove the many absurd statements that have been repeated in regard to his mental condition in his latter days, it is only needful to say that he made his Will a few months before his death, "being at this present I thank God in perfect health of body and mind." Dr. John Morris, Prebendary of Christ Church, Oxon., thus testifies to the document: "The Will (with an appendix, both duly witnessed) was shown to me by the Testator, and acknowledged by him some few days before his death to be his last Will. February 3, 1639-40." On the 25th day of the previous January, Robert Burton breathed his last, after having bequeathed his soul to God and his body to the earth ("Animam Deo, Corpus Terrae").

2. I now come to the book which was the occupation of his lifetime, and on which his reputation is founded. "The Anatomy of Melancholy," it may be at once said, is not, and was never meant to be, a scientific, or even a systematic, treatise, for the lack of which character some critics complain. A systematic treatise on what? On melancholy? How absurd! They might just as well object to the unsystematic character of Montaigne's "Essais," to which Burton's work bears a great resemblance. Both authors are rough and homely in their style, full of autobiographical touches, learned, and fond of exhibiting their learning to the point of pedantry, which, however, was considered a virtue in their day; and never, or scarcely ever, hesitating to discuss anything under the sun. Their variety is their greatest charm; and, if the one call his book "Essais," and the other "The Anatomy of Melancholy," the subject is still the same, viz., men and things, on which the Gascon Squire and the Oxford Don discourse, each in his own inimitable way. Had they suppressed their delightful egotism and endeavoured to cast their thoughts into a scientific mould, we may rest assured that their books would have long ago been forgotten, for they would have been dry, vapid, and devoid of that very quality, so subtle and so indescribable, that has made them immortal. It is the personality of the writers that interests us, and the *idiosyncratic* manner (if I may use a word that would have astonished both of them) in which they discourse of matters that are more or less familiar to their readers.

The word "Anatomy" was much employed at that period as a title to books; among which we have "Anatomy of Popery," "Anatomy of Immortality," "Anatomy of Sorcery," and Anthony Zara's "'Anatomy of Wit,' in four sections, members, sub-sections, &c., to be read in our libraries" (p. 4), whose arrangement Burton seems

to have copied, though Dr. Timothy Bright's "Treatise on Melancholy," which he several times quotes, is supposed to be the prototype of his own work. On the same page he thus defends the expression: "If the title and inscription offend your gravity, were it a sufficient justification to accuse others, I could produce many sober treatises, even sermons themselves, which in their fronts carry more fantastical names. Howsoever, it is a kind of policy in these days to prefix a fantastical title to a book which is to be sold; for, as larks come down to a day-net, many vain readers will tarry and stand gazing like silly passengers at an antic picture in a painter's shop, that will not look at a judicious piece." In point of fact, our author thought it was what we call a *taking* title for his book, and therefore adopted it. In an appendix to the first edition, entitled, "The Conclusion of the Author to the Reader," we are told by Burton that he showed his manuscript "in parts or in whole to divers friends and physicians." He also makes this interesting statement: "I intended at first to have concealed myself, but *secundæ cogitationes*, &c., for some reasons I have altered mine intent, and am willing to subscribe," which he does as follows: "From my Study in Christ Church, Oxon. December 5, 1620, Robert Burton." He had the courage of his convictions, and it was not for him to write anonymously.

The first edition of the "Anatomy" was published at Oxford in 1621, and the work met with immediate and extraordinary success. "The first, second, and third editions were suddenly gone, eagerly read, and, as I have said, not so much approved by some, as scornfully rejected by others" (p. 10). Two more editions appeared during the author's lifetime, and the sixth, containing his last additions and corrections, was published after his death. That edition is therefore the most complete and valuable. "Some things are here altered, expunged in this sixth edition, others amended, much added, because many good authors in all kinds are come to my hands since, and 'tis no prejudice, no such indecorum or oversight. . . . But I am now resolved never to put this treatise out again. *Ne quid nimis*, I will not hereafter add, alter, or retract; I have done" (p. 13). From a date given on p. 327 we learn that he was busy on his book as late as the year 1635, and it is more than probable that he worked at it until the end of his days, for it was the one great task of his life. He wrote nothing else with the exception of a Latin comedy, entitled "Philosophaster," which was acted at Christ Church, Oxford, February 16, 1617 (p. 213). It, together with a few poems, was printed by the Roxburghe Club in 1862, and, from a too brief note in *Notes and Queries* (January 21, 1899), written by Mr. Edward

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Marshall, the fortunate possessor of one of the sixty-two copies, would seem to be possessed of considerable interest.

Burton's main object in composing his book was to keep himself employed, and to overcome by hard work the malady from which he suffered. "I write of melancholy," he says, "by being busy to avoid melancholy. There is no greater cause of melancholy than idleness, no better cure than business, as Rhasis holds" (p. 4). He deliberately adopted a plain and simple style, which he thus describes: "I am therefore in this point a professed disciple of Apollonius, a scholar of Socrates, I neglect phrases, and labour wholly to inform my reader's understanding, not to please his ear; 'tis not my study or intent to compose neatly, which an orator requires, but to express myself readily and plainly as it happens. So that as a river runs sometimes precipitate and swift, then dull and slow; now direct, then *per ambages*; now deep, then shallow; now muddy, then clear; now broad, then narrow; doth my style flow: now serious, then light; now comical, then satirical; now more elaborate, then remiss, as the present subject required, or as at that time I was affected. And if thou vouchsafe to read this treatise, it shall seem no otherwise to thee, than the way to an ordinary traveller, sometimes fair, sometimes foul; here champaign, there inclosed; barren in one place, better soil in another: by woods, groves, hills, dales, plains, &c." (p. 12). His subject is divided into three partitions, which he discusses philosophically, medically, and historically, with innumerable episodes and digressions, often of the greatest interest. In addition, there is a separate section, attached to the third partition, in which he treats of "Religious Melancholy." It forms, I think, one of the most powerful and best-written parts of the work. The introduction, containing over seventy pages, is in the form of an address to the reader, and is full of autobiographical details. He writes the whole of his book in the first person, and thereby puts the reader on familiar terms with him. We fancy it is Robert Burton himself who is talking to us and pouring into our ears the accumulated treasures of his vast reading and marvellous acquaintance with men and things. As the book numbers over 700 closely-printed pages, and ranges over an infinite variety of subjects, it is impossible to give anything like an adequate idea of its contents. To be thoroughly appreciated, it must be read from cover to cover, and the reader, whoever he be, will most surely find something to his taste. Even if he only know English, he will understand most of what is written, for Burton usually gives the substance of his quotation, when in prose, and, if in poetry, furnishes a version of his own,

according to the custom of the time ; but if the student in addition possess only an ordinary acquaintance with Latin, he will have no difficulty whatever. The quotations from Greek authors, with three or four exceptions, are given from Latin versions for this curious reason : "Greek authors, Plato, Plutarch, Athenæus, &c., I have cited out of their interpreters, because the original was not so ready" (p. 13). He would seem to have been acquainted with both French and Italian, as he frequently quotes from Montaigne, Rabelais, De Comines, Boccaccio, Petrarch, Machiavelli, and others ; but he only gives a specimen of each language, and they are both proverbs. Therefore, if M. Taine, when he asserts that the "Anatomy" "is a carnival of ideas and phrases—Greek, Latin, German, French, Italian," means that the book is interlarded with these in the original languages, he is altogether in error. Burton's desire, as it has been said, was to have written in Latin, but the "Stationers" would have none of it, to the disgust of "that fantastic old great man," as Charles Lamb happily calls him in his essay, "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading." Though obliged to compose in the vernacular, he has nevertheless given us several specimens of what his work would have been, had he employed the classic tongue. One is to be found on page 138, the quality of which may be conjectured by a request at the foot of the page : "Good Master Schoolmaster, do not English this." The longest and most characteristic passage, covering two pages (213-14), is a furious diatribe against "Philosophasters" and "Theologasters," *i.e.* the lazy, ignorant, and incompetent clergymen of the time, who got all the good things in the way of preferment, while the learned, the pious, the exemplary, like Robert Burton, were left out in the cold. There is no reason, so far as I can see, why it should not have been written in English, unless he thought that those who, he says in Latin, were fitter to minister in a hog-sty (*haram*) than at an altar (*aram*) might have proceeded to personal violence had he so spoken in the vulgar tongue. It is probable that it was some of these passages that caught the eye of Hallam, when "glancing over the 'Anatomy of Melancholy'" ("Lit. of Europe," ch. xxiv.), and caused him to say that the volume is "apparently a great sweeping of miscellaneous literature from the Bodleian library." He, however, commends the author's English, his good sense, his exact observation, and the pertinence of his quotations, which he blames as being excessive, wherein Dr. Johnson almost agrees with him. "Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,'" he says, "is a valuable work. It is, perhaps, overloaded with quotation. But there is great spirit and great power in what Burton says, when he writes from his

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own mind" ("Life of Johnson," vol. iii. pp. 311-12. Dent's edition). Every one is entitled to his own opinion about a book. "Our writings," says Burton, "are so many dishes, our readers guests; our books like beauty; that which one admires, another rejects; so are we approved as men's fancies are inclined" (p. 9). It must also be remembered that the age was remarkable for its pedantry, and that it was our author's intention from the very first to give, not so much his own ideas as those of others. He quotes, as an excuse, the saying of Didacus Stella, "A dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant may see further than the giant himself" (p. 8). Therefore he calls his book "a Cento laboriously collected out of divers writers" (p. 7); and again, "this my Macaronicon," which most felicitously describes its character.

His acquaintance with the classics, the fathers, schoolmen, and recent writers in Latin, whom he calls "Neoterics," is simply amazing in its extent and variety. But what is of especial interest is his knowledge of English writers and his frequent quotations from their works. The poets are his favourites, whom he characterises in a very pleasing way. Sir Geoffrey Chaucer (always cited in black letter in the first edition of the "Anatomy") is "our English Homer" (p. 565); Spenser "our modern Maro" (p. 485); Marlowe "our English Tattius" (p. 600); M. Drayton, whom William Burton in his "Description of Leicestershire" claims to be a relative, is "our English Ovid" (p. 171); while Ben Jonson, with whom the writer was most likely acquainted, is styled "our arch poet" (p. 553). Burton only quotes from the dramatists a very few times, though the reader cannot help thinking that he knew a good deal about them. Such poems as Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," "Lucrece," Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," and so forth, were evidently what he most admired. His pages also show that he had read most of the books on divinity, philosophy, history, travels, and the rest, that came from the press in such abundance in that energetic age.

I hope I have now succeeded in giving a fuller and clearer account of Robert Burton and his wonderful book than is elsewhere to be found. With one conspicuous exception, the notices in the biographical dictionaries and histories of English literature are most unsatisfactory. The one in a certain encyclopædia, much "boomed" of late, is, apart from the dates, &c., which can be got anywhere, absolutely unworthy of such a publication. The only bit of originality in the article is this: "With a certain class of readers it (the "Anatomy") has always been a favourite. Charles Lamb is a

typical instance of a reader in Burton." The ludicrous—I was going to say fatuous—inappropriateness of these two sentences could hardly be surpassed, for the inference is none other than that both Burton and his reader, whoever he be—Lamb, Johnson, Sterne, and so many others—are either hovering on the brink of insanity, or have gone sheer over, whilst this very superior critic, in full enjoyment of his faculties, such as they are, is calmly looking on! Charles Lamb, after quoting, in the essay already mentioned, these words of Lord Foppington in "The Relapse"—"To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own"—must have had some such writer in view when he wrote as follows: "An ingenious acquaintance of my own was so much struck with this bright sally of his Lordship, that he has left off reading altogether, to the great improvement of his originality." After all, perhaps we are all a little *touched*, and not sailors alone, of whom it is written: "Fabatus, an Italian, holds seafaring men all mad; 'the ship is mad, for it never stands still; the mariners are mad, to expose themselves to such imminent dangers: the waters are raging mad, in perpetual motion: the winds are as mad as the rest, they know not whence they come, whither they would go: and those men are maddest of all that go to sea; for one fool at home, they find forty abroad.' He was a mad-man that said it, and thou peradventure as mad to read it" (p. 69). 'Tis "a mad world, my masters."

The article in the "Dictionary of National Biography" is admirable, and worthy of that great undertaking. It has only one fault, and that is its brevity, for which the writer is not to blame. Every line shows that the notice is written by one who has carefully read the "Anatomy" and is able to appreciate it and its author. He says that the notion that the book is "a mere patchwork" is utterly untrue, and that "on every page is the impress of a singularly deep and original genius," and that "when he chooses to write smoothly his language is strangely musical."

In short, if Dr. Wheatley will allow me to vary the language employed with respect to another work,¹ I say, "The 'Anatomy' is a microcosm. In its pages there is something for all readers—frivolous things for some, weighty facts for others, and problems for psychological students. It has a threefold interest for readers: I. It is a source of information respecting the Tudor and Stuart periods which should not be neglected: II. It gives us an insight

¹ *The Diary of Sam. Pepys*, vol. ix. Bell & Sons.

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into the life and manners of the period: III. It is of absorbing interest from its vigorous style and its truthful revelations of the inmost soul of the writer."

When we think of the many readers of the "Anatomy" who have derived consolation, instruction, and amusement from its pages, we need not doubt that its author's wish has been fully realised: "And as that great captain Zisca would have a drum made of his skin when he was dead, because he thought the very noise of it would put his enemies to flight, I doubt not but that these following lines, when they shall be recited, or hereafter read, will drive away melancholy (though I be gone), as much as Zisca's drum could terrify his foes" (p. 16).

JOHN T. CURRY.

THE CUCKOO CLOCK.

I. ,

MY Cuckoo Clock hangs in the hall :
By day and night I hear its call.
Old friend ! I love the cheerful note
That flutters from your busy throat.
Your usher is the little quail,
With nodding head and jerky tail ;
“T’whee !” it chirps. “T’whee ! T’whee !”
And sounds the quarters merrily.
Next bounds forth the brisk Cuckoo
With beating wings, as though he flew—
Proclaims the time—with startling flap,
Like Harlequin, leaps through his trap !
Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !

II.

Old Cuckoo Clock ! for many a year
My trusty, faithful chanticleer ;
Your own this house must seem to be,
So long ago you came with me ;
And through these twenty chequered years
Have shared in all my joys and fears.
But dust and age will come at last—
One day the rusted hinge sticks fast ;

In vain the bird will wheeze and pant,
It struggles to be free, and—can't ;
At last, prevails. How swells its throat,
How fills the house its shrilly note,
Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !

III.

At last arrives the final day,
When master's self must go his way ;
Borne down the stair into the hall,
He takes his leave of house and all.
The heartless birds pursue their game,
And crow and chirrup all the same.
The newer tenant looks askew,
And scorns the notes of poor Cuckoo ;
No grace or mercy will he show—
" That noisy thing at once must go."
And so within the shortest space
An eight-day " striker " takes its place.
Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !

PERCY FITZGERALD.

TABLE TALK.

THE TRANSLATOR OF RABELAIS.

EVERYTHING connected with Rabelais is of interest to thinkers and scholars, and indeed to almost all men of literary tastes. I welcome accordingly the appearance of a *Life* of Sir Thomas Urquhart, of Cromarty, to whom is due the lion's share in the English translation of Rabelais, in some respects one of the most marvellous books in the world. The *Life* is, of course, by a Scotchman, Mr. John Wilcock, and has indeed been written in Lerwick, the capital of the Shetland Isles—one of the last places, on account of its remote situation and the presumable absence of good libraries, whence a work of solid erudition was to be expected. Thanks to the memoir of Urquhart prefixed to the edition of his original works published by the Maidland Club, and to the *Life*, by Mr. Seccombe, in the "*Dictionary of National Biography*," something has been known of his quaint, perverse, assertive, and heroic individuality. It is, however, a pleasure to have a lifelike portrait supplied in place of the sketches with which we have previously had to be contented.¹ Mr. Wilcock's book will do something to spread a knowledge of the most remarkable Scot that ever crossed the border in the train of James I. Sir Thomas Urquhart seems to have united in his own person the leading traits of the men of his epoch, and is a quaint mixture of the Admirable Crichton, Cyrano de Bergerac, and d'Aragnan. Endowed with a curious and diversified erudition, and possessor of a style beside which that of the Euphuists was nature and simplicity, he wrote a large number of treatises, of which a few survive and are the delight of those bibliophiles with whom the chief value of a book is its oddity or its rarity—men who will do anything with or for a book except read it. Crabbed and pedantic as are his original writings, those on scientific subjects have distinct value, and in some cases anticipate discoveries for which other men got the credit.

¹ Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.

A SCOTTISH HERO OF ROMANCE.

WITH Urquhart's adventures, curious as they are, I will not concern myself, except so far as they influence his literary position. After being educated at Aberdeen University, where he occupied himself with optical mysteries, the squaring of the circle, and other kindred pursuits, he spent three years in the "grand tour" of France, Spain, and Italy, acquiring the language of each country, so as, according to his own account, to be always taken for a native; and by his sword and his tongue, the former in combats, the latter in disputation, establishing the supremacy of Scotland over other countries, acting on every occasion with equal valour and magnanimity. In London he devoted himself to the composition of so-called epigrams and other works, entered into the service of Charles I., by whom he was knighted, and then went to Scotland to quarrel with the Covenanting lords, strive vainly to nurse an estate ruined by his father, and to engage in every Royalist undertaking, serious or mad-cap, in the North. In the intervals of fighting he continued his studies, publishing his "*Trissototras*," an abstract trigonometrical work, and other books, living contentedly in the Library at Cromarty, which he had collected, and tracing the Urquhart pedigree back to Adam, from whom he claimed to be the one hundred and fifty-third in direct line. Documents more whimsical than those in which he gives the succession of his ancestors, male and female, are scarcely to be found. The most important interruption to his studies occurred when with the Scottish army he invaded England, and participated in the defeat at Worcester. Among the Scottish worthies captured was Urquhart, who was confined in the Tower. He was, however, treated by Cromwell with "respectful lenity," and before long was permitted to return to Cromarty. While entering on the war, Urquhart had taken with him, besides "scarlet cloaks, buff suits, and arms of all sorts," three "portmantles" full of MSS., comprising no fewer than one hundred separate works. These were carried off and dispersed by Cromwellian marauders, who used them to wrap up parcels or to light their pipes. But few of these—fortunately, the reader may hold—were recovered. Maitland reprinted such of the works as survive; had a hundred more been added to the number, none would have dared to collect them. The period of his death is uncertain. It is said to have been 1660. Family tradition states that he died of laughter on hearing of the restoration of Charles II.—as becoming a death as can be conceived for a translator of Rabelais.

URQUHART'S CLAIM TO IMMORTALITY.

AMONG other qualities, Urquhart seems to have been a dandy—if I may use a term indicating a much later date—of the first water. His portraits, two of which survive and are reproduced by Mr. Willcock, show him with flowing locks, in costumes of great elegance, seated on Parnassus, waited on by the Muses, with the fountain of Castalia at his feet and Pegasus caracoling over his head, and with every accessory of laurel crowns and the like. Never yet, moreover, was a man so unblushing in self-eulogy; never could a human being have enjoyed a more profound self-esteem. His euphuisms are too intolerable to permit of his being read either for amusement or gain. Yet Sir Thomas was a remarkable, it may almost be said a great man, and his translation of Rabelais will give him immortality. It is a unique work, far richer and more remarkable than that much and justly lauded work of another Scotchman, Boswell's "Life of Johnson." I know of no other instance of a rendering adequate in all respects of a masterpiece from one language into another. In some respects the translation is better than the original. When Rabelais used some quaint or extravagant French word, Urquhart went to that marvellous repertory of Old English, Randal Cotgrave's "French Dictionary," and heaped up all the similes he could find. This statement is no doubt true in some instances. In most cases, however, the fidelity of the rendering is not more remarkable than the spirit, and the Englishman who has read Urquhart's rendering needs not envy the man most familiar with the original. Mr. Willcock's book is written with a certain amount of reticence, but deserves to be read by all Pantagruelists.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1900.

AVE, CÆSAR!

BY W. B. WALLACE.

I.

A ROMAN sunset was transmuting the dull ochre of the Tiber into a glorious sheet of molten gold. It was fine autumnal weather, and the heterogeneous population of the imperial city, their daily toil—never very arduous—at last completed, were preparing to enjoy themselves to the top of their bent with all that southern abandon which is such an insoluble enigma to the graver races of the north.

The crowd that thronged the approaches to the great Flavian Amphitheatre, which stood between the Palatine and the Caelian, right in the heart of Rome, was in its general aspect remarkably out-at-elbows and tatterdemalion, for the Roman populace had long lost its antique and Sabine respectability, and had degenerated by degrees into a condition closely resembling that of the modern Neapolitan *lazzaroni*. It was now a motley rabble, haunting the baths and the wine shops, the circus and the amphitheatre, basking in the sun, and limiting its ambition to the modest wants expressed in the popular cry, *panem et Circenses* (bread and the Circensian games).

This evening all Rome was on the very tiptoe of eager anticipation. Had not Cæsar promised a grand *spectaculum* (gladiatorial show) for the morrow? Whole hordes of gladiators, drawn from well-nigh every nationality, and arrayed in the garbs and armed with the weapons of their respective countries, were to contend together to the death in the spacious arena of the Flavian Amphitheatre, that

vast pile erected by Vespasian, dedicated by Titus, and now honoured by the constant presence of Domitian. Thus, according to the custom of the age, was to be celebrated the momentous victory gained by the hosts of the Emperor, under the leadership of L. Appius Maximus Norbanus, over the rebel forces of L. Antonius Saturninus, governor of Upper Germany, whose decapitated head had been recently sent to Rome by the conqueror.

There could not have been a better illustration of the strangely cosmopolitan character of the teeming population which lived as best it could in the huge and squalid *insulæ*, or blocks of lodging-houses, which were then a feature of Rome, than that afforded by a group of persons gathered round a public announcement relating to the coming show, which was displayed upon a wall adjoining the amphitheatre, and which made known to all and sundry how the more famous gladiators were to be pitted against each other.

Perhaps the most striking figure in the little knot of individuals to which we refer was that of a rollicking *bon camarade*, not badly attired, but of decidedly transalpine aspect, swarthy, with dark, keen, observant eyes, stiff, bushy, impracticable hair and beard, and confident, manly bearing. This worthy was named M. Valerius Martialis, hailed from the Spanish town of Bilbilis, and was destined to be known in after ages as the most witty and scathing of Roman epigrammatists.

The personages who stood immediately behind the poet presented a sufficiently ludicrous contrast to him and to each other.

A stalwart soldier of the prætorian cohorts, with brazen helmet, nodding crest, and arms and accoutrements of burnished steel, towered head and shoulders above his neighbour—a squat, obese, and undignified priest of the Syrian Cybele, clad in the light attire of his country, with his inseparable tambourine in hand, while in close proximity to the reverend gentleman was a lady harpist, wearing a flimsy but elaborately-embroidered turban, and equally flimsy but more diaphanous drapery of Coan silk. The enervating atmosphere of Antioch, the Orontes, and the libidinous groves of Daphne seemed to hang about her still, and her music was about as doubtful as her morals. Beside her, gazing now at the announcement, now at the swimming eyes and opulent charms of his fair and facile neighbour, lolled a red-haired Thracian slave, who seemed equally oblivious of his errand and of the hiding which awaited him on his return home, and completely disregarded the nudges, pushes, and verbal remonstrances of a handsome, pouting, petulant, and effeminate boy of fifteen, his master's favourite page, who accompanied him.

Martial turned from his perusal of the bill to the contemplation of this nondescript group with a humorous twinkle in his black Spanish eyes. Here, indeed, please the gods, was rich material for his somewhat plebeian muse, all gathered from an episode in an evening stroll through the streets of Rome. How different from the meagre literary harvest of an eye, quiet or otherwise, confined to the narrow horizon of poor little provincial Bilbilis. Martial fully appreciated his privileges, and was taking out his *tabellæ* to jot down a note or two, when he suddenly encountered a pitiful look of entreaty in a new face—that of a girl who had just joined the group, and was vainly endeavouring to make her way to the front in order to catch a glimpse of the bill.

The poet had still a good and tender heart, in spite of Rome and a life of considerable laxity, and his conduct on the present occasion afforded ample, speedy, and striking demonstration of the fact.

Making a rapid volte-face, he seized by the shoulder, not the prætorian—our Spaniard was too wise for that—but the fat priest of Cybele, and with a vigorous push sent him reeling and gasping off, till he fell, a heap of adipose matter and white linen, some yards away. The soldier, vastly amused at the incident, shouted “Euge! euge!” at the top of his stentorian voice, while the Thracian slave and his long-haired charge took to ignominious flight, and were promptly followed by the fair Terpsichore of Antioch.

“I may justly celebrate a double triumph, Captain,” laughed Martial, addressing the grinning warrior, “over the Syrian and the barbarian of Thrace.”

Then, turning to the bewildered maiden, “Come hither, my girl, and look your fill at the announcement of the names of the favourites of Proserpine. For your own sake I would fain hope that you have no lover in the lists. The *spectaculum* to-morrow, with but few exceptions, will be *sine missione*—the gladiators will fight to the death.”

The beautiful girl, pale before, grew still paler, and trembled at his words, but thanking him with a mute and graceful gesture, approached the fatal bill, her limbs tottering the while.

Hers had been a sad experience indeed, but one not uncommon in the Roman world.

A boy and girl had played together and loved each other in childish fashion in a quiet village not far from Ephesus, the city of Artemis. One night the comarch (chief magistrate) and the peaceful inhabitants had been startled from their slumbers by the flare of torches, the clash of steel, and the hoarse yells of many voices, and

when morning dawned only a few aged men and women were left to mourn for relatives ruthlessly slaughtered, and luckless youths and maidens and children abducted by a band of cruel *mangones*, or kidnappers, who had made a midnight razzia upon the village, Greek slaves being in special request in the Roman market.

Thus had Philostratus and Hipparete been separated, not to meet again till years after in Rome, where the former had acquired brilliant but perilous fame as the handsomest, bravest, and most skilful gladiator in the noted school of Licinius, and the latter was the favourite *ornatrix*, or tire-woman, of the wealthy patrician widow Petronia. Encountering each other one day by chance in the Palladian forum, close to the Temple of Peace, the long separated lovers, notwithstanding the lapse of time, had recognised features indelibly graven upon the memory of each, and there and then renewed their vows with mutual ardour.

Since then they had often met and talked over the future, and to-morrow was to witness the crisis of their fate; for Petronia was willing to manumit Hipparete for the substantial consideration of 10,000 sesterces, and Philostratus, who was reckoned without a peer in the gladiatorial schools, expected to gain that sum many times over, together with his *missio* (discharge) at the hands of the Emperor, whose special favourite he was. And then the palms and temples, the purple mountains and crystal rivers of Asia Minor would welcome back the happy and united lovers.

Thus it was that now, heeding neither the Spaniard nor the prætorian, Hipparete's eyes ran rapidly and eagerly over a list of names which concerned and interested her not, till they lighted on and were straightway glued, as it were, to the announcement of the crowning event:—

Philostratus cum Vero.

Now Verus, although older and less agile than Philostratus, was a veteran of many encounters, of herculean strength, proved valour, and, moreover, the wariest and most skilful *secutor* and swordsman in Rome.

II.

Rome's great gala day had arrived.

The Flavian Amphitheatre was crowded throughout its immense extent, and the assemblage was graced by the presence of the last of the Flavian line, the illustrious prince whom the relentless hatred of

the senatorial party pursued through life, and even stigmatised with post-mortem obloquy.

Yes, beyond question, for all his greatness, the majestic man seated on a golden *sella* in the *podium*, or balcony next the arena, surrounded by the nobles of Rome, arrayed in richest Tyrian purple, and carefully concealing—as the great Julius had done before him—his premature baldness with a laurel wreath, was the loneliest individual, the character most hopelessly and cruelly misunderstood, throughout the extent of the mighty empire which he administered with a firm hand and conspicuous ability.

With the exception of the poor dwarf Septimius, his constant attendant, who now sat at his feet, the Emperor had not a single faithful heart to lean upon. The lazy and voracious populace fawned upon the hand that fed it; the fierce, luxurious, and venal *soldatesca* were attached after their fashion to the master who showered golden donatives upon them; but the haughty Senate writhed beneath the strong rule of the parvenu sprung from the obscure Reate, and, as we have said, even while they cowered at his feet regarded him with deathless animosity; and his wife, Domitia Augusta, whose shameful infidelity he had magnanimously pardoned, and whom he still adored, loathed and detested him as only a false woman can detest and loathe the husband whom she has wronged.

With a sudden flush mantling upon his handsome features, and with all the deferential humility of a lover, the Emperor turned from the dwarf Septimius, radiant in his scarlet cloak, with whom he had been holding a whispered conversation, to the pale and haughty woman by his side, with her heavy plaits of raven hair piled coil upon coil above her low white brow, her thin lips of vivid carmine, her settled look of utter discontent, her large luminant eyes of jet with flashes of unholy light moving ever and anon in their mysterious depths—the same light which shone within them when a little later on she played the bloody part of a Clytemnestra towards her too indulgent husband. “This is indeed a day to be remembered, my Domitia,” said the Emperor. “We shall see manhood at its best; we shall witness—at a safe distance—cutting, thrusting, and parrying which, to my mind, would be more fitly displayed—more, certainly, for the interest of the Republic—against the Dacians than here in Rome. Alas! custom is a tyrant, and lords it even over emperors. . . . What I look forward to, however, most eagerly to-day, is the coming and crowning triumph of my young hero Philostratus, who has never yet been vanquished in the arena. He will doubtless expect his *missio* at my hands, and he shall have it.”

"The sight and scent of blood, and the presence of death hovering over the arena, are exciting, I admit—the only excitement one has in dull, stupid, noisy Rome," languidly replied Domitia, without raising her eyes. "We women cannot go to the frontier, like Cornelius Fuscus, to fight against the barbarians and feed their vultures, not always with barbarian corpses; and we should never know what war and wounds and the faces of dying men were like if it were not for the gladiatorial shows. But as for your Philostratus, who fancies himself a second Achilles, he is no favourite of mine. I have wagered a million of sesterces on Verus, and it will be passing strange if the old fighting breed of Samnium should turn out no match for a mongrel Greek."

"There spoke a true daughter of Corbulo," sighed the Emperor, who did not admire Domitia's predilection for bloodshed, and who knew, from sad and oft-repeated experience, that it was his consort's dearest delight to run counter to all his wishes, tastes, and sympathies.

Just at this moment the long array of gladiators filed into the arena, and with bright arms clanking and all the pomp and circumstance of war—while it is as yet only potential—marched past the throne of Cæsar, chanting weirdly as they did so their old sad strain:—

Ave, Cæsar imperator, morituri te salutant.

There was one in this melancholy procession of strong and valiant men marching to their doom, as they themselves phrased it, who more than the rest attracted the sombre eye of Domitian: a young warrior of about five-and-twenty, whose face and physique might well have served a Myron as a model for a Delian Apollo or an Olympionices. His soft, sunny, chestnut hair escaped in short crisp curls from beneath his Phrygian cap, kissing a brow of milky whiteness, and his blue eyes flashed with martial ardour.

Tall, slender, supple, lissome as a dancing-girl, clad in a simple white tunic whose belt was secured by a golden fibula wrought in imitation of that of the Homeric Ulysses, with golden armillæ glistering above his elbows, and costly sandals bound high with gilt thongs—weaponless, moreover, save for a net and light trident, or three-pronged spear, and a short poniard at his girdle—he moved along gracefully beside his neighbour, a dark, sinewy, stern man of about forty, of compact build and ordinary stature, armed with shield and helm and the straight two-edged sword of the legion. It was like a sunbeam accompanying a storm-cloud.

"Philostratus and Verus, by the gods!" ejaculated the Emperor,

while Domitia, rousing herself from her apathy, leaned forward, scrutinising the rival champions with her cold, searching, baleful eyes.

Amongst the vast assemblage which thronged the *cunei*, or wedge-shaped compartments of the tiers of the amphitheatre, there were at least two other spectators who seemed to share the extraordinary and personal interest taken by the Imperial pair in the Greek and the Samnite. One of them was the jovial, hirsute Spanish poet from Bilbilis, who never, if he could help it, missed a *spectaculum*; the other, whom chance had placed not far from him, was the lovely *ornatrix* of Petronia, that same Hipparete whose cause he had so chivalrously espoused on the preceding evening.

Martial, a shrewd observer of men and things, had noted with what painful intensity of feeling his *protégée's* gaze had been fixed upon the rude red lettering of the announcement "*Philostratus cum Vero*," and had with lightning rapidity drawn his own conclusions therefrom, coupling her whom he had rightly deemed a Hellenic maiden with the celebrated Hellenic warrior; and now, upon recognising her amongst the spectators in his own immediate vicinity, he marked with the eager sympathy of a generous spirit how the colour came and went upon her wan cheeks, how her breast rose and sank with the tumultuous beating of her heart, how her eyes rested proudly and fondly for one moment on the tall willowy figure of the Greek, only to dwell the next with terror and apprehension upon the iron frame of his redoubtable antagonist, the Samnite swordsman who paced grimly by his side.

"Philostratus must look to his laurels," muttered the Spaniard in his beard; "nay, to his life, for the matter of that. Verus is tough and seasoned, a foe not to be despised."

"Hercules !" he presently added, with something suspiciously like a tear in his brilliant dark eyes, "how I pity that poor girl. The tortures and suspense of Andromeda, chained to her ocean rock, and watching the fight between Perseus and the sea monster, were as nothing compared with what she will soon have to endure."

Too soon the work of death was in full progress.

Sickening exhalations, the mist and savour of blood which Domitia had so coveted, rose thick and fast, and seemed to hang like a cloud of doom above the arena. Combatants and spectators alike became intoxicated with the heavy maddening fumes of human slaughter. In that all-pervading reek of gore they saw not the mellow light of the October sun, softened and tempered by the shade of the *velarium*; they saw not the Imperial presence, the galaxy of nobility and beauty, the forbidden charms of the vestals—

Rome's best and bravest and fairest lining the *podium* ; they saw but the dread metamorphosis of flashing steel, as it changed its colour in a trice from deadly glinting blue to dull crimson ; they were only conscious of reeling, struggling, charging, flying human forms, the glance of wild cruel triumph on the face of the vanquisher, the death agony that distorted the features of the vanquished, and the disfigured bodies of the slain as they were dragged off ignominiously by the slaves of the arena to the *spoliarium*, there to be rudely divested of the arms and raiment in which they had cut such a gallant figure a few moments before.

That brutalised crowd had lost all touch with nature. They heard not, felt not, the pleasant autumnal breeze that flapped the awnings, that played with the purple robes of Cæsar, that cooled the cheeks of Domitia, flushed as they were with the lust of blood, that kissed the maiden brows of the vestals, that even ventured on wanton wings into the human shambles of the arena ; they heard but curse and groan, and yell and shriek, the sharp bitter ring of swords, the dull crash of encountering shields, and the heavy pitiful thud of fallen bodies, instantaneously succeeded by shrill screams of "Habet ! Habet !"

And all the while heaven, earth, amphitheatre, arena went whirling madly round in the old Roman dance of death—in one awful phantasmagoria of fate. Men, women, children stood up, leaned forward, bent over the barriers at the imminent risk of their necks, fevered, dishevelled, mad with fiendish excitement, given over to, possessed by, the Erinyes of slaughter.

* * * *

Most have fallen, some few have been spared, and now the arena, soaked with blood which stands here and there in little pools, is strewn with fresh sand, swept and garnished, and cleansed for the great monomachy between Philostratus and Verus.

The jaded spectators pull themselves together and settle down into a comfortable and critical attitude ; for the game of life and death will now, as they well know, be played with scientific accuracy and precision by both *retiarius* and *secutor*, and it will take some time to decide the rival claims of Greek and Italian to the kingship of the arena.

Very slowly, very warily, with clinched teeth and pale determined faces, the adversaries approach each other from opposite sides of the enclosure.

Suddenly the spectators hold their breath, and wax as pale as the combatants themselves ; for the net rushes through the air from

the practised right hand of Philostratus. It barely misses the Samnite, who, with an adroit movement, swerves aside at the critical moment, escaping by a mere hair-breadth the ghastly death of the fatal meshes and the trident.

The backers of Verus raise a deafening shout of triumph. Martial and Hipparete are fairly overcome with emotion, and the latter trembles like an aspen ; a cloud of disappointment sweeps across the Emperor's florid visage, and Domitia's eyes sparkle with savage exultation.

Philostratus speeds round the arena pursued by Verus, with the cruel falchion that thirsts for his blood.

But it soon becomes manifest to all that, whatever the strength and power of endurance of the veteran gladiator may be, in a foot race, at all events, he is no match for his sligher, more youthful, and less heavily equipped opponent.

Martial, Hipparete, and hundreds of other sympathisers with the Greek simultaneously recognise the fact, and heave a sigh of relief.

Meanwhile Philostratus has gathered up and adjusted his net, and is ready for another cast.

Once more the snare of death whizzes through the air, and once more the Latin gods, or his own steady eye and dauntless nerve, save Verus scatheless as by a miracle. It is now his turn, and straining every muscle he strives, but strives in vain, to overtake the Ionian, who eludes him as easily as before.

Again are the *rôles* reversed, and again, and yet again, is the same scene repeated.

And now the people, sated with blood, slowly yield to the tender influence of human sympathy and pity. First one voice—that of Martial—is raised, then another, then scores, then thousands, clamouring for the *missio* of both brave warriors.

Domitian is about to give a gracious assent. He looks at his consort, but she makes no sign. Martial and Hipparete are radiant.

Love and valour have triumphed. *Thalassio ! Thalassio !* Weave, ye graces, bridal crowns for the fairest maid and the most gallant youth that Hesperus has ever lighted to their nuptial bower.

Ah, curses on the envious Fates, and on the grinning mask of Nemesis !

At this momentous juncture Verus, upon whom exhaustion and the weight of his arms are beginning to tell, in spite of his tremendous strength, is laboriously and at a long interval treading upon

the flying footsteps of Philostratus, when, lo ! the latter, overcome by some temporary weakness, or dazed by the protracted excitement of the scene, or perchance lamed by some fragment of steel or other unseen obstacle in his path, suddenly relaxes his speed, totters for a moment, and then with a cry of wild and indignant despair, as though accusing the treacherous gods, measures his length on the sand.

The dark Samnite, who has so often narrowly escaped death at his hand, is upon him !

The fierce blood, the vengeful ire of the fell wolf of Beneventum surge within him. What cares he for the etiquette of the arena ! He does not even pause to look at the compassionate faces and the down-pressed thumbs indicative of mercy above him. He sees but his deadly enemy—the man who had strained every nerve, practised every device to slay him—within his grasp, and ruthlessly and instantly plunges his accursed blade into the Greek's defenceless bosom.

"Verus has conquered, and I have won my wager !" shrilled a woman's voice.

It was that of Domitia.

But a shriek from another woman's broken heart drew attention for the moment both from the Empress and the gladiators.

The frantic Hipparete, bounding over the barriers, gained the arena, reached Philostratus, took the fair dying hand very tenderly to her bosom, and bending down her ear to his lips received his last words : "Farewell, mine own Hipparete ! The gods are cruel. Life—love—victory—all snatched away in one fell moment. Kiss me, dearest and best. Alas ! our bridal must be in Hades."

Hipparete passionately kissed the lips of her lover as his spirit passed away.

Then seizing the dagger in the dead man's girdle, the wretched girl, for whom life was now a dreary blank, desperately sheathed it in her own heart.

POINTS ABOUT SPEAKERS.

THE Right Hon. William Court Gully, Speaker of the House of Commons, brings up the rear of a long and dignified procession. As nearly as can be ascertained, he is the 118th of his line, a line which has continued unbroken for more than 500 years. It was 100 years earlier still that the Commons were first summoned, and they had their leader or "prolocutor," but it was Sir Thomas Hungerford, in 1377, who first received the designation of "Parlour," or "Speaker." In early times the tenure of the office was very brief and uncertain. From 1413 to 1416 there were seven Speakers, and altogether there were fifty-two changes in the course of the fifteenth century, forty-four different names appearing on the list. In the following century the office had become more stable, and there were but twenty-five changes. In the seventeenth century the Speakership changed hands twenty-eight times ; but after this we come to a much more settled period. From 1700 to 1800 there were but twelve speakers, Mr. Onslow alone occupying the Chair for just one-third of the century. The present century will show a still further extension in the average tenure of office, for the Chair has had but nine occupants. There have, of course, been frequent re-elections, but there has been no instance since that of Sir John Trevor in 1689 of a Speaker being re-elected after an interval.

OFTENER IF NEED BE.

The tenure of the Speakership has naturally synchronised to a great extent with the duration of Parliaments. It was in 1328 that a statute was passed that a Parliament should be summoned "every year, or oftener if need be," and the records of that century show that the need for two Parliaments in one year arose on not a few occasions, though there was not one every year. Indeed, Blackstone gravely argues that this was not intended by the statute, which he punctuates thus : "every year, or oftener, if need be." He adds that the words were "so loose and vague that such of our monarchs as were inclined to govern without Parliaments neglected the con-

voking them sometimes for a very considerable period, under pretence that there was no need of them." Nevertheless there is evidence that the statute was recognised for at least a century after its passage as requiring a sitting of Parliament every year, and, as a matter of fact, from the date of the statute until 1454 there were only some half-dozen years in which a Parliament was not called. There were long intermissions under the Tudors and the Stuarts, and the Pensionary Parliament of Charles II. passed a statute that the sitting and holding of Parliaments should not be intermitted more than three years, but with the settlement of the revenue and the army on a Parliamentary basis the yearly meeting became a necessity stronger than any law.

SHORTEST AND LONGEST.

The period of occupancy of the Chair has varied from one day to thirty-three years. The shortest Speakership on record is that of Sir John Cheney, who was returned to the first Parliament of Henry IV. in 1399 as one of the Knights of the Shire for Cornwall. On the second day of meeting Sir John was chosen as Speaker and accepted by the King, "but the day following," says the "Parliamentary History," "the said Sir John, with the Commons, came again before the King, and declared that by reason of a sudden disorder, he was unable to serve, and that they had chosen Sir John Darewood in his place; beseeching the King to allow the said John Darewood to be Speaker of the Commons; which said Knight, having also made the usual protestation, was allowed as before."

The palm for length of service belongs to Mr. Arthur Onslow, and it is highly improbable that his achievement will ever be excelled. The work has become far too arduous for any man to perform it for a third of a century. Onslow was a very fine Speaker. In his time, says Mr. Massey ("Reign of George III.") the haughtiest and most angry combatant yielded to the authority of the Chair. His successors in vain employed expostulation and entreaty to quell disorder, and continually resorted to threats of "naming" members, but the great Speaker seldom had recourse to this extremity. When he did announce the necessity of naming a contumacious member he seldom had occasion to carry the awful menace into execution.

George Grenville, in proposing a successor to Onslow, said "There was in him experience, knowledge, authority, firmness, patience, and industry, despatch without precipitation, vigour of mind, supported by the most unfettered integrity, and tempered by the most extensive benevolence and gentleness. Equally free from the

sordid love of money and from the dangerous taint of power, he was impartial to all, a constant encourager of rising genius, desirous to assist the most ignorant and able to instruct the most knowing." Truly a fine eulogy !

A DEBATE THAT KILLED TWO SPEAKERS.

In his lecture on "Old Journals of the House of Commons," delivered at Carlisle last winter, Mr. Speaker Gully thus alluded to the tragic story of the Speakers in Richard Cromwell's Parliament : "After nine long days' debate the House sat all night till 1.0 p.m. next day. Mr. Chaloner Chute, the Speaker, was compelled by sickness to leave the Chair, and he died a few weeks later. Sir Lisleborne Long, who had been chosen in his place, sat for four days, when he also succumbed, and died a few days later. Thus one debate killed two Speakers. In the course of this long debate one member said plaintively : 'Mr. Speaker, I perceive the House grows empty, so do our bellies. I pray you would adjourn for an hour.' But the House sat on relentlessly till four."

Poor Chute, a respectable lawyer, was in no condition when elected to direct the debates in those stormy times. He was chosen when the Parliament met on January 27, 1659, although he besought the House to think of some other person more worthy and of better health and ability. The long sittings overcame him, and on March 9, after vainly pleading to be released from the office altogether, he was given leave of absence, and Sir Lisleborne Long was appointed in his place. Long, who had been knighted by Cromwell, and sat for many years as member for Wells, is described by Whitelocke as "a very sober, discreet gentleman, and a good lawyer." As we have seen, he broke down after four days, and just a week after the members had appointed him to the Chair they were shocked to receive the report of his death. A deputation was appointed to visit Chute, and reported him very infirm and weak, but still the House did not relieve the poor man of his post. They appointed Thomas Bampfield to take the Chair as deputy, and went on hammering away at the question of the constitution and powers of Cromwell's so-called House of Lords and the qualification of the Scotch and Irish members of the House of Commons. On April 15 Chute succumbed to his maladies, and Bampfield was formally appointed Speaker. But the end was then at hand. A week later Richard Cromwell announced his intention to abdicate, and the Parliament was dissolved.

A HIGH, PROUD, AND SAUCY SPEAKER.

The election of Speaker is not complete until confirmed by the Crown. "This is only as yet a nomination, and no election," said Sir Edward Coke to Elizabeth in 1592, "until your Majesty giveth allowance and approbation. For (he went on, in the high-flown language of the time) as in the heavens a star is but *opacum corpus* until it has received light from the sun, so stand I *corpus opacum*, a mute body, until your Highness's bright shining wisdom has looked upon me and allowed me." The assent is now purely formal—indeed, only one instance is recorded of its refusal. This was the case of Sir Edward Seymour, who was described by Pepys as a very high, proud, and saucy man. Sir Reginald Palgrave says he was the haughtiest man alive, of high rank, distinction, and wealth. He never forgot that he was head of the elder branch of the Seymours (his ancestor, the Protector Somerset, having disinherited his firstborn), and when it was suggested to Sir Edward that he was of the family of the Duke of Somerset, he would retort—"Pardon me, the Duke of Somerset is of my family." He had been Speaker in two of the Parliaments of Charles II., and in 1679 he was again nominated. He had meantime become estranged from the Court, and when he went to the House of Lords for his Majesty's approbation, he was informed by the Chancellor that the King "thought fit to reserve him for other service and to ease him of this," and the Commons were sent back to choose another Speaker. This they refused to do, and three times they voted remonstrances; but the King's reply was, "All this is but waste of time, and therefore I desire you to go back again and do as I have directed you." Eventually the Commons yielded to the undoubted prerogative of the Crown and chose Serjeant Gregory as their Speaker. The opposition to the King was led by Henry Powle, who, curiously enough, himself defeated Seymour ten years afterwards in a contest for the Speakership of the first Parliament of William and Mary.

When Seymour was Speaker his dignity was tremendous. "You are too big for that chair and for us," said Sir Thomas Littleton on one occasion. "For you that are one of the governors of the world to be our servant is incongruous." Sir Thomas was doubtless a little ironical. Once when Seymour's carriage broke down at Charing Cross the beadles, by his orders, stopped the next coach that came along and ejected the owner. Seymour then took possession and drove away, merely explaining that it was fitter for the gentleman to walk in the street, than for the Speaker of the House of Commons to do so.

THE PLEA FOR RELEASE.

Sir Edward Seymour, the only Speaker ever refused by the Crown, was also the first to break through the ancient custom of asking the Crown to refuse him. This was, however, no mere coincidence. The Commons knew the King's inclination and instructed Seymour not to make the usual plea.

The first to plead for exemption appears to have been Sir Richard Waldegrave, who represented Suffolk *temp.* Edward III. and Richard II., and, being chosen Speaker in 1382, desired the King to excuse and discharge him from the office. But the King insisted that having been "*eluz par ses compaignons*" he must fulfil the duties. This plea soon became an established custom, but the only instance of its acceptance appears to have been that of Sir John Popham, a gallant old warrior, who was chosen in 1450, and successfully pleaded that he was entitled to exemption by reason of his wounds and bodily and mental infirmities. Henry VI. excused him, and the Commons acquiesced.

Some of the greatest men have been most abject in the profession of their disability. The "Parliamentary History" records how Sir Thomas More, in his speech to Henry VIII., "brought in a story of Phormio, the philosopher, who desired Hannibal to come to his lectures, which, when he consented to and came, Phormio began to read *De re militari*, Of Chivalry; that as soon as Hannibal heard this he called the philosopher an arrogant fool to presume to teach him, who was already master of chivalry and all the arts of war; so," says Sir Thomas, "if I should presume to speak before his Majesty of learning and the well ordering of the Government, or such like matters, the King, who is so deeply learned, such a master of prudence and experience, might say to me as Hannibal to Phormio; wherefore he humbly besought his Majesty to order the Commons to choose another Speaker." According to custom, the Chancellor, on behalf of the King, expressed the opinion that the Commons had chosen the fittest person. Indeed it is quite probable—as it was often the case in those days—that the King had himself nominated More to the Commons for the Speakership.

In later times Mr. Spenser Compton, afterwards Earl of Wilmington and Prime Minister, put the point neatly. On being confirmed by King George I. he observed that "His Majesty had thus given proof that he will never deny anything that can be asked of him by his faithful Commons, because it will be impossible for them ever to make a request that could be more reasonably excused."

But the most curious plea for relief was that of poor Serjeant

Yelverton, a very eminent lawyer and Parliamentary debater of Elizabethan days. The Queen and all the officers of State and members of both Houses being assembled in the House of Lords the day after his election, just 300 years ago, the learned Serjeant said:—

“Whence your unexpected choice of me to be your mouth, or Speaker, should proceed I am utterly ignorant. If from my merits strange it were that so few deserts should purchase, and dearly, so great an honour. Nor from my ability doth this your choice proceed; for well known it is to a great number in this place now assembled that my estate is nothing correspondent for the maintenance of this dignity. For my father, dying, left me a younger brother and nothing to me but my bare annuity. Then, growing to man's estate and some small practice of the law, I took a wife, by whom I have had many children, the keeping of us all being a great impoverishment to my estate, and the daily living of us all nothing but my daily industry. Neither from my person nor nature doth this choice arise, for he that supplieth this place ought to be a man big and comely, stately and well spoken; his voice great, his courage majestical, his nature haughty, and his purse plentiful and heavy. But contrarily the stature of my body is small, myself not so well spoken, my voice low, my carriage lawyerlike and of the common fashion, my nature soft and bashful, my purse thin, light, and never yet plentiful.”

On these very ample grounds he urged that a more worthy and efficient person should be chosen, but the House being “unanimous in their option” the Queen confirmed their choice. The Parliament sat but two months and granted the Queen such ample supplies that she was able to do without another Parliament for four years. Yelverton, who had played his cards well, received “double thanks” from the Queen and was soon afterwards appointed a Judge of the Queen's Bench.

Sir Fletcher Norton was the first after Sir Edward Seymour to break through this rule of self-depreciation. Unlike his predecessors, he did not ask leave of the Commons to plead “in another place” his inability to discharge the office, neither did he present such a plea to the Throne. His successors, Mr. Cornwall and Mr. Addington, asked permission to excuse themselves, but it was refused, and since then the custom has not been revived.

FLOWERY ORATIONS.

The Speakers in early times were accustomed to well earn the title. The habit of flowery oratory in addressing the Sovereign

reached its zenith under the Tudors. Two or three brief examples must suffice. Sir Thomas Englefield, in announcing to Henry VIII. the subsidy granted by the faithful Commons, "bestowed great praises to his Majesty for the gifts of nature, fortune, and grace which God had given him, but more particularly enlarged on his promising valour, wonderful temperance, divine moderation in justice, and his avowed desire for clemency." In justice to the orator it should be said that this was in the first year of the Merry Monarch's reign, but twenty-eight years afterwards Sir Richard Rich, on a similar occasion, "praised the King for his wonderful gifts of grace and nature, comparing him for justice and prudence to Solomon, for strength and fortitude to Samson, and for beauty and comeliness to Absalom."

The oration of Speaker Thomas Williams to Queen Elizabeth in the fifth year of her reign is famous in Parliamentary annals and is set out fully by Mr. Manning in the "Lives of the Speakers." Here is a sample of it :—

"That noble Captain Hannibal, environed with his enemies in a strange country, sounded his trumpet to Council, and thereby prospered. So your Majesty hath now called the Prelates, Nobles, and Commons to Council for surety of the realm. We now so therefore assembled, as diligent in our calling, have thought good to move your Majesty, with the assent of this assembly, to build a strong fort for the surety of the realm, for the repulsing of your enemies abroad; which must be set upon firm ground, and steadfast, having two gates, one commonly open, the other as a postern, with two watchmen at either of them, one governor, one lieutenant, four soldiers, and no good thing there wanting; the same to be named the Fear of God, the governor thereof to be God, your Majesty the lieutenant, the stones the hearts of faithful people, the two watchmen at the open gate to be called Knowledge and Virtue, the other two at the postern to be called Mercy and Truth, all being spiritual Ministers. . . Therefore to build upon this fort, the Fear of God, is nothing lacking to a happy life, for by God are all princes appointed. Who put down Saul? Who made David king?" and so forth.

LAWYERS AND THE CHAIR.

It is not a little surprising to find, on examining the records, the very large proportion of Speakers who have been lawyers. It is impossible to ascertain the exact number, but it is safe to say that of the 118 Speakers about 100 were trained to the law. There were a few exceptions in the early days and some half-dozen during the last 200 years, but the custom of electing lawyers was so well established

in Bishop Burnet's time that he fell into the error of saying that Sir Edward Seymour was the first Speaker of the House of Commons who was not trained to the law.

The fact is of more importance from a constitutional point of view than appears at first sight, for the inevitable tendency of a legal Speaker was to think rather of his own professional advancement than of the maintenance of the rights and privileges of Parliament. This was especially the case when Parliaments were short and the tenure of the Speakership but an incident in a career. The point is well stated by Mr. Manning, himself a lawyer. "The worst feature in the conduct of Parliamentary affairs," he says, "was the appointment of lawyers to the Chair, for their professional hopes and prospects depended so entirely upon their subserviency to the Court that the exhibition of a spirit of independence by a legal Speaker is scarcely to be found upon the records of the olden time." This is a real blot upon the history of the Speakership. Time after time we find subservient Speakers promoted to the judicial bench or to legal office under the Crown. Not a few became Lord Chancellor or Lord Keeper.

SPEAKERSHIP AND OFFICE.

This predominance of gentlemen of the long robe will account for the fact that very few Speakers have proceeded to high ministerial office. Apart from legal appointments it would be difficult to mention more than half a dozen instances, and, as it happens, in four of these cases the Speaker became Prime Minister. These were Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, who was Speaker in 1700; the Hon. Spenser Compton, Speaker from 1715 to 1727, and Premier in 1742 as Earl of Wilmington; the Hon. William Grenville, who occupied the Chair for six months in 1789, and seventeen years afterwards presided over the Ministry of All the Talents; and Henry Addington, Viscount Sidmouth, who succeeded Grenville in the Chair and preceded him in the Premiership. Neither Harley nor Compton had a legal training, and though the other two studied the law, both abandoned it early, on the advice of Pitt, for the pursuit of politics. Addington is the only man who was ever called from the Chair to form a ministry. Sir Richard Onslow and John Smith, Speakers in the early years of the eighteenth century, each became Chancellor of the Exchequer, but the post was then a comparatively unimportant one under the Lord Treasurer. Sir William Bromley, another of Queen Anne's Speakers, became a Secretary of State. Formerly it was not uncommon for some other office to be held concurrently with the Speakership, usually a judgeship. Mr. Arthur Onslow, while in the Chair,

was for nine years Treasurer of the Navy, but he then resigned the appointment as being inconsistent with the discharge of his duties as Speaker. This is the last instance of another office being held in conjunction with the Speakership.

HONOURS TO SPEAKERS.

The custom of conferring a peerage upon a retiring Speaker appears to have become well established, but it did not arise until the present century. When Mr. Arthur Onslow retired in 1761, and the Commons petitioned George III. to confer some signal mark of honour upon him, the Royal favour took the form of a pension of £3,000 a year for two lives. His successor, Sir John Cust, member for Grantham, received no title; the next Speaker, Sir Fletcher Norton, was created Lord Grantley; Charles Wolfran Cornwall (1780-1789) remained a commoner; the Hon. William Grenville (1789) succeeded to an hereditary peerage; Addington (1789-1801) received the title of Viscount Sidmouth for subsequent political services; and Sir John Freeman Mitford (1801) became Earl of Redesdale as Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Up to this time, therefore, Norton appears to have been the only Speaker ennobled for his services in that capacity. During the present century every Speaker has received a peerage and a pension on retiring from the Chair, the list being as follows, with date of first election:—

- 1802—Charles Abbott (Helston), Tory, Baron Colchester.
- 1817—Charles Manners Sutton (Scarborough and Cambridge University), Tory, Viscount Canterbury.
- 1835—James Abercromby (Edinburgh), Liberal, Baron Dunfermline.
- 1839—Charles Shaw-Lefevre (North Hampshire), Liberal, Viscount Eversley.
- 1857—John Evelyn Denison (North Notts), Liberal, Viscount Ossington.
- 1872—Henry Bouverie Brand (Cambridgeshire), Liberal, Viscount Hampden.
- 1884—Arthur Wellesley Peel (Warwick), Liberal, Viscount Peel.
- 1893—William Court Gully (Carlisle), Liberal.

Mr. Manners Sutton and Mr. Henry Brand received the Grand Cross of the Bath while serving in the Chair, and if we go back nearly four centuries we find an instance of a Speaker receiving what is now considered a higher honour even than the peerage. Henry VIII., in full Parliament, conferred upon Sir Thomas Nevill—Speaker, the insignia of a Knight of the Garter.

POLITICS OF SPEAKERS.

Since the beginning of last century there have been eleven Whig or Liberal Speakers and nine Tories, and it will be observed from the foregoing list that no Tory has been elected to the Chair since the first reformed Parliament. Apropos of this a curious little incident is recorded in the life of Mr. Cecil Raikes. In July 1876 Mr. Brand was unwell, and Mr. Raikes, as Deputy Speaker, was called upon to take the Chair for the first time. In a letter to his son dated "From the Chair" he wrote: "I must begin my letter to you from this place, where I am sitting for the first time as Speaker (and where no other Tory has sat for 40 years), although I can hardly find an opportunity to finish it to-night—as I think you may like to keep it afterwards."

SIR EDWARD COKE'S STOMACH ACHES.

The office of Deputy Speaker which Mr. Raikes held is quite a modern one, having been first created in 1853. Previously in case of the incapacity of the Speaker the House had either to adjourn or to appoint a member as temporary Speaker. Now the Chairman of Committee is invariably appointed deputy, and takes the Chair as a matter of course when occasion arises. An instance of the illness of the Speaker causing the adjournment of the House is thus quaintly told by Sir Symonds D'Ewes:—

"On Saturday the 24th day of February (1592), the House being set and a great number of the members assembled, Mr. Speaker (Sir Edward Coke) not being then come to the House some of the House said to one another they heard he was sick, and one affirmed it to be so indeed, showing that he had been with him this morning himself, and left him sick in his bed, and his physician and his wife with him; and some others, supposing that he would shortly signify unto this House the cause of that his absence, moved that the clerk might in the meantime proceed to saying of the Litany and Prayers; which being so done accordingly the Sergeant of this House, presently after the said prayers finished, brought word from Mr. Speaker unto the Right Honourable Sir John Wooley, Knight, one of Her Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, and a member of this House, and then present in the same House, that he had been this last night, and also was this present forenoon, so extremely pained with a wind in his stomach, and looseness of body, that he could not yet without his further great peril and danger, adventure into the air at this time, which otherwise most willingly he would have done, &c. All the

members of this House being very sorry for Mr. Speaker his illness, rested well satisfied, and so the House did rise, and every man departed away."

THE CASTING VOTE.

When the House is in Committee the Speaker has the same right to speak and vote as any other member, but when in the Chair he can only speak on questions arising out of the function of his office, and he never votes except there is an equality without him. The Speaker of the House of Lords—as the presiding peer (always the Lord Chancellor if he be present) is sometimes called—may both speak and vote, and he has no casting vote. If the members be equal the non-contents are held to have carried the question in the negative. The Speaker of the Commons, in giving his casting vote, usually does so in accordance with the custom of the Lords—that is to say, he decides the question in such a way that the House will have a further opportunity of considering the subject. He is not bound to do so—in 1805 Speaker Abbott gave his casting vote for the condemnation of the unfortunate Melville—but in nearly all the instances recorded this custom has been followed.

SPEAKERS IN DEBATE.

Neither Mr. Brand nor Mr. Peel ever exercised the right to speak or vote in Committee, and the right will probably be allowed to pass into desuetude. The advantage to the Speaker of absolute dissociation from the proceedings of the House, except as an impartial regulator of them, is obvious, and this is more than ever the case now that such large powers have been placed in his hands. The last two occasions when a Speaker addressed the House in Committee were in 1856 and 1870. In the earlier year Mr. Shaw-Lefevre spoke in defence of the Trustees of the British Museum, of whom he was one, and in 1870 Mr. Evelyn Denison spoke and voted in favour of a proposal for exempting from licence duty horses kept for husbandry. In a discussion on one of the closure resolutions in 1882 Mr. Gladstone said he remembered Mr. Mannors Sutton making a speech in his hearing, in which he distinctly asserted his right to vote in Committee. This must have been very early in Mr. Gladstone's career, as Mr. Mannors Sutton ceased to be Speaker in 1835. The most emphatic instance of the exercise of this right during the present century occurred in 1813, when Mr. Abbott ^{an amendment} which had the effect of destroying ^{for} repealing, in an indirect way, the ^{lics.} ~~disability~~

The amendment was carried by a majority of four votes only. Such a proceeding on the part of the Speaker on a warmly controverted question would meet with universal condemnation in these days.

CONTESTS FOR THE SPEAKERSHIP.

Another change, correlative to that just mentioned, has not yet been fully accomplished, though the tendency towards it has become more marked during the last half-century—that is, the dissociation of the election of Speakers from party politics. Though the circumstances of the election of Mr. Gully gave the Conservatives some ground for using their strength in 1895 to place their own nominee in the Chair, they refrained from doing so, and we may be sure the example will not be lost sight of. There have been some keen fights for the Chair, even in the present century. The warmest of these was associated with the name of Mr. Manners Sutton, who was elected seven times. This is a “record,” for though he sat only eighteen years he presided over several very short Parliaments. Mr. Onslow's Parliaments, on the other hand, were exceptionally long ones; during his thirty-three years of office there were but five general elections. The Reform Ministry in 1833 supported the re-election of Manners Sutton, though he was a pronounced Tory; but two years later, when Peel had made his unsuccessful appeal to the country, the Whigs and Radicals were agreed in determining to oust the old Speaker. He had certainly given them some provocation. According to Sir Spencer Walpole, “In the summer of 1834 he actually presided over a dinner of the Conservative party. In the autumn it was everywhere rumoured that he would accept high political office in Peel's Cabinet. The Whigs had the mortification of seeing that the Speaker of the House of Commons attended meetings of the Privy Council at which the routine business of the Tory Government was conducted, and that he was in almost constant communication with the Duke of Wellington.”

As the time for the election approached there was intense excitement in political circles. Parliament was to meet on February 19, and on the 15th Greville wrote in his diary: “Dinner at Miss Berry's, and Lord John Russell came after. Told me that he had 320 people to vote with him for the Speakership (of whom perhaps twenty will not go) so his party make sure of it. Nobody talks of anything else, and what has been written on the subject in pamphlets and newspapers would fill volumes. Though it has become inconceivably tiresome, I cannot help writing and talking about it myself, so impossible is it to avoid the contagion.” The Whig

the Speaker declined to take advantage of the excuses made for him and insisted on his shilling going into the poor box.

PARLIAMENTARY GENEALOGY.

In a debate on a motion to prosecute printers for publishing the proceedings of the House of Commons in 1751, Mr. Onslow (son of Speaker Arthur Onslow), who seconded his cousin, Col. Onslow, in initiating the proceedings, boasted of the part he had taken as peculiarly becoming the descendant of three Speakers, thus laying himself open to a crushing retort from Burke. "I have not," said the incisive Irishman, "the advantage of a Parliamentary genealogy. I was not born, like the honourable gentleman, with 'order' running through my veins, but as the gentleman boasts of his father his son will never boast of him. The Parliamentary line is cut off." This rebuke to pomposity "brought down the House," and was not distasteful even to the political friends of Onslow.

COUNTING HIMSELF OUT.

It is a recognised rule of procedure that the Speaker cannot take notice of the number of members present unless his attention is called to it, but this may be done in more ways than one. Sir Reginald Palgrave ("Lectures on the House of Commons") recalls an instance in which a very serious gentleman was delivering a very serious oration to about a score of members. Vexed by the paucity of the attendance to hear so important a speech, he began joking ironically about the crowded House and the packed benches that he pretended to see around him. "Order, order," cried the Speaker, and the very serious member had to sit down, wondering what was coming. The Speaker, after the usual interval, began in all solemnity to count "one and two and three," and as he could only count twenty he declared the sitting at an end, the group of members dispersing amid much laughter. Sir Reginald does not mention the names of the parties to the joke, but his authority for the fact is, of course, unimpeachable.

SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.

It is an invariable rule that members must address their remarks to the House through the Chair, and though in the flow of argument an orator is often allowed without remonstrance to use the second person plural in admonishing his opponents, the first words are always addressed to the occupant of the Chair. This, like many other rules of debate, has percolated from the House of Commons

down to all our minor assemblies, and the consequence is that few members find any difficulty in complying with the custom. Not infrequently, however, ruling habits prevail, and a new member involuntarily discloses the nature of the assembly to which he has been accustomed. In a debate on the Irish Land Bill in 1894 Mr. Kenny, an Irish Q.C., convulsed the House by addressing Mr. Speaker as "My Lord." Mr. Powell Williams, in the same Parliament, saluted him as "Mr. Mayor," and an effervescent Irishman, Mr. Bodkin, astonished the Speaker by giving him the dignity of "Your Reverence."

JAMES SYKES.

THE FOUNDER OF A DYNASTY.

AMONG the "mushroom kings" of Bonaparte—that tribe of brothers and brothers-in-law among whom the victor parcelled out his conquered territory, and who, after his fall, were thankful to be allowed to "sink into obscurity"—stands one, differing from his fellows in that, if his line was of "mushroom" growth, it belonged to that family of *agaricus* which outlives the oak on which it takes root. Moreover, Bernadotte, the head of the present royal house of Sweden, was not a creature of Bonaparte's, nor was he, either before or after his kingship, the obedient subject that Bonaparte wished him to be. Posterity has its choice, whether to praise him for not being a sycophant, or to brand him as an ingrate and a traitor. Bernadotte himself persistently refused to write any account of his conduct. "Ah! public opinion!" he said, laughing, when the subject was pressed upon him, "well is it called the queen of the world! we all know that queens are capricious. Historians will find out all about me that concerns the world, and the rest matters not. So, *mon cher*, no memoirs!"

The "historians," thus put on their mettle, have discovered that Jean-Baptiste-Jules Bernadotte was the second son of Henri Bernadotte, a well-to do lawyer at Pau under Louis XV.—not an inn-keeper, as has sometimes been stated, probably by confusion with Murat. It was thus among prosperous and comfortable bourgeois surroundings that the destined king entered—prematurely—upon the world. Some injudicious boy-cousins of Mme. Bernadotte thought to give her a pleasant surprise by bursting upon her in their carnival dresses, and the untoward result was that her infant came into the world, January 26, 1764, two months before he was expected. And to this untimely winter birth, he in his latter years ascribed his susceptibility to the cold of his adopted country of Sweden. Everyone despaired of the child's life at the time, save only a devout peasant foster-mother, who maintained that angels watched his cradle, and that high destinies were in store for him. But the mother took little heed of these presages, and she gave marked preference through childhood and youth to her first-born, a person so insignificant

that no biography we have as yet discovered has recorded his Christian names. This eldest son, the spoiled child of the family, grew up to be a man of wit, and of wit which sometimes outran discretion. He made a butt of a good old President, who had been the family friend and patron; the younger brother urged the claims of gratitude and of reverence for age; and the result was a quarrel between the brothers, which resulted in the younger one, then aged sixteen, leaving his home, and offering himself to the Royal Marines (September 3, 1780). Young Bernadotte proudly rejected all bounty-money, and was anxious only lest the magistrate who should swear him in should think it a duty to tell his father. "We will manage that," said the Captain, eager to secure a recruit whose height and shoulder-breadth were unusual for his years. So the two set off at daybreak to a village where young Jean-Baptiste was not known by sight, and they found no difficulty in obtaining the mayor's *visa*. In another hour the new recruit was on his way to headquarters, leaving his family to rend their hair when the news came.

The first event of the youth's military life was not encouraging, for he had a dangerous illness, in which he was actually certified as dead by the hospital surgeon, and woke from a trance to find himself, as an unusually fine physical specimen, set aside for dissection. Two years of garrison in Corsica so weakened him that his Colonel, De Lonze—a native of Pau, and interested in the lad for his father's sake—sent him home with a six months' leave, twice renewed, during which time friends and kinsfolk used every persuasion against the Army and in favour of the Bar, the hereditary profession. But Bernadotte had been reading about Hernan Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, and small as was the chance of similar glories under the French monarchy, it was enough to decide him upon remaining in the profession where the prizes were few, but splendid. He returned to his regiment in 1785, where he rose in three years to the rank of sergeant-major, under which title he acted as adjutant, though it was not until 1790, when democratic influences came in with the new Constitution, that he was allowed to bear that name. In after-times, Marshal Bernadotte was wont to declare that these few steps had cost him more hard work than all those that came after.

When the new-made adjutant appeared at a review at Marseilles, the General Marquis de Boutilliers said of him: "If Monsieur's conduct is worthy of his looks, he ought to be promoted." "I assure you, General," replied eagerly the Colonel Marquis d'Ambert, "his looks are the least thing about him." D' / ; soon

to be made good. Bernadotte, on his way to give the report of guard, was beset by a gang of after-supper patriots, who pressed on him the national cockade. Bernadotte fixed it on his sword-hilt. They looked significantly at his hat. "No," said he, touching his white cockade, "this stays till my superiors countermand it. A soldier is not his own master like you : he must observe discipline, if you would have him fit to defend you." They applauded, and Bernadotte went his way. But other soldiers had been less firm, and Colonel d'Ambert, on the rumour that they were "fraternising" with the people, was hastening back to Marseilles, where the National Guard posted at the gate made difficulties about admitting him. The patriots reviled the aristocrat, the soldiers rallied round their Colonel, and the end of it was, that Bernadotte snatched D'Ambert from the hands of a raging mob, thrust him within the door of the Hôtel de Ville, and then turned to answer the cries "A la lanterne !" "Marseillaise ! will you soil your hands with murder ? If the Colonel has offended, it is for the law to judge him. Till then, you shall come at him only across our bodies." Meanwhile the Procureur Barbaroux (the future Girondin victim) came out and delivered, mounted on Bernadotte's shoulders, a conciliatory harangue, which had the effect of dispersing the mob. As he was set down, he grasped Bernadotte's hand : "*M. l'adjutant*, you are a man who will get on. With ordinary luck, I predict glorious destinies to you."

D'Ambert was sent to Paris for judgment, and while there, he mentioned Bernadotte to the War Minister, and obtained for him the offer of a lieutenancy in the regiment of Anjou—one of the new democratic appointments necessary to fill up the gaps caused by emigration. Bernadotte was loth to quit his comrades ; the more so, that they were bound for St. Domingo, a climate in which promotions would be rapid. But the Colonel who had succeeded D'Ambert pointed out that a European war was imminent. "And with war, *mon ami*, your fortune is certain."

Bernadotte was placed in command of an amalgamated corps of volunteers and old soldiers, which, within two months, was cited as a model of discipline. He saw active service first at Spire, and then at Mayence, where he won Custine's praise for having, by an apt harangue, restrained a bewildered battalion from charging into its own cavalry. Harangues under fire were a speciality of Bernadotte's ; his voice of thunder, his commanding height, his flashing black eyes, his lion-like mane of black hair, all contributed to their effect ; and in later years, these early triumphs of military oratory were cited as indications that he was born to reign.

Bernadotte again received commendation, not only from generals but, what was much more remarkable, from "agents-in-mission," for his seven hours' defence of the pass of Premontre, the key of St. Quentin. At Landrecies, he saw his fellow General-of-Brigade Goguet shot dead by his own men while he was in the act of rallying them. Bernadotte was about to break forth in wrath, but the dying man exclaimed with his last breath, "Keep cool, it was a mere mistake. Reserve thy strength for the enemies of the Republic." Here, again, one of Bernadotte's ready harangues repressed a rising sympathy of his own men with the mutinous brigade. Discipline was re-established, though not so satisfactorily as to save Bernadotte from the censures of Saint-Just and the other agents-in-mission. However, on his intimation that he was "quite ready to abandon the arduous trade of general, and to carry a musket behind any leader they liked to choose," they became quiet.

The day after Landrecies, Bernadotte had again to take up Goguet's task of rallying a wavering brigade. Commands, threats, eloquence, were in vain till, like La Rochejacquelein before him, he tore off his epaulets and flung them into the ranks which the enemy were breaking. "I will no longer be your chief!" he cried, "you are dishonoured!" The speech had its effect; some volunteers were inspirited to make a stand, and recover the epaulets. Bernadotte was then able to lead them towards a road strewn with cannon and casks of brandy. "Are you not ashamed to leave your brandy to the Austrians?" They stopped and drank, whereby they were so invigorated that they were able to turn the cannon against the pursuing enemy, which hesitated, paused, and itself turned tail, enabling him to draw off his men in good order. Unknown to him, he had been watched by a police agent, sent down by the Committee of Public Safety, with orders to arrest him and poor Goguet as soon as they had got through the battle. And the result of the agent's report to the Committee was that the arrest was changed into a promotion to the rank of General of Division, which, however, he declined. "One brigade of these undisciplined men is quite enough to manage."

Next year he was transferred to the Army of Sambre-and-Meuse. A tale (which will not be found in biographies of Marceau) is told, that in a dispute about cantonments, Marceau was collared by his own men, and rescued by Bernadotte at the sword's point, while Marceau's own devoted friend Kléber stood by, muttering in his Alsatian accent, "Leave them alone, perhaps I should do no good by meddling." More certain is it, that at Altenkirchen, B

received the farewell of the dying Marceau, and exhorted his men to vengeance. After Fleurus, Kléber persuaded Bernadotte to accept the title of General of Division—"If you continue to refuse, you forfeit my friendship." While Bernadotte was leading his twenty thousand men across France from Metz to the Alps to join Bonaparte, many of them, in picturesque French phrase, "saw their steeple," and were instantly seized with home-sickness. Bernadotte, fearing desertions, granted furloughs to six thousand of them, assigning to each a fixed day of return, and a rallying-point along the line of march. Not one failed in his word.

Near Dijon, a brawl between soldiers and peasants resulted in the death of a peasant. Bernadotte at once arrested and sent before a court-martial the three most guilty; then, drawing up the army on the Place d'Armes of Dijon, he delivered an exhortation to discipline: "Let the Army of Sambre-and-Meuse bring unstained laurels to join with the Army of Italy." He wound up by proposing a subscription for the slain man's family, and headed it with a contribution of eight hundred francs. Further on, he had another difficulty. One of his regiments stopped short, demanding its arrears of pay; and Bernadotte, seizing one of the front-rank men by the collar, and threatening to decimate the whole body, obtained order, and the surrender of the ringleaders, whom he condemned to the ignominy of entering Italy under the guard of their comrades.

When they reached Milan, he had his first interview with Bonaparte. His fellow-generals asked what he thought of the rising commander.

"The vigour of twenty-five with the judgment of fifty," said Bernadotte. "He will be dangerous to the Republic."

Bonaparte, on his side, gave his impressions of Bernadotte: "A Gascon head, with the heart of a Roman." If these speeches are not made up after date, they prove that, like the Black Knight and the Clerk of Copmanhurst, each recognised the other as a man above the common.

The veterans of Sambre-and-Meuse, well conducted, and under strict discipline, found themselves looked on askance by Bonaparte's "enriched brigands," who branded them with the title of *messieurs*. However, Bernadotte vindicated his hardihood by not only crossing the Piave on foot at the head of his men, up to his neck in water, but after landing again plunging in to save two stragglers who had lost their footing. Pillage and devastation were recurrent griefs to him, and he "bounded for joy" at the news of the capture of Government salt magazines, and ordered that the salt

should be sold at once for the benefit of the suffering peasants. "We cannot make them love us," he said sadly, "but we can leave them under obligation to us."

Bonaparte's jealousy of Bernadotte seems first to have been stirred by Bernadotte's refusal to add his name to those of his colleagues, Masséna, Joubert, and Augereau, at the end of an address to the Directory drawn up by Bonaparte. Bonaparte *ordered* him to sign it; his comrades urged upon him the importance of maintaining the semblance of union, and Bernadotte finally made a compromise by drawing up and signing an address of his own, in a different style from Bonaparte's, and sending it on his own account to the Directory. Shortly after this he was despatched to Paris, to present the flags taken at Rivoli. From thence the Directory sent him to Marseilles to keep watch for an expected Royalist rising. Here he wooed and wedded Bernardine-Eugénie-Désirée, one of the daughters and co-heiresses of a rich merchant, M. Cléry. Her sister was already the wife of Joseph Bonaparte, and Napoleon himself had made an offer for Désirée in her sixteenth year, but her father said one Bonaparte was enough in the family. A year later, when Napoleon met her again, an orphan at the house of his brother and her brother-in-law, he renewed his addresses to her in person, and the two exchanged love letters, breathing first romantic attachment, then—on the demoiselle's side—bitter reproaches for his marriage with Josephine, and vows, for his sake, to abjure wedlock. Several writers have insinuated that the remembrance of this old flame accounts for much that would otherwise be inexplicable in Bonaparte's perpetually taking her husband into favour again after repeated quarrels. To us it appears that Napoleon's passion soon cooled down into the quiet goodwill which Willoughby tried to nurture towards Marianne Dashwood, "I shall be heartily glad to hear she is well married." His position enabled him to do more: he recommended to her sister and brother-in-law sundry of his officers who would make good matches for her, and the fortunate one was Bernadotte. And Désirée, who is described as a meek little person, with a great turn for romance and sentiment, seems to have transferred all her romance to her husband, to the extent—so writes Madame d'Abrantes, maliciously—of sometimes worrying him with her tears of sensibility. She wept when his duty called him away from her, she wept all the time of his absence, and when he returned, she wept because he would have to go away again. She wept also when her wifely duty summoned her to follow him away from her sister and her mother-country; and even when her husband was

called to the crown of Sweden, she lingered so long in France that Napoleon himself felt obliged to convey hints to her that the severance was unseemly. When Bernadotte's death left her Dowager Queen of Sweden she went back to live in Paris—a step in which Mme. de Rémusat sees plain proof of an attachment to the posthumous memory of Bonaparte. To this we reply that, not only had Napoleon then been deceased more than twenty years, but Désirée herself was close upon seventy—an age when ladies choose their residence more with a view to considerations of climate than to memories of departed loves.

To return to the affairs of the year 1798—the Directors were beginning to distrust the too successful and masterful General Bonaparte; and though the command of the “Army of England” was being held “provisionally” for him by Berthier, they made an attempt to throw him over by offering the command to Bernadotte instead. Bernadotte seems to have had no objection to accepting it, but on going to Milan, the headquarters of the “Army of England,” to meet Berthier and take over the command, he was amazed at receiving from him, not the command of an army, but merely a letter appointing him ambassador to Vienna. In this he discerned Bonaparte's overruling hand. His first impulse was to refuse the appointment, but against his better judgment, he let himself be talked over by Berthier, who urged that a capable man was needed for the diplomatic work in hand, to wit, the tranquillising the Austrians with regard to any future movements of the French upon the Continent.

“The choice,” says Las Casas, “*was not good*. In any case, it should have been a civilian.” Baron Thugut and his noble colleagues were loth to receive as their equal a man who had risen from the ranks, and they laid a trap for the new ambassador, by asking him, in the midst of an entertainment, if he knew one M. de Bethizy, an emigrant, “who repeats everywhere that he was once acquainted with you.” Now, the relationship between the impoverished exile and the rising general had been, as they were well aware, that of colonel and private soldier.

But Bernadotte disconcerted their scheme by replying with ready frankness, “Yes, indeed I do; he was my colonel, and I had the honour to carry a musket under him. I owe my first step in life to that brave officer's encouragements. I regret that my official position debars me from receiving him at the Embassy, but I hope you will let him know that his old soldier has never forgotten his obligations to him.”

This first snare was avoided, but there were others to follow. Bernadotte had not yet been installed at Vienna a week when the news came that Bonaparte had assumed the command of the Army of England, and that Berthier had been despatched with another force to invade Switzerland. The ambassador was keeping quiet and on the watch, when the Directors thought fit to send him French newspapers accusing him of *incivisme* and of concealing his national cockade. As a commentary on these, they expressed their surprise that "a general who had served so well under the Tricolour" should let these things be said of him, and they sent positive orders to him, if he had not done so already, "at once to distinguish his hotel by the national colours." The judicious course, no doubt, would have been to obey with as little ostentation as possible, but this was more than could be expected of human nature. The tricoloured flag which the Embassy displayed next day was full four yards long, and was conspicuously inscribed in German "Freiheit, Gleichheit, Brüderlichkeit." Now ill-luck had it that this day of all days was April 13, 1798, the anniversary of the general arming for the defence of the Austrian territory against the French Republic. The citizens and country-folk who had assembled for the commemorating fête tore down the flag, and then proceeded to break into the stables and kitchens; and when Bernadotte rose from his dinner-table and appeared at the gate to remonstrate, they charged him with being drunk, and the end was that the Austrian Government was obliged to send two cuirassier regiments to protect the French ambassador. Next day he sent in his resignation. This *échauffourée*, as Bourrienne calls it, delayed the Egyptian expedition a fortnight, and effectually put an end to all prospects of maintaining peace with Austria.

During Bonaparte's absence in Egypt, Bernadotte remained in Paris as War Minister, and was kept hard at work raising levies, and despatching them when they had barely learned their drill. On his arrival at Paris, he learned that one of his former colonels, the Marquis d'Ambert (the same whom he had formerly protected from the Marseillaise republicans), was now a prisoner in Paris awaiting death as a returned emigrant. At once Bernadotte wrote to the Directors that the pardon of this one man would be to him "a sufficient recompense for all I have done or may hereafter do for the Republic." The appeal was in vain. Then Bernadotte visited the prisoner privately, and hinted at the possibility of contriving an evasion. But the ex-noble shook his head. Life in exile was not to him worth the almost certain ruin of a prince before he had risked his life for him.

Bernadotte's only son was born at Paris, July 4, 1799, and was honoured by having for godfather General Bonaparte himself, who set aside for the while his vexation about the Vienna affair. The godfather chose for the infant the name of Oscar. Long afterwards, at St. Helena, when Las Casas remarked significantly how conveniently Bernadotte had discovered, on the offer of the Scandinavian Protestant crown, that his ancestors were Protestant, and also that his young son had a Scandinavian name, Bonaparte replied laughing, that he would say nothing about the Protestantism, but as for the name, it was his own choice entirely, in the days when he was "mad upon Ossian," and had marked the Italian version of that bard's supposed effusions first upon the list of books that were to form his sea-going library.

Suddenly, in September 1799, while the news was fresh of repulses in Italy, in Greece, on the Nile, while Bonaparte and his army were considered as good as lost in Egypt, and Paris was in a condition of discontent with everybody and everything but Bernadotte, there came, "like a thunderbolt," the announcement of Bernadotte's dismissal from office. What did this mean? *A coup d'état*? A plot against the Republic? Was it time for patriots to remember that *insurrection may become the most sacred of duties*? To the questions hurled from the galleries, the Directors in session replied with the well-worn phrase about "dying on their curule chairs," and Lucien Bonaparte waved his arm and declaimed about "the dagger of Brutus." But nobody answered the question, Why was Bernadotte dismissed?

To give a short and plain answer would indeed have been difficult, for the secret history was complicated. The Abbé Sieyès, feeling decidedly "not strong enough for the place," had consulted Bernadotte on the proposition of despatching a naval division to Egypt to bring Bonaparte home. "Do you mean an army, with which to make himself Dictator?" replied the keen-eyed Bérnais. Sieyès thought this was being far too knowing.

Accordingly Sieyès invited Bernadotte privately to the Luxembourg, and engaged him in an absorbing conversation upon military affairs.

"No wonder, General," said he, as if seized with sudden admiration, "that you retain the desire to be again at the head of one of those armies which you have fired with your own noble ardour."

"Indeed I do," replied Bernadotte. "But I have all these armies to reorganise first."

Next morning brought an official communication to the War Minister.

The Directory, Citizen Minister, in accordance with your reiterated wish to resume active service, hastens to transfer your portfolio to General Millet-Mureau. The Directory will be glad to confer with you as to the command which it destines for you.

(Signed) SIEYÈS, *President*.

The resignation by the Citizen General Bernadotte of his function as War Minister is accepted.

Bernadotte seized a pen and wrote off, "I acknowledge the receipt, Citizens Directors, of your obliging letter accepting a resignation which I had not given." Then he sent to the Directors Gohier and Moulins to ask what this meant. They, as much taken aback as he, set forth to the Salle d'Audiences, where they found Sieyès and Barras. The ensuing conversation is best given in John Bunyan fashion :—

Gohier : Is it true that Bernadotte has ceased to be Minister ?

Sieyès : We have received his resignation.

Moulins : He never gave it.

Gohier : And if he had, how dared you to pronounce on so important a matter in the absence of your colleagues ?

Barras : You know, my colleagues, that *three* members of the Directory are empowered to make a decision, and that in that case, as with the five, the majority makes the law.

Gohier : I see ; it is to Barras and Roger-Ducos that we owe the recall of Bernadotte.

Sieyès : Are you going ?

Gohier : Yes, we are not wanted here ; and we have a duty to fulfil elsewhere. Money or empty titles might console a justly disgraced Minister : to him who has well served his country, we can offer naught but the assurance of our esteem. This we mean to do, and straightway.

Accordingly they waited upon the departing Minister in full official costume, with their guard of honour. "So it seems," said Sieyès, after reading the newspaper reports, "that you have made a pompous visit to Bernadotte?" "The most pompous that we could," replied Gohier firmly, "and we hope that you will not oblige us to make any more such."

The tempter is quickly at the ear of him who is bitter of soul. By five next morning, Bernadotte received a visit from a former Conventionnel, Chiappe, who assured him that the Republic was doomed, that a restoration was imminent, and that the Duke of

Enghien was even then in Paris, with authority to promise a revival of the office of Constable to reward a vigorous supporter. The whole of this last statement, Bernadotte afterwards learned, was a myth. However, his reply, being uttered in all good faith, deserves recording.

"Tell him who sent you that I have sworn fidelity to the Republic. But tell him also that, loth to betray a descendant of the great Condé, I will keep his secret for three days, and for three days only. The first of those days has begun ; make haste, for delay may be fatal."

Meanwhile Bonaparte returned from Egypt ; a fortnight passed, and every general had attended his *levée* except Bernadotte. Joseph and all the Bonaparte women urged the claims of affinity ; the Five Hundred solicited his subscription to the banquet to welcome the conqueror. "I should advise you," said Bernadotte, "to put off that banquet till you hear why he has abandoned his army." Bonaparte remarked privately to Bourrienne that Bernadotte loved him not, and in case of a division would be on the side of the brothers Joseph and Lucien. At last the interview took place. Bonaparte came fuming into his secretary's cabinet. Bernadotte *would* ask him what he had done with the army in Egypt, and it had taken all Josephine's tact to change the subject.

At half-past eleven on the night of the 17th Brumaire, Joseph Bonaparte called at Bernadotte's house in the Rue Cisalpine, and finding all shut up, returned at seven o'clock the next morning, declaring General Bonaparte *must* see him at once on affairs of State. Bernadotte accompanied him, rather against the grain. Joseph led him to Bonaparte's house in the Rue Chantierine, and left him on the threshold of a little room where Napoleon was breakfasting with his aide-de-camp ; while General Lefebvre (hitherto regarded as a staunch Directors' man) was standing, looking sheepish. Bernadotte had to frown at Lefebvre twice before he found courage to follow his example and sit down in accordance with Republican equality.

"What, you are not in uniform ?" exclaimed Bonaparte.

"I am not actively employed," replied Bernadotte.

"But you are going to be so in a minute."

"I have heard nothing of it."

Bonaparte rose and, taking his hand, led him into the next room. "The Directory," he said in an under-tone, "will be the ruin of the Republic unless we see to it. The Council of Ancients has named me Commandant of the National Guard. Just go and get on your uniform, and then come back to me at the Tuileries."

"No!" said Bernadotte firmly.

Bonaparte received this with the air of one unaccustomed to be crossed. "Ah! you count on Moreau, on"—here he ran off a string of names, military and legislative. "You mistake, they will all come over—*all*," and he repeated the names again. "Little you know the difference between promise and practice! Well, you will wait here till I receive the Council's decree, and then I shall know my own line of action, and can communicate it to you."

"General," said Bernadotte, raising his voice to be heard in the outer room, "I am a man who may be killed, but not detained against his will."

"Then give me your parole that you will not oppose me."

"As citizen, I will give it."

"As citizen? How?"

"I mean that I will not go about making speeches in the public squares, nor in the barrack yards. But if the legislative body calls on me to command its guard, I shall obey orders."

Bonaparte looked relieved. "Oh, I am easy on *that* score! But I wish you would believe that my only desire is to save the Republic, and then to retire to the society of some chosen friends, among whom I hope to include you."

Bernadotte murmured something incredulous, and walked away. The antechamber was rapidly filling with generals, among them Moreau and others whom Bonaparte had named, but not Jourdain and Augereau. These two last-mentioned generals Bernadotte summoned at once to a conference together with sundry legislators, and various vigorous measures were proposed, which were never put into effect. This was partly because a traitor in the council betrayed everything to Bonaparte; partly because, just when Bernadotte had agreed to resume his office of War Minister, and to take the command of the troops at Paris, they found that Barras had resigned, and that the legal number of three Directors did not exist to make a decision. More than once on that day of 18th Brumaire Bonaparte repeated, "If Bernadotte harangues the troops, I am lost." More than once the soldiers wavered at the sight of the persistent civilian blue frock-coat and white pantaloons, contrasting with the uniforms of the other generals; and the wearer of the frock-coat urged, now the legislators to force on a decree outlawing Bonaparte, and transferring the supreme command to him; now one of the faithful generals to muster a ~~force~~ ^{small} ~~and~~ ^{army} and then summon him to join in the name of the public ~~re~~ ^{weal}. All Bernadotte's ~~share in that day's re~~ ^{coming from Bonaparte}

the release of some members of the council whom he had arrested. "Is this your promise? You said that your measures were directed only against inefficient rulers of the State. As you keep your word, *so shall I*;" and the hint was enough. When such was Bernadotte's moral force, who can doubt, say later biographers, that he had it in his power to arrest the tyrant in his career, and that only a perhaps over-strict scruple of conscience withheld him?

Thus, it will easily be believed that the First Consul, on arriving at his power, was "more than cold" to Bernadotte, and, indeed, was anxious to get him as far away as possible. With this intent, he appointed him ambassador to the United States. And here comes a tale worthy the notice of Mr. Andrew Lang.

The General, with his wife and little Oscar in the carriage beside him, and his aide, Colonel Gérard, on the back seat, was setting out from his country house of La Grange, to take ship at La Rochelle. As the gates closed behind them, he looked back with a sigh, "Well, I suppose we have seen the last of this pretty place."

"Oh no, General," said the aide, "I do not think so at all."

"Why?" asked Bernadotte; and his wife echoed the question, for she dreaded the thoughts of expatriation.

"An old aunt of mine," replied Gérard, "in her kindly solicitude, would have me go with her to a fortune-teller at Paris. She asked if my friends would ever see me back? 'Console yourself, madame,' was the reply, 'neither your nephew nor his general will ever set out.'"

"Oh, is that all?" answered Bernadotte. "From your tone, I expected some more solid foundation."

Madame Bernadotte looked disappointed. However, they laughed, and thought no more of it. But lo! on arriving at La Rochelle, the frigate which they expected to find in waiting had just been telegraphed for, to convey a detachment to Guadaloupe. A second, despatched in its stead, was in its turn signalled to go to St. Domingo. A third was under repair at Rochefort, and would be ready in a few days.

"Here is my prophecy beginning to accomplish itself," said Gérard. "Bah! a week's delay!" But as they spoke—in came the day's *Moniteur*, containing two important pieces of news. One, that negotiations with America were ended; second, that England had declared war against France.

"Oh! now your sibyl is justified. Prepare to ride post." And Bernadotte wrote at once to the First Consul to offer his sword to

the *patrie*, and having despatched Gérard with the letter to Paris, he followed as fast as he could with wife and child.

Bonaparte thought he might have waited till he was sent for. However, Josephine urged the importance of maintaining a civil exterior ; so all the First Consul's revenge was to keep Bernadotte some days waiting for the command about which he had been so eager.

"Now, General," said Gérard, "as we have nothing to do, suppose you come with me to see my pythoness?"

"Very well," said Bernadotte.

So they put on plain clothes, and the General, guided by his aide, arrived at an inconspicuous apartment, in which was seated an old woman, before a table with a pack of cards. He introduced himself as a merchant anxious to know the success of his ventures.

The sibyl looked at her cards, then at him, and pronounced emphatically, "You are not a merchant ; you are a soldier, and, indeed, very high in the service, and your family is connected with that of the Emperor."

"Of what emperor?" cried Bernadotte.

"Of the First Consul, I should say," she corrected herself. But then she fingered anew her cards, and seemed to have forgotten her clients, and to be interested on her own account. "The First Consul will be Emperor! . . . Some clouds separate you at present ; but you are good friends at heart. . . . Ah ! how his star rises !" She paused, and they saw her eyebrows uplifted with surprise. "Monsieur ! beware of angering him, for he will be all-powerful. . . . He will see the world at his feet. . . . And you, monsieur, far, far from him, you shall reign a king. Yes, hark you, a king !"

"Go on," cried Gérard.

"I can tell no more, because I see no more," she muttered, and hustling her cards together, she leant back in her chair as if exhausted.

The two men retired silent and thoughtful, Bernadotte half suspecting a trick, to which, however, he felt sure that Gérard was no party. He imposed secrecy on him for the time, but withdrew the prohibition in later years.

Time went on, General Bernadotte had been actively employed here and there, and was so far on the way to fulfilling his part of the prophecy, that he had been steadily rising in the service, having gained the rank of Marshal and the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Bonaparte was about to fulfil the other part by assuming the Imperial crown, when, as was his wont on the occasions when he

meditated something high-handed, he despatched Bernadotte out of the way. This time it was to govern the conquered province of Hanover.

The anti-French feeling here was less strong than at Vienna, and Bernadotte had opportunity of making acquaintance with the Hanoverian officers, and of receiving them as guests at his table. Among them was an old General von Gonheim, who had borne arms under the East India Company. One day, at supper, it came out in the course of conversation that the new governor had seen his first service in the Royal Marines. Hereupon Von Gonheim brightened up, and related how, twenty years ago, in India, he had become much interested in a young sergeant of that regiment. "He was a wounded prisoner from the siege of Kuladore,¹ a man of education and manners above his station. I had him conveyed to my tent and attended by my surgeon; we became great friends at the time, but since then I have never been able to hear of him."

"Monsieur," said Bernadotte, "I was that young man."

The old General fell on his neck. With this tableau, most panegyrists break off, but the truthful biographer, Touchard-Lafosse, goes on to tell that Bernadotte's aides, with strange want of tact, said to him on leaving the table, "But, General, you always told us that you had never been in India." "Hush, hush," said Bernadotte, "that good old man is made happy, and my regiment is acquitted of the charge of ingratitude."

Bernadotte was certainly not devoid of a certain southern shrewdness. One day at table, with his staff, the conversation happened to fall upon Malta. "Malta!" said Bernadotte, turning to his aide, Adolphe Marbot, the elder brother of the more famous memoirist, "and pray, what do you know about Malta?" The young man answered, really very creditably, that it was an island in the Mediterranean, between Sicily and Africa, formerly governed by knights. "You should add," said Bernadotte, "that it was granted to them by Charles V., that it is eight leagues long, five across, rocky, with imported soil. It is strongly fortified; it surrendered to the French in 1798; it is fertile in oranges, lemons, melons, pomegranates, apricots, wine, cotton, and honey. It has eighty-eight thousand inhabitants, who speak Italian, French, modern Greek, and Arabic; the climate is excellent, the sky always serene. These are mere elementary facts, which every child knows, and which an officer is inexcusable for having forgotten. Study, young people, study!"

The whole staff was struck dumb at its chief's erudition. But Marbot contrived in the course of the evening to be sent on a mes-

¹ Probably Gulahur, held by Bussy against the British in 1783.

sage to the General's bedchamber, and there he found on the table this very description, in the hand of a teacher of geography, who was privately coaching Bernadotte, and thus qualifying him to play the part of the learned but otherwise highly objectionable child.

Two stories of somewhat similar character belong to a succeeding period, when, after another interlude of military service, Marshal Bernadotte, now created Prince of Ponte Corvo for his services at Austerlitz had settled down again as the governor of a conquered province—this time the province was Hamburg. Or perhaps it should be said of these stories that they show that, like many risen men, he had learned to enjoy the opportunities which elevation affords for showing condescension. In the city of Hamburg there sojourned an old French emigrant, M. de Bonald, a teacher of his native language, and author of a grammar in which, like Cobbett, he had thus manifested his feelings:—

“Example of the use of *que*—‘*On dit que Bonaparte est un grand général, mais il n'est qu'un brigand heureux.*’”

When Hamburg fell under the power of Bonaparte he was in a terrible fright, and hastily inserted in all copies a slip, “For Bonaparte read Bernadotte.” He had not reckoned on Bernadotte being the very man whom the usurper would appoint as governor of his new possession.

The new Governor was much amused at hearing of this libel upon himself in every school stationer's, but he felt, for his dignity, the offence must not go uncensured. Arraying himself for the occasion in full-dress uniform, with all his orders and decorations, he summoned before him the culprit—a white-haired, trembling old man—loomed terrible upon him with his lion-like aspect, and then, after working his victim into a state in which he probably expected instant execution, let him off with a lecture upon the unseemliness of slander and petty spitefulness, and finally ended the matter handsomely by buying up all the copies on sale at full price, and ordering that succeeding editions should be made strictly neutral.

On another occasion in Hamburg, it was the Governor's experience to find, as is the aggravating manner of things, that his box at the Opera had been filled up on the one night in a twelvemonth when it pleased him to make use of it. He had the Director of the Opera imprisoned, meaning, so it is surmised, to let him out next day. But before that time, the Senators of Hamburg took alarm, and came in a body to pray for the man's release, averring they would not leave the Governor's hotel till their request was granted. “Very well, sir, if they had to stay a week.”

you like," replied Bernadotte calmly. "But in that case choose your apartment, that I may take steps to have it properly furnished. This lodging (glancing round on the walls) is good enough for a soldier like me, but it would shame me to offer it to Senators." His hearers took the hint that the town of Hamburg had been somewhat shabby in its preparations for its alien Governor. They withdrew, and within two hours workmen and upholsterers were busy in the hotel; and simultaneously the Director was set free with a caution.

Bernadotte had been recalled from Hamburg to take part in the campaign of Essling and Wagram (1809), and was just setting out to escort his wife to Plombières, preliminary to his own departure on an embassy to Rome, when the event occurred that completed the fulfilment of the sibyl's prophecy. But to explain this we must diverge to the affairs of Sweden.

The King Gustaf III., whom Ankarstrom murdered, had been succeeded by his son and heir, under the title of Gustaf IV. But this Prince being the first-fruit of a marriage of twelve years' standing, his uncle, the Duke of Sudermania, had found occasion to cast an aspersion on his birth. Regarding this, we will imitate the discretion of Bernadotte himself, who, when he had come to reign in Sweden, sternly repressed all official allusion to the scandal. "It does not directly concern me," he said, "seeing that I owe my crown to election." And then he added, with equal truth and good taste, "The peace of no royal couple would be secure if such researches into private life were tolerated." What is of practical importance is, that the supposed low blood in the reigning monarch had broken out in divers eccentricities, such as taking flight on his wedding-day, finding the Apocalyptic number in the name of Napoleon, and, on the one occasion when he saw fire, retiring from the field, and going to bed with nothing to show but a bruise on his leg and a dint in his boot. Finally, in 1809, an attempt of his to seize upon the National Bank drove his subjects to revolt, and they deposed him by a revolution literally bloodless (for the poor King settled matters by falling ignominiously sea-sick at the first sight of a menacing crowd). In his stead they elected his uncle, the Duke of Sudermania, under the title of Charles XIII. He being childless, adopted as his heir August of Holstein-Augustenburg, son of a younger brother deceased. So far so good; but unluckily, one hot day in 1810, the young Prince August fell dead from his horse--apoplexy, said the doctors; but the populace raised a cry of poison, and his attendant, Count Fersen, of French Revolution fame, fell a victim to their fury. Then the Swedish States-General, dreading a proposal to reinstate the "madman," urged

Charles to choose an heir from among the great men of Europe. And his choice and theirs fell upon Marshal Bernadotte, either from his intrinsic merits, or, as some suggest, from a quite mistaken notion of conciliating Bonaparte.

The Marshal, upon receiving the offer of the Swedish succession, dutifully submitted it to his Emperor. "Accept by all means," said Bonaparte readily, "I myself am the elect of the people." But after a favourable answer had been returned, and formalities were entered upon, the Emperor seemed to be struck with misgivings. "You will of course swear never to bear arms against me?"

"Nay," said Bernadotte, "with your consent, I have already sworn fealty to the King of Sweden. I can retract my word if you bid me but no half-measures."

Napoleon pondered awhile. "Yes, go—our destinies must be accomplished." Bernadotte looked at him enquiringly, but he replied only by repeating his last words. Then, after a pause, he added, "And Sweden will submit to the Continental System!"

Bernadotte pleaded for time to consider. "Half a year at least, Sire, to study the condition and the sentiments of my new people."

"Half a year—but then proclaim yourself friend or foe." Bernadotte left the Imperial presence fully hoping to remain a friend. In the public audience of leave-taking which followed, Napoleon solemnly released him from all his oaths of fidelity and obligations to France. "You have now ceased to be French, and have become a Swede," he said to him. "Serve your new country as your old one."

Bernadotte set out in September, 1810, for Sweden. His wife and son were to follow him in the spring—much to the regret of that home-loving woman. "I had thought," she said, when she was made aware that residence would be essential, "that the title of Crown Prince of Sweden would be only like that of Prince of Ponte Corvo." At Elsinore he was met by the Archbishop of Upsala, before whom he readily pronounced his assent to the Lutheran Confession of Faith, conveniently announcing that his ancestors had been Huguenots (a fact hitherto unknown), and moreover (in which there is more likelihood), that during his residence in Hamburg he had been attracted towards the Lutheran Church, and had used his opportunity for enquiring into its teachings. It is quite possible that a general of the godless Revolutionary period may have ended by becoming a genuine convert to Protestant Christianity, and it seems unfair to parallel him with his contemporaries did, with Henry of Navarre, with a mass."

At Stockholm, Bernadotte took the oath of fidelity to the King and the constitution, and was crowned "King-Elect," by the name of Charles-Jean, adopting the first name for its associations with the glory of Sweden. These ceremonies, and the succeeding fêtes, were barely over, when the old King and the new Crown Prince received from the Swedish Minister at Paris tidings which confounded them. The decision, for which six months had been allotted, must be given in five days ! Bonaparte was raging. The Continental System, he declared, was set at naught ; there was still a Swedish Minister in London, and Swedish vessels were openly transporting goods from England to Germany. "Declare war with England at once," so ran the Imperial message, "or I confiscate your vessels, and fall on you with my Russian and Danish allies. You may thank your Crown Prince that this was not done two months ago."

The Swedish King, seeing in his mind's eye Cossacks ravaging city and hamlet, sat down and drew up a declaration of war against England then and there, while the new Prince was writing in distress to Bonaparte to know if they understood him aright. "I had hoped to combine the interests of both nations, and here am I hardly arrived, and they are embroiled." Receiving no answer, he wrote again in December, equally fruitlessly ; and meanwhile the English Cabinet treated the declaration of war for what it was worth, and the Swedish trade went on as before, only that the vessels were liable to be seized by French corsairs, with confiscation for the goods, and for the crews the choice between imprisonment or service on French warships. Bernadotte fell ill with vexation, and expressed himself weary of life. His wife, overcoming her reluctance to leave France, came over to nurse him. And, which was perhaps a still greater comfort, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, whom Bonaparte had held up *in terrorem*, sent, not only the customary formal message of congratulation to a new-elected brother-Prince, but also a private sheet conveying warm overtures of friendship and alliance.

Bonaparte replied at last, in March of the next year, to the effect that he too wished to be at peace with Sweden, but the concessions were not to be on his side. This made the King of Sweden take to his bed, so that the Prince was obliged to get up to act as Regent for him. His first measure was the vigorous one of seizing a French corsair, and then writing to Paris to beg that there might be an end of this trouble. The French Minister returned an affable reply, which soothed the King, but not the Prince, who had private information that Marshal d'Eckmuhl, nominally commanding an "army of observation" in Germany, was watching his opportunity

to invade Pomerania and Rugen. The opportunity came at last, on the night of January 26-27, 1812, supposed to be chosen because the Swedes were all busy celebrating Bernadotte's fête day. Eckmuhl coolly marched into Pomerania while there was a French Minister at Stockholm and a Swedish Minister at Paris.

On hearing this, Bernadotte wrote the famous letter to his former Emperor, and his comrade and connection by marriage, on which as much argument has been expended as upon the question whether it was right or wrong to rebel against the Stuarts :—

. . . Sire, if I have contributed to the glory of France, if I have desired her welfare, still I cannot sacrifice thereto the interests and independence of my adopted country. Little jealous of your glory and power, I am much so of not being regarded as your vassal. I am not a Coriolanus, nor do I command Volscians, but I think well enough of the Swedes to assure you, Sire, that they dare do all in defence of just rights, and in requital of unprovoked injuries.

Bonaparte trampled the letter under foot, and poured forth execrations on "the serpent nourished in his bosom." "A man who owes all to my bounty ! One whom I made general, marshal, duke, prince, and finally king !" Then he raked up old disputes, relating to the drawing up of troops, to political opposition, to conduct in the Ministry and in the Diplomatic Service. "How many times, for Joseph's sake, have I pardoned or excused him ! Sweden owes her very independence to France, her immunity from being swallowed by Russia. But Bernadotte, like an aristocrat of yore, demands his baptism of blood, and of French blood ! To satisfy his spite and his ambition, he betrays at once his old and his new country."

Meanwhile, Bernadotte was sending privately to Alexander of Russia, to ask if the friendly overtures in his former letter were meant in seriousness. That such was indeed their purport was shown by a Swedish-Russian alliance being signed March 24, 1812—before the opening of the disastrous campaign of that year, and while as yet there was no sign of the Napoleonic star waning.

Bernadotte's conduct while he was in conjunction with the Allies belongs to general European history. He directed his operations mainly towards Denmark and Norway, the subject kingdoms of France, and thus avoided the appearance of direct invasion of his mother country. After every victory, it was his practice to visit the French prisoners, assuring them of every consideration as compatriots and former brethren-in-arms. Joseph Bonaparte, his wife's brother-in-law, kept up a correspondence in hope of conciliation, but Bernadotte's one reply, repeated more emphatically as the campaign

went on, was to urge the Emperor to make peace, and speedily. "It is not this or that subject kingdom which is at stake, it is his Imperial crown." Napoleon, on his side, took the opportunity to enquire of General Skjeeldebrand, a Swedish prisoner, as to the popularity of the adopted Crown Prince. The reply was enthusiastic. Then Napoleon asked, with many flowers of rhetoric, whether Bernadotte could rend the bowels of his mother-country, whether he could forget that he was born a Frenchman. "We can flatter ourselves, Sire," was Skjeeldebrand's reply, "that he has become entirely a Swede."

However, Bernadotte retained so much patriotism that he himself was never personally an invader of France. He withdrew from the campaign when it passed beyond the Rhine, and he did not come to Paris till after Bonaparte's abdication, and then only for a few days—it is hinted, indeed, that his old comrades did not make his stay pleasant for him. In these few days, however, he met the Allied Sovereigns in council, and received from them, as his share of the fruits of victory, the cession of Norway, which was to be reunited to the Swedish crown, with himself for Viceroy. During the campaign of Waterloo he was peaceably employed, first in a triumphal return to Stockholm, where the old King met and congratulated him as the preserver of the country, and then in an equally triumphant progress through Norway with Oscar, now a lad in his teens, the darling of the peasants, who took off their fur gloves and put them on his hands to protect him from the unaccustomed cold, invited him into their cottages to taste their porridge, and applauded his attempts to speak their language, in which he displayed greater aptitude than his father.

Whether Bonaparte ever completely forgave the first defier of his authority may be doubted; but in the quiet and leisure of St. Helena, he was able to modify the violence of his opinion, or at least of its outward expression. To Las Casas, indeed, he harped upon the old grievance against Bernadotte. "Vain to reiterate that he had become a Swede. An excuse fit only for the gallery! A man can take a wife without renouncing his mother, or, at least, without piercing her bosom." O'Meara, however, seems to have caught him at a moment of calmer judgment and reflection. "Bernadotte was ungrateful to me," is the dictum recorded in the "Voice from St. Helena," "but I cannot call him a traitor. He in a manner became a Swede, and never promised what he did not intend to perform. And I feel sure that he did not foresee that his own movement would be the beginning of a series which would end in the loss of my throne."

The Napoleonic connection was kept up by the marriage, in 1823, of the Crown Prince Oscar with Josephine of Leuchtenberg, daughter of Eugène Beauharnois, and a worthy inheritress of the graces for which her grandmother had been famed. Of this union were born five children, of whom two in succession occupied the Swedish throne, Charles XV. (born 1826, succeeded 1859, died 1872) and Oscar II., born 1829, the present monarch, father of four sons, of whom three bear for their first Christian name that of Oscar, so as to ensure perpetuation of the loved appellation. It is curious that of all the kings made during the Napoleonic era, the one who did not directly owe his crown to Bonaparte should be the only one who has a grandson now on the throne, and curious also, that a passing fancy of Bonaparte's for "that stuff of Macpherson's" should have been the means of restoring to the Scandinavian royal house a name of undoubted Scandinavian origin.

French travellers visited the Swedish Court during the years of peace, and came away delighted with a palace where there were no sentinels and audience was free to all. The King and Queen who drove about in an open carriage, and who

returned graciously the willing salutations of their subjects. Advancing years, they declared with pride, had not dimmed the eagle eye, and had but little thinned or blanched the lion-like mane, or bent the giant form of Bernadotte, or Charles-Jean of Sweden, as we should rather call him. But Charles-Jean himself had to recognise, like all mankind, that

That which moulders hemp and steel,
Mortal arm and nerve must feel.

Infirmities crept upon him, first in the form of chilliness, which grew upon him every year, till at last there was hardly a night, even in summer, when he could dispense with his hot-water bottle. Then came touches of gout, loss of appetite, low spirits, which could only be momentarily revived by the gambols of his grandchildren, nervous anxieties for the safety of his wife and of his heir, and inquisitiveness as to the last illnesses of his predecessors, particularly of the great Gustavus Vasa, between whose case and his own he discerned some affinity. Finally, he began to be haunted by a foreboding of some coming evil, which was so great, and so disproportioned to existing circumstances, that when it was necessary to break to him the news of a favourite country seat being destroyed by fire, his prevailing emotion seemed to be relief that it was nothing worse. "I feel that this year will be my last," he said to the Court deputation which offered the customary New Year greetings for 1844, and his prediction was verified.

On January 25, 1844, the eve of his eightieth birthday, the King went to bed at his customary hour of eleven, apparently in his usual health, only somewhat weary. But at six o'clock the next morning the King's valet was roused by a tinkle so faint that he would have doubted whether it was more than a dream-sound, but that he saw the bell move. Rushing into the adjoining room, he found the King lying unconscious, with his head thrown back and his face high-coloured. Four doctors were at once sent for, and blood was drawn, but with so little effect that consciousness was not restored till two in the afternoon. The birthday fête was countermanded, the theatres were closed, and public prayers ordered. From the first the doctors had no hopes of the case, but, to their amazement, the condition of alternate stupor and peaceful delirium was prolonged till February 2, when the patient recovered consciousness, and mended to such an extent as to be able, by the middle of the month, to enquire with interest what foreign papers were saying about his illness, and to give his approval to the appointment of Oscar as Regent. For some days he was able to work, for half an hour at a time, with Oscar and

with his Chancellor ; he received the visits of the Lutheran Bishop of Stockholm, and, with a fellow-feeling for those who might be suffering from cold, he enquired as to the height of the thermometer, and gave orders for large distributions of fuel. On March 5 he began to sink again, and his family watched in hourly expectation of the end. At last, on the evening of the 8th, he regained consciousness, raised himself on his pillow, with arms spread in the attitude of a Lutheran pastor giving the benediction, and departed, with the word "Oscar" on his lips, and his eyes turned fondly upon his Queen. His Marshal of the Palace, Count Brahé, who had never left the King's side day or night, now took to his bed, and died in a few weeks, of regret and fatigue, but protesting that he was sufficiently recompensed by the remembrance of one moment when the King had waked from stupor or delirium to ask with anxiety, "Is Brahé still there?"

The founder of the House of Bernadotte rests under a sarcophagus of native porphyry, in a chapel newly-erected for him and his heirs, within the ancient Franciscan monastery on the isle of Riddarholms, which has been the burial-place of the Swedish kings from the time of Gustaf-Adolf.

E. PERRONET THOMPSON.

A BLACK NIGHT.

L

“WITH the barometer at 28.80, one may look out for squalls ; and when the time is winter, and the place an iron-bound coast, those squalls are all too likely to be charged with woe and tempest with disaster.”

So said I to myself, as I sat looking out on the ceaseless rain that dripped off the eaves, and splashed into pools on the gravel below. All outside was grey as lead, with a sullen and ominous calm ; just the sort of calm out of which a galloping gale loves to spring landward, scattering wreck and ruin broadcast.

Tired of the loneliness, “Croxteth !” I called to my housekeeper, “no tea for me this afternoon, please ; I’m off to old George.”

“Drat that old George !” I heard the good woman mutter, from the realms below. “Master ’ll sit there till he catches his death o’ cold, and then he’ll have his rheumatiz—and then, oh deary me—woe’s the day !”

I paid no heed—I never do ; but snatching up *sou’wester* and oilskins, sallied forth to smoke a pipe and while away an hour with my friend old George—that old George, as he is contemptuously styled in the village down below. Poor man ! they look on him as being, what in truth he is, a little wanting in wits. For all that I never fail to find him much to my mind ; and I felt his prattle would be the very thing to give my spirits a fillip in the dead dulness of that December day.

The village of my nativity has such a quaint old-world look that it seems to merit a word of description. And, indeed, many a man of nice discernment has come from afar to see for himself a spot rendered famous by artists of renown.

A narrow cleft in the rock opens seawards, with a brawling beck in its bottom ; and on the broken sides and ledges of the cliff our red-tiled houses, finding lodgment where and how they can, bask and cling, like sheep on a mountain fell. High moorland dale reach to the horizon, and the surprise with which a travel

on this chink, and finds himself on its brink, is not to be expressed. It is quite an easy thing to stand in the level field above and throw stones down half the chimneys of the place. I do not recommend the experiment as one altogether safe of trial; I merely mention it by way of indisputable fact. I have my vouchers—two freshmen of Queen's—but it is not a subject on which they care to meditate or dwell. Better had it been for those misguided youths to have overturned a hive of bees, or roused hornets with a stick, than thus provoke our fishermen at tea with their wanton stones. Hale and hearty did they march upon our village, maimed and limping did they retire!

Though with no harbour to brag of, we live mainly by fishing and the produce of the sea. Our roadstead is treacherous and insecure, our port obsolete. No craft bigger than a brigantine or top-sail schooner now comes nigh land, and then only to bring down a few needful stores, or export a cargo of dried ling and hake.

From the mouth of our *dene* a reef of rock runs out into the deep, and makes some shelter from the north. But in every gale of consequence this reef is swept by a smothering sea, and all ingress and egress barred. The piles of a jetty jut out on the south over against the reef, and serve as a mooring for boats when the times are fair and calm. Far oftener they glide up stream with the flood, and are drawn high and dry abreast their owners' portals. And a pretty sight it is to see wives and mothers, sisters and sweathearts, come out and accumulate and hail the hands aboard, and cry "What luck?"

A narrow bridge spans the rivulet higher up; and here, too, women love to lounge over the parapet, and exchange words of welcome with the returning mariner. Here did I often mark the fairest flower of all the place—sweet Alice May. Full well I knew she the number and the star of the coble that bore young Verrill, and the hour of his likely return seldom found her far from the bridge. It was the old, old story—a pretty tale of true and honest love; and the week after that with which our story has to do, had been fixed for the wedding. That very night, as I went down to old George's, I saw the poor girl on that Bridge of Sighs, alone in the gathering gloom. Many boats had come in, and lay beached on the shingle; but that she sought was not among the lot. It seems but yesterday I heard her gay young lover, as he shot the bridge and sped seaward, powerful stroke, in all the pride and strength of youth, voice and sing—

Farewell, farewell ! the voice you hear
Has left its last soft tone with you—
The next must join the seaward cheer
And shout among the shouting crew.

I took one turn on the jetty and heard the sea *booming* and roaring mightily, though the night was still dead calm, and I saw a white and angry breaker curl now and again over the reef. A few stragglers hung about, peering after the absent craft. They spoke of a nasty dirty night coming on, but were nowise perturbed or cast down. Indeed, by this it was too dark to see beyond a furlong, and the boats lay probably well inshore.

The wet and gloom drove me fast away to old George's door. Entering, after my fashion, unannounced, I came on the man busy mending his nets. Very cosy and comfortable he looked, sitting in the ruddy glow of fire, mesh in hand, a kettle bubbling and hissing on the hob, and on the rug at his feet the sleekest of cats, blinking and purring in full content of heart and stomach.

Loading a pipe, I flung my waterproof aside and sat down opposite. We did not talk much ; we never do. But the weather, of course, came in for a word or two, and we both held that it was going to be a night of peril for those at sea.

George worked away at his netting, with eyes bent on his task, while I, through my cloud of smoke, gazed dreamily at his marked and weather-beaten features. The old man's garb was a marvel of patched absurdities bequeathed him by a miscellaneous host of admirers ; his head-gear a balloon-shaped, bright-red bladder, such as fishermen affect for floats to their drift-nets.

When I saw the warmth and the comfort and the snugness of all around, it came into my head to say, "George, I marvel you never married !" The old man dropped his work, the mesh fell from his hand, and for one moment the light of madness flashed up into his eyes. "Do you, sir?" he said, "then come and see ; you have ever been my very good friend. Others have called old George hard names and *miscalled* him, but it has not been so with you."

For an instant he seemed to hesitate and hang back, and lose himself. Then saying again "Come and see !" he pulled himself together, rose, and led me by the hand out of the room where we sat, carrying with him a brazen lamp of oil.

George's house, like most, is built against the cliff ; and after we had groped along a clammy passage, with several turns and windings, and at each turn a short flight of broken steps leading downwards, we came to a door in the face of the rock. The old man here gave

me his lamp to hold, while, with ponderous key, he unlocked and pushed back the creaking slab of oak. Then, taking again his lamp to himself, he bade me enter with him into a vaulted chamber, hewn out of the solid rock.

All I could make out was a little cross or crucifix—either painted or hung—at the far end of this dreadful place. George took me by the hand once more, and led me towards it. When my eyes grew tolerant of the dark and took things in, I saw that it stood on the end of a black lidless coffin, propped upright against the wall. Above the cross, chiselled rudely in the rock, were the words, "*Stephanie, Et. xix. Mors janua vite.*"

I did not much relish my position in that cold grave, out of sight and hearing, and with only the company of a man that was mad. But I was not kept long in suspense. George laid his trembling hand on my arm as before, and saying "Now you have seen!" led me up to light and life.

I did not quite see my way what to do, when I found myself back in his kitchen—whether to go at once, or stay and hear more. The old man saved me the trouble of decision by motioning me to my chair, and saying (like one who knew what he was about, and meant to go on with it) "Sit down."

II.

"You have heard me tell, sir, how in my youth I was wild and gay, and given to roam. The days when gold first broke out in Australia found me in the harbour of Port Philip. Crews ran daily, nay hourly, in gangs; so mad the hunger to feed in those glittering fields. I ran with the rest, and was not behindhand in the race, scouring wildly from field to field, from rush to rush. Uneven fortune dogged my heels. One day I was a man of wealth untold; the next, maybe, a shirtless tramp or hut-keeper on some upland run. Whilst in my prime and heyday, that way of life did well enough; but a sharp sickness twenty years back, and when I was close on forty, made me turn my eyes inward to see if I could steady myself a bit, and settle down in the world. Just about then, it came to pass that a fresh goldfield was announced in the nical part of Queensland; and I, like a gambler, went to the ling the cards, shuffled off to try my luck at t fir turned out a snare. With me it v sl

I made my pile. Depositing my nuggets and dust at an agent's I rode down to a sugar mill on the shore, owned and worked by a chum from Robin Hood's Bay. Going afloat one summer day to catch a few fish for dinner, it came on to blow hard off the land. Getting my anchor quickly aboard, I started to pull back, but soon found, to my dismay, I was making no headway against the freshening gale and short angry seas. I pulled till I could pull no more, and death now stared me in the face. A point or so to starboard of where I was drifting, waves broke over a reef of coral, and as I drew nearer I saw its table-like top awash."

"Oh George!" I here chimed in, "what an awful gale has sprung up, and is whistling in the street. What a brilliant flash, what a deafening crash of thunder. But go on, 'tis the very night for horrors."

"Well, sir, my boat on grounding was shivered into splinters by the surf, while I, bruised and dazed, was flung upon the rock. Crawling up above reach of the seas, I lay me down on the lee to ease my jaded bones. Ere long the waves began to lap against my feet, and it dawned upon me that the spot where I lay was not above high-water mark, but would surely be submerged by the rise of tide.

"Oh, sir, the sharks!" my old man cried in torment, clutching at me, and pointing with his pipe stem. "See, see! one—two—ten—twenty, the very least a monster. There they are, in a circle round, closing in upon me every minute as the tide draws nearer and nearer."

Then he went on more calmly, in a low, slow, awe-struck way.

"The circle danced from east to west, in mystic movement of slow undulation. That sight first turned my brain and made my head to swim with a faint and deadly sickness. Men gird at me for mad, and I dare say they are right; but had they gone through what I did then, perchance they had been even as I am now. And there were the greedy sharks, flattening their noses against the rock at my feet, squabbling in an ill-bred way to be first at the feast. There was stir among the company—the living lane opened—and there came in, from the deeps without, a grey-headed grandfatherly shark, sailing as one that is a prince and hath authority. 'O venerable patriarch,' cried I, 'that I should fall to thee, my fates forbend! To be mumbled by a toothless old fish—horrible, most horrible! Ah, better far to suffer the clean and trenchant crunch of some polished incisor!' and I shifted my stand to where younger sharks—sharks of agility—did mostly congregate. I argued, I chode, I stormed, I

raved, I rhapsodised. I sang pacific songs and dulcet rhymes mellifluously bland.

"A dying man singing to sharks may seem grotesque as we two sit here safely by the fire ; but see yourself as I was then, marooned on a dwindling dot, begirt by fasting anthropophagi (not to be cozened or denied), and I promise you, sir, you will find it no laughing matter. I spoke with them ; I strove to scare them with maniacal yells ; I sought to appease the wrath of those fretful and impatient fishes with soft enticing airs ; and calling to mind the tame seal of Peter MacRaw, the old piper of Stornaway, which would flap its tail only to the tune of *Caberfae*, I sang again till I was hoarse, that, if so be, I might find the air that should make those fiery sharks flap their cloven tails.

"All to no purpose, and I fell back on the persuasive power of speech.

"'Oh, bide your time—bide your time !' I cried in my delirium. 'Have patience with me one little while, ye creatures of the good God, that I may look my last on the blessed sun and say my prayer of departure.' And falling on my knees in face of them all, I prayed for those ravening sharks that the hardness might go out of their hearts, and that, in so far as they did what was right and just they might prosper in all they compassed ; and when I rose up forgiveness was in my heart and I was ready to die. The tide flowed slowly up. Death seemed long a-coming, and I sat with bowed head to wait the end in silence. But the noise of the sharks, flouncing and flopping about, and groaning like dying gurnards, was distracting, and made me look to see how near they were got. When, lo ! my salvation—a barque close-hauled to the wind inside the Barrier reef. They saw my fluttered shirt, lay to, lowered a boat, and sent to the rescue. It was none too soon, and I was dragged aboard more dead than alive.

"Their ship was bound from Brisbane to Pelorus Sound, to load a cargo of flax and gum. Of our voyage to the loading port I can give no account. Brain fever set in, and for weeks after landing in New Zealand life hung by a thread. Perhaps it might have been well had the thread snapped then and there. But it was not to be.

"When well enough to lie out before the cottage to which they had borne me, my eyes would rest on the most lovely girl I had ever seen or ever shall see. Her figure was exquisitely formed, the very perfection of youthful grace. Her shimmering hair was of that golden hue which seems to give off actual light and

The vision took full possession of my soul, and in the happy dreams that had now succeeded the morbid nightmares of my delirium she was ever present—etherealised and spiritualised—a guardian of light. When strong enough to get that far I went off to our barque, still at anchor in the offing, and paid my homeward fare.

“‘We have but one other passenger,’ says the skipper; ‘a young lady—an orphan—going home, though I fear, poor thing, she has no home to go to.’

“‘I felt too weak for talk, but I knew, without a shadow of doubt, that it was the girl with the golden hair, and that she would bear me pleasant company in the ship, and hover as a dove of peace over all on board.’”

Here George quite broke down and wept for a short space, while I, like one enthralled, sat spellbound, and heard the howling of the tempest without. His fit of weeping done, the good old man went on:—

“Our voyage to the Horn I pass over. In storms I was a consolation to my dear and timid girl, in calms she was ever my companion and my solace. She had told me her little story—a sad and moving one—no home, no protector, no means. Her pious father, preaching to the hardened savage, had died at his penniless post. It made my heart bleed in the hearing; but there was balm and healing in the thought that, as things stood thus with her, I myself might supply the place of him who was gone, and prove her stay and anchor. The sea, I think, was made for love—for love of a manlier sort than that the pale-faced moon doth mostly countenance. Off Cape Horn our troth was plighted: snow below, and the giddy mast above circling and wheeling from star to star.

“When we began to head north and look for warmth, it was a Sabbath morn. The chords of our Litany floated far out on to the ocean, soothing the fowl of the sea and drawing leviathan himself to the surface, where he lay wrapt in holy ecstasy, or gambolling with his fellows. That, sir, was my last happy day; and as I lie o’ nights in the coffin you saw in yonder cave (that coffin is my bed), I see it all again, and hear the lost one, whose voice was melody, say out of a full heart, ‘Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days, and caused the day-spring to know his place? Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?’

"Next day I was on deck betimes. The breeze was light and failing ; what there was was foul, and we were close-hauled on the starboard tack. 'Here, George,' says our skipper, 'you call yourself a sailor ; what d'ye make out of that vessel yonder to leeward ? Neither the mate nor I can make head or tail of her.' 'Either her crew, sir, are down with fever, or the craft is a derelict,' I answered, handing him back his glass when I had conned the stranger carefully over. The breeze now pining away to a flat calm, the captain sang out to the mate, 'Lower away a boat there and pull aboard, and see what is amiss.' The boat was quickly unlashd from where she hung at her davits, cast clear of the side, and lowered into the water. Three able seamen and myself took the oars, the mate steering, and rowed smartly away. When within a cable-length of the ship, which lay a league to leeward between us and the Patagonian coast, we lay to, and hailed the craft with many a hearty 'Ship ahoy !' Dead silence reigned supreme, and we pulled cautiously round and round. The name on her stern had been smudged over with a daub of paint or tar. Her sails were set, but there was none to trim them. Sometimes she ran up in the eye of what little wind there was, with sails flapping idly against the masts. Then she would stagger about, and not know what way to go, and presently pay off again, and fall lurching into the trough of a long and oily ground swell.

" 'We must board,' says the mate. So we ran up alongside. The hand in the bows stood ready, his boat-hook clinked in the main chains, and I swarmed up her side.

"This is no time (I hear the lifeboat rattle past) to tell of what we found, or rather did not find. From spare thole-pins in her boat, with grummets for each thwart, thrum-mats for the oars, and a harpoon with tackle spliced on, we judged the craft to have been some South Sea whaler ; but she held nought within her to throw light on the dark tragedy of her fate. Charred rice, stuck to the pot's side, was in a pan on the galley fire. A nameless book of song, well thumbd, lay open on the cuddy table. From off the floor we picked a woman's hat with feather trimmings, also a glove stained with clots of blood, and a wisp of matted hair. That was about all. The blow—whatever it had been, from whencesoever it had come—must have fallen like a thunder-clap, and had evidently found all hands busied about the common details of their work-a-day life.

As soon as might be (for the breeze was freshening fast) we dropped over the vessel's side, minded to make our own ship without delay ; but, before unhitching our painter, we made sure of the

hull, to see if there were marks of the scuffle of boarding, or any other sign that might give us a clue.

“‘Shove off!’ cried the mate, out of all patience; ‘the Great Day alone will reveal this secret thing,’ and he settled himself in the stern sheets, tiller ropes in hand, while I, pulling stroke, sat next him face to face. We rounded under the counter, and, shearing past her stern, the men gave way, and we headed for our ship. But no sooner were we well clear of the derelict than the mate sprang to his feet, cast his eyes to heaven, and cried ‘*My God!*’”

III.

“Oh George, George! what dreadful thing is coming now, what new horror is in store for thee, my poor old friend? But list! hark! what mean those cries and shrieks of wailing women, that pattering on the pavement below, that hurry, scurry, and tramp of running feet?”

A minute more and we were both outside, in the full swing of a tearing gale. A terrific sea had risen suddenly up in front of the coming storm. The missing coble—young Verrill’s—had not come in. The lifeboat had put off to the rescue. And now, though the job should have been of the shortest, the lifeboat herself had not returned, and all was agitation and suspense that leaned to despair.

Huddled together before the breakers, as near as they durst venture down, stood anxious groups, with eyes strained seaward, when suddenly a piercing cry went up from a knot of women on the left.

We ran, and saw men, waist high in the boiling surge, bear out a limp and senseless body; and when it was seen to be none other than the cox of the lifeboat himself—our brave and faithful Charlie—a wail of anguish, such as I trust never more to hear, rose high above the screaming gust and rent the midnight air.

Groups now scattered wide apart, searching for any waif or stray the tide might cast up, and presently they spied another of our crew—the trusty Mat—floating on the wave. Him, too, men tied by ropes brought quick to land; and later on a third was flung ashore and carried up to where his comrades lay. After that we sought long, and found nothing.

Then George and I did turn, and go our ways to that shed of death wherein those bodies lay. What joy was ours to find two now revived and sane! The third was gone past help of man. And all the rest, with young Verrill and his mates, were gone also.

Our lifeboat, struck by a huge sea broadside on, and in the very act of rescue, had *turned turtle*, and those in her been swept out into the surf.

When all was done that could be done, and when we had heard all there was to say, I went back with George to his cottage. What was the use of going home? Sleep was not to be thought of, company was good, and I would hear the end of the old man's yarn. The fire was out, the lamp burned low as he went on.

"Well, sir, that mate was a sober God-fearing man, and it was not in vain he had taken his Maker's name. His words, '*My God!*' were a prayer ejaculatory. Our ship lay hid in inky smoke, while ever and anon tongues of lambent flame leapt thereout from burning sails and spars. Bales of flax heating and igniting, the gum atop had flared up with resistless fury.

"Paralysed past power of speech, the oar slid from my hold, and I fell on the gratings more dead than alive. 'Rise, George, rise!' roared the mate, with a invigorating kick, 'play the man—pull like the devil; 'tis your only chance now.' And pull we did, believe me, sir, till the sweat poured off us in streams. Long ere we could reach the blazing craft her masts had toppled over, and her hull burned down to the water-line. Where were the boats? Not one was to be seen, and we knew full well, though none cared to speak his mind, that the hands for'rard scrubbing out the fore-peak had been cut off from escape by the sudden snort and blast of flame.

"And in truth (I must hasten now: the night is far spent) the captain and my angel of a girl were the sole survivors. Them we picked up from a floating boom; and even as we did so, the ship gave a lurch to starboard, a heel to port, and ducked down into the deep. Pulling sluggishly back to that ill-omened derelict, and tenderly hoisting my dear love on board, we set about doing what little we could to get things put in trim. The hull sat lower on the sea than earlier in the day, and though not completely water-logged, we found the water rise on us faster than we could get rid of it. In sounding wells and weakly manning pumps the watches dragged themselves away. With daylight, land loomed on the lee, dark and frowning, as we drifted helplessly inshore. By noon the roar of breakers was audible, and there was nothing left us but to take again to the boat. Spying a strip of sand between bluff capes, we shot in, and, half-swamped by the surf, effected a landing. We cut poles from the trees about, and by aid of a raw hide converted into a tarpaulin, rigged up a rickety tent. Day by day some scaled the beetling crag to search for passing sail, while others collected duls

wreckage and shell-fish to keep, if so might be, soul and body together in the icy region of that antarctic cove.

"The dear Stephanie pined fast away, and it was well seen she would never live to be mine. We made her a booth of branches, wherein to die in peace; and day and night one sat on watch, to tend the dying girl. Our second Sunday ashore, it was plain to all the end was near. The sweet child had taken her farewell leave of our scanty crew. She and I were left alone. 'George!' I heard her say, and stooped to catch her words, 'I go from you fast now. I am not afraid to go, for God is good. But I fear to enter on the unknown company of heaven, unfriended and alone. Oh that you, my love, were safe in that haven of rest, to give me welcome, tell them who I am, and claim me for your own. Then should I feel safe indeed!' Scalding tears ran down my beard; lumps in the throat choked early utterance. At length I found a whimpering voice, and sobbed, 'Dearest Stephanie, we will be married here on earth: then, when I join you in heaven (pray God it be soon), you will be my angel bride.' Marriage by a captain at sea, sir, you know, was binding in those days; and we might, by a little stretch, be said to be *at sea*.

"Next day our wedding took place; surely the strangest, the most blessed and spotless ever solemnised on the face of this sin-stained earth. We baked a little bannock of barley meal, speckled and spotted with cowrie shells, in lieu of comfits. Such was the bride's-cake. And we decked the bower with wreaths of showy fucoids and garlands of moss and berries. The captain read the service and we lifted up our voices in the nuptial hymn—

Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.

Our hymn done, the men stood gravely by, and silence reigned around. Even as they stood a sail did heave in sight. Ever on the look-out for castaways on that grim shore, her crew had spotted our flag (the master's Sunday shirt) floating from a jutting crag, and running close in, lowered a boat and sent to the rescue. It was late afternoon by this. Time pressed; my wife was breathing still, we might not linger; but how to get her on board? Then came the rough and tearful tars who, for days back, had gone with mystery to a fringe of bush behind our booth, and said, 'George! we have long seen what must come to that sweet lady of thine, and we have hewn her a rough coffin. Let her be shipped in that.' It was done as they advised, and in her open coffin my living bride was placed

by loving hands and borne away. That very night, the night of her translation, she breathed her last. Of the funeral next day I cannot speak. The captain had come to me early, and said, 'George, it is not the way of those that die at sea to go down to their spacious graves in coffins. They must be shrouded and shotted, that they may sink deep - deep beyond the range of sharks.'

"At that last word of his, and all which it recalled, the cloud of my disorder, ever brooding near, closed in and wrapped me in a long delirium. Of my wanderings to and fro since that fatal hour, my devious track of uneasy travel by land and water, it were long to tell.

"Ten years gone Yule, I found my way back to this nook of my nativity, bearing my relic with me. Oft did the horror of the night affright my soul and cause me dire dismay. I knew not if it were well with my beloved. But things are better now. High visions of her tranquillity absorb me. That coffin, blest and sprinkled, is now no more my bane and curse, but stands there ready for the lucky day when I too shall enter into it, as into an ark of refuge, and be laid beneath the yews in sure hope to meet my Stephanie at heaven's gate."

IV.

The tale was told, the lamp expiring for lack of oil, pale beams of watery moonshine slanting sadly on us through the unshuttered pane as I rose, and wringing my old friend's hand in mute sympathy, went softly out into the night. The rage of that wild gale was spent, and now it was sobbing itself to sleep, with moaning gasps of sorrow and remorse. The narrow street was void of life. The powers of darkness and the sharpness of death hovered there—apparent, dominant. Late, or rather early, as the hour was, lights glimmered in the house of May. Projected on the drawn blind of a room below was the shadow of a woman, rocking and swaying in dumb despair, while in an upper chamber lights came and went, as nursing women did their offices of watch and care.

At my own door Croxteth received me, her eyes red with weeping, and handed me my candle, with never a word. Good faithful soul! A ruddy fire glowed on the hearth, and tea was set out for sustenance. Habited for rest, I sat to think, and fell into a troubled dose. Blank horror of the night crept in on me, as it had done on George of yore. I dreamed of the dead. I heard the choir sing

Dies Ira and *Miserere*, and above all rose a hurricane of sound, with sweeping dissolution and wild agitation. The great and awful day was come: the last trump blew loud and long, irresistibly clear, intolerably shrill.

“What on earth is all that row about?” I cried, starting from my evil dream, and throwing up the sash. A flood of sunlight filled the room, and outside stood a man flaunting a slip of tawny paper, and bellowing “Saved! saved!” In the twinkling of an eye he was gone, and I heard his thundering knock at the house next below mine, in the mouth of the gorge. From the window I flew to my room door, and leaning over the stair cried out, in a voice that admitted of no delay, and brought Croxteth instantly to the fore, “Saved! saved!” “Thank God! thank God!” she sobbed, while the chequers of her print skirt were pressed to eyes and nose. Again I banged too my door, and tore away at my clothes in mad haste to be out and about. When but half clad I ran again to the landing, and cried, “Croxteth! set out a table in the hall; we keep open house to-day. This is the greatest day you or I shall ever see. This is the Day of Resurrection.” Then back to my dressing. But yet again to my door, sorrowfully now, and with more staidness of gait. “Good Croxteth, forgive me, I have done wrong. Set that table back awhile; the time of rejoicing is not yet.” Good creature! she took my meaning in at once, and wept aloud, for the dead man’s tainsfolk were among her own familiar friends. And then, vexed with herself for this display of feeling, the old Adam cropped up, and she fell back on that *κόσμοι τῆς ἀδικίας*—her tongue. “Don’t stand there, sir, for pity’s sake, with next to nothing on. Drat that old George and his yarns. Master ’ll catch his death o’ cold, and then he’ll have his rheumatiz, and then, oh deary me, woe’s the day!” (All this well-worn formula *in diminuendo*, as she hobbled down the area steps to her own place in the bowels of the earth.) Five minutes more and I was abroad, drawn into a ruck of townsfolk surging up out of the glen and away to the turnpike road. Fastening on to the first whose face I knew, that man proclaimed the joyful tidings of the morn. When the lifeboat capsized, her crew, with those rescued from the swamped coble a moment before, were of course thrown out; but they had managed, by help of man-lines, to regain their boat on righting. Their oars were gone, some broken short off at the rowlocks, the rest swept away by the current, and the boat now drifted southward, at the mercy of winds and waves. A passing tramp, seeing their flare-up, had given them a tow, and

three hours later cast them loose off Whitby. News of their safety flew like wildfire, and a horseman, riding for dear life, had brought it by cock-crow to our own village. The men themselves would soon be here, and, indeed, while we walked and talked there came, far off on the stretch of moorland road, a speck that grew quickly bigger, and in fulness of time developed into a loaded waggon. What a deafening cheer we raised as it drew close up ! Much moved, I stood apart and saw the kiss of greeting, the hug of fond embrace, the hysterical giggles of some, the subdued and holy joy of others, the tears of most, the heartfelt sympathy of all. And so we turned and went in glad procession back to our own gates. Already they had drawn young Verrill aside and whispered in his ear, "Run, lad, run ! Thy girl has heard the gladsome shouts. Too weak to walk abroad, she waits thy coming within. Run, lad, run ! The sight of thee will better her more than all their doctors' drugs."

Three days later, in the perfect hush of brumal solstice, with hoar frost glistening on the mossy graves, our bell tolled out across the slumbering sea and upland stretch of moor. The churchyard was thronged. Old George was there. Young Verrill, too, with Alice leaning on his arm. The whole village was there, clad in motley garb. We are but a poor folk at best, not rich in dress, and when a wedding is that which concerns us most, we are not always found ready equipped for a funeral. Hence it happened that our sweet Alice had thrown a shawl over her bonnetless head. One hand was on her lover's arm, while from the other, with which she drew the shawl about her breast, peeped a Christmas rose, to lay on the dead man's grave. Then came the service, and when we heard "I am the resurrection," and "In the midst of life we are in death," contagious sobs shook women to the core, while hardy men applied the infrequent and crepitant kerchief to their bloodshot eyes. When, all being done, the burial party had turned to go, and while the rest of us stood lingering by the open grave or broken into groups for grave-side gossip, the good priest, standing at the lych gate, beckoned us to him. "You have done well, my friends," said he, "to obey the Scripture, which saith, 'Weep with them that weep.' I exhort you that, to-morrow early, ye pay like heed to that which bids 'Rejoice with them that do rejoice.'" So we scattered and went our several ways, and threw off our weeds and sables, and made ready against the morrow.

And oh ! that it were mine to tell of that day's merry doings—the scene in church as, standing round the altar, we saw the blushing Alice bestowed on her lucky tar, the feastings and junketings, the genuine joy and sympathy of all. What a drunken jangle of clanging

bells in the rocking steeple above, what wringing of horny hands in the body below, what bunting fluttering in the breeze, what a deal of fizzing powder, what a blaze of tar barrels, what cakes, what ale!

"Hymen o hymenæe!" A bright and happy day indeed had succeeded that night of dark eclipse.

Good Croxteth was kept so hard at hospitable work with hands and feet that her tongue *for once* forgot to wag. "Ah, dear sir!" she just found breath to say, as I wished her a late good-night, "God bless you! God bless even *that Old George*!"

J. LAWSON.

RUSKIN HALL: THE POOR MAN'S COLLEGE.

TO Mr. Walter Vrooman, of St. Louis, U.S.A., belongs the credit of having established the first Poor Man's College in England : he has planted the democratic house of study in the midst of the ancient University of Oxford, much, I fancy, to the disgust and indignation of its academic members.

The Founder and Principal of Ruskin Hall has sought to embody in his plan the high social ideals of John Ruskin, and those who had the privilege of hearing him unfold the work and aims of his institution in his brilliant inaugural address, on February 22, 1899, felt quite convinced that the College was needed, the work feasible, the experiment one full of promise and rich possibilities, and the enthusiasm ample wherewith to make the whole a success.

To those to whom the Labour College is still unknown, let me give some details as to the way it is carried on, and the reason for its existence.

There are two things connected with the economic arrangements that are wise and unusual (listen, you who fear the scheme is but a philanthropic fad of a rich enthusiast) :—

1. The Poor Man's College is paid for by the poor man himself. The public is not asked to contribute a penny towards its support. The cost of living is reduced to a minimum, certainly, but there it is—the student has to find the money, viz. £25 a year for board, and £6 for tuition.

2. There is not one servant in the place. All members take their share in the domestic work ; the Committee settle the arrangements for the week—some are told off to cook, some to make the beds, others to do the house cleaning, and so on. Very few rules are made, the most stringent one is regarding alcoholic liquor—*that* is not to be brought on to the premises.

The rooms are quite simply furnished, there is nothing more than is absolutely necessary. "It is wonderful how many things one

can do without," said the clever and genial Warden, Mr. Dennis Hird (a man singularly well fitted for the post he holds) when he showed me over the Hall in the early days of its history.

I have often thought men would benefit by a little training in domestic details: they would save themselves much unnecessary labour if they knew how to set about the cleaning of fireplaces and the making of beds. Practice makes perfect, and no doubt experience has helped the young fellows to work with method.

Ruskin Hall is situated in St. Giles; a creeper-covered house, often occupied by Mr. Ruskin in former years. Mr. Vrooman has taken it on a lease from Balliol College; it is quite free from the modern-institution look; no money as yet has been spent on "decoration"—another significant fact, to my way of thinking.

There are twenty-nine students, and the Hall is full. They may stay a month or a year, as suits them best. There are no holidays. It is a fact that, in a few cases, the employers of the men who have ventured on this course of self-improvement are so anxious themselves to further the scheme, that they keep their posts open for the students against their return.

The men may be of any age or creed, and the only qualification required is "Moral character and the ability to read intelligently." It is the intention of the founder that they should qualify themselves for active work on behalf of their own class, that they should widen their mental horizon, have power to form independent and sound opinions, and, above all, be able to think straight.

The subjects taught are "History" (great importance is paid to Constitutional History as essential to intelligent citizenship), Political Economy, Sociology, Present-Day Institutions, with lectures on the "Teaching of John Ruskin" and "The Art and Architecture of Oxford," by a club of ladies entitled the Backworth Club, who have the interests of the students greatly at heart.

"What is the good of all this?" some will be saying. "Are you not taking these men out of their proper spheres of usefulness in the world by educating them thus? Will not contact with the novel life of culture unfit them for their return to a rough-and-ready work-a-day existence?"

I hopefully say "No!"

I do not foresee evil as a result of this scheme, though, very probably, now and again there will be a failure to record. "*C'est des difficultés que naissent les miracles.*" I hopefully say "No!" because I believe in the ethical teaching of the Master whose ideals it is the proud aim of Mr. Vrooman to put into practice. From the "Ethics

Ruskin Hall: The Poor Man's College

of the Duke's course his motto: "The constant duty of every man to his fellows is to increase his own power and special gifts, and to strengthen them for the help of others." "That man who takes himself, may help it more through increasing it, to the whole class to which he belongs."

True Socialism this. Call it what you choose, but let me say concerning the right understanding and treatment of education. "What I should like to have more than anything else would be a body of able, high-minded, competent men very sound at a instructors. I should like to have men in general who recognise really is—not a change for the sake of change, but a change involving the very noblest idea of human life and duty—a life in which every human being should find his own place and his own power and faculties."

So writes William Morris.

Surely the men of Ruskin Hall are determined. Here are students "trying to make this college-idea a set of weapons ready against to-morrow's dangers."

The students who have sought admission to the new College are men who would be certain sooner or later to be above their fellows, and the importance of the help that is offered to them lies in the fact that they will start better equipped. They will have studied the social problems under the wise guidance of mature minds (which only can serve and strengthen the tentative work of the artisan). Their individuality will not be repressed, for the distinctive force that lies in each will be set into the right activity. Instead of a weak acquiescence in the drift of things, or a false conception of the grave questions which touch the foundations of national life, each man will feel as he rises for places of trust and power in the future as Labour Leader or Member of Parliament, that he has the right understanding of the times and knows what England ought to do. He will be ready and willing to set his gifts on the altar of public service.

What does Dr. Hervey say of this class of men in his striking book "Between Caesar and Jesus"?—"It is only those who toil and endure with their brethren in the thick of the wrong and struggle with which Society travails, who will furnish the sympathy and dynamics able to bring forth redemption and freedom."

Of course, there are many clever young men who cannot raise the requisite funds for the year's mental training. For these the Correspondence Course exists, at the small cost of 2s. for the first month and 1s. for each succeeding month. The student chooses the

subject in which he desires to improve himself, he studies the books sent, and writes a thesis at stated times on the subject studied. Mr. Beard, also an enthusiastic young American, conducts this system of correspondence, and ably and willingly gives his attention to "individual difficulties which lie in the path of the serious worker." A very large number have joined this course all over England; in January the students numbered 1,200.

It is the aim of the founder, not merely to have a Labour College in Oxford, Manchester, Birkenhead and Birmingham (in which town there are already three), but to see one established wherever there are ten men anxious to study. The idea of "How to Start a Branch Ruskin Hall" is well worked out in *Young Oxford* for November, a 3d. magazine just launched by the "Movement."

One more proof of Mr. Vrooman's energy, and I have done. He is now hard at work promoting courses of Extension Lectures, at "one-tenth the cost of any other Extension Course, and tenfold better adapted to the needs of the working class."

Mr. Vrooman sees and feels that the class for whom he works is replete with men who create civilisation; the lips of thousands are now unsealed upon problems which cut to the very quick of life; social and moral subjects must be faced in the new expansive century which the world will shortly enter upon, and the Principal of Ruskin Hall, by bringing his intense virility, his brilliant oratory, and his burning enthusiasm into this field of labour deserves recognition and success.

M. BERKELEY.

A WEST COUNTRY POTTER

IN the West of England, scattered about in various towns and villages, are numerous pieces of self-made earthenware of which has been a puzzle even to the experts. The variety of the articles still in existence is great, ranging from a stoneware to a very handsome bowl or jug. The colouring varies but mainly to a dark blue on a pinky-white ground. Many of the pieces have there were marks on the bottom, and what are technically called "potters' marks" are numerous. The colour of the clay, however, does not vary, at any rate but slightly. Some of the pieces are dated, and have the names of the makers and persons for whom they were made on them. Several masses where the pieces have not together have been found, making identification easy. It is not known where they are to be found in the British, Reading, and other museums as well as in the hands of private collectors. It must have been extensively manufactured at one time, otherwise there would not be so many examples now in existence. A few years ago at an annual meeting of the local antiquarian society, over sixty specimens of this ware were shown, many of them named and dated and collected within a narrow radius. Of the maker and his works this article will give the first detailed account ever published.

Nathaniel Ireson was born in 1686, probably in the neighbourhood of Nuneaton in Warwickshire. He received a training as a potter. He must have married early, inasmuch as "Mary the daughter of Nathaniel Ireson and Mary his wife" was baptised in Red Water Goodfellow at Ladbroke Church, near Rugby, on September 30, 1711.

If they were residing at Ladbroke at that time, as seems probable, they did not continue there long, for there is no further reference to them in the parish register. It is said, however, that they afterwards lived at Ansley, near Nuneaton. It is probable that Ireson came westward about the year 1720. In that year Mr. Henry Hare, a London banker, purchased an estate of about 6,000 acres of the Harcourt family at Stourton, in Wiltshire, and, taking down an old Tudor

castellated building, built the present mansion a little distance from the old one. Colin Campbell furnished the design, and Ireson was the master-builder. Ireson therefore took up his residence in Stourton, and became churchwarden, as a tablet in the church testifies. There also his daughter Mary died and was buried, as another tablet records. Stourton Mansion was finished in 1722, and it is probable that soon after this Ireson left Stourton and took up his residence in Wincanton in Somerset, as there was there more scope for his genius as builder and architect. He had not long been there before he entered fully into the public life of the town, and, purchasing some land, built a house which to this day bears his name. In 1724 his second daughter and heiress was born. In the year following his portrait in oils was painted, which with one of his wife painted in 1745 is in the possession of one of the present representatives of the family.

In 1736 he was the owner of a quarry which for 150 years has been a source of revenue to the owners of the estate. It was the working of this quarry probably which led to the discovery of clay, and hence the opening of the pottery. Some of the present specimens are dated 1737, 1738, 1739, whilst others are dated 1748. About this time he was actively engaged in building. For many miles round numbers of specimens of his work appear in freestone doorways, windows, and tablets in churches. Many houses were built or restored by him, and at least three churches show his handiwork, namely, those of Bruton, Wincanton, and Blandford St. Mary. In the churchyard at Wincanton is a sculptured monument in stone, life-size, to his own memory, which is said to have been erected during his lifetime. In 1748 he erected and gave a new chancel to the parish church at Wincanton, he being warden of the church about that time. His numerous engagements probably prevented him from personally superintending the pottery, so that he let the manufactory to two brothers, Lindsay by name, who came out of Warwickshire. It is said that these brothers did not prosper and that they gave up after awhile, and that Ireson pressed them for money they owed him. Another story is that the clay became very scarce; the latter is very probable. It is most likely that the works were closed many years before his death, his will containing no allusion to them. Evidences are not wanting that he knew how to take care of his money, and that he let his landed neighbours who were short of money have various sums at interest. In this way it is likely that he acquired much of his property. It is somewhat singular that, though he was so interested in the church, and although the trusteeship of the church property

was changed several times, he was during his forty years' residence in the town never put on the trust.

That he was a freemason is evidenced by the sculptured monument before referred to, where are shown a mason's apron, level, hammer, mallet, chisels, square, and trowel, as well as an hour-glass, scythe, skull and cross-bones. He had no son, but his wife and one single and one married daughter survived him. He died on April 18, 1769, at the age of 83 years.

One interesting incident in the life of his grand-daughter, who lived with him, is that in one of the farmhouses in the parish where she visited she scratched her name on a pane of glass in a bedroom window in the year 1776, when she was nineteen years of age, and there it still remains. His will was made eleven years before his death, and is a long, prosy, and ungrammatical document, but it is interesting in its portrayal of the man, and as showing that he had acquired much property, notwithstanding that he had done so much for his family and the town in which he lived. It shows that he had houses and lands in Wincanton, Stoke Trister, Bayford, Bedminster, Bath, and Yeovil. He however stipulates that whosoever takes his property should also take his name. Such was the man who as architect, potter, and builder lived a busy life, and died leaving behind him many evidences of his fertile mind and busy hands which have been a puzzle to many, and which only now are being recognised as the work of the outspoken, somewhat vain, quaint, and withal religious Nathaniel Ireson.

GEORGE SWEETMAN.

THE DOG IN LITERATURE.

WHEN we remember how much men have loved dogs, and how much dogs have loved men, it is at least surprising that we have so comparatively few dogs of any individuality in poetry or fiction. Through all the many centuries in which men have employed themselves in writing, and dogs have employed themselves in worshipping men, and, by their persistence in this often misplaced devotion have given a proverb to our language, very few dogs have been engraved on the heart of literature. As a rule they are but trifling accessories, like the quaint hounds who play in the foregrounds of old pictures ; they are not endowed with the individuality, the human personality, of dogs we have known and loved.

There are, however, marked exceptions to this rule, and, strangely enough, the first exception is that of the first dog who has found a place in the Temple of Fame—the immortal Argos of the “*Odyssey*.” Homer mentions two varieties of dogs—the white-footed, swift dogs of the chase, who took care, too, of the flocks and cattle ; and the house dogs, who enjoyed a less enviable reputation, for poor Priam dreads those which his own halls have nursed. “*Myself, then,*” he says, “*last of all, at the street door, will ravening dogs tear—when the dogs I reared in my halls, about my table, and to guard my doors, when they have drunk my blood, maddened at heart, shall lie in the gateway . . . this is the most piteous thing that cometh upon hapless man*”—words which, perhaps, suggested Byron’s

Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands ;
But long ere I come back again
He’d tear me where he stands.

But Argos is of the race of the more esteemed hunting dogs, and he has all the individuality which dog-lovers demand in dog-pictures, and which only dog-lovers can impart. We know him so well, and yet linger once again, not unwillingly, over the scene. He lies—he who in old days used to be led by Odysseus “*against wild goats and deer and hares*”—lies in the courtyard, “*despised*” because his master is believed to be still far away. Too old to move, he is yet

aware of Odysseus' step; twenty years of absence have dimmed his eyes but not his memory or his love. And what quick observation of animals is shown in the notice, not of the wagging tail, for that all men have remarked, but in the description of the downward movement of the ears, which is equivalent, as those who understand expression in animals will understand, to a smile. Odysseus sees it all and wipes away a tear, and, to hide his feeling, asks Eumæus carelessly if this is "a dog of speed or if he is commonly only like the men's trencher dogs, that their lords keep for the pleasure of the eye." "Swift he was," says Eumæus, "and no beast could ride from him in deepest wood; but his lord hath persuaded him from his own country, and the careless women make no change of him." And then, as Odysseus passes out of sight into his "far young" home, "upon Argos came the fate of black death, even in the hour that he beheld Odysseus again in the twentieth year." His faithful eyes had seen what they longed to see and were satisfied.

Passing from Homer to another of the immortals, in Dante we are, perhaps, disappointed that he, with his quick eye for Nature, no habit of throwing in little and perhaps homely allusions which seem out of all proportion to his transcendental visions, has, as far as I recollect, only one allusion to a dog at all, except the allegorical black mastiffs, "ravenous and swift of foot as greyhounds loosed from the leash," who represent Poverty and Despair. It is found in the seventeenth canto of the "Inferno," where the melancholy souls of the seventh circle are tormented by the burning rain and the showers of flame, and are restless as dogs in summer when they fly.

If Shakespeare has but few dogs he yet always approaches them with the ease of familiarity. *Trix, Hauls, and bawcheart*, "the little dogs" whose hardness of heart seems in your leastened Lear the echo of the hardness of a hard world are not slightly sketched; and yet they leave a feeling in our minds that Shakespeare knew dogs as he knew men. But what can we say of his wonderful Crab in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona"—that creation as inimitable in its way as any of his human characters? "One that I brought up of a puppy, one that I saved from drowning 'twixt me, 'the sourest-natured dog that lives,' and one that, as dogs will, imbibes the spirit of his master and is 'clownish' as I am, he clowns himself, and 'who thrusts me himself nor the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs under the chin's mark,' unprovoked and unabashed. Here, again, there are only a few lines & few strokes, but the picture is there drawn for all times, for all eyes, and will live, as long as the world of literature endures.

Chaucer, to turn back in date, has but little to say of dogs, and

uses them only as a finish to his pictures, as in the prologue to "The Nun's Tale," where we are told of the prioress that she had small hounds which she fed

With roasted flesh, or milk and wastel bread ;
But sore she wept if one of them was dead,
Or if men smote it with a yard smart ;
And all was conscience and tender heart.

We feel he does not love them as he loves the birds or the green fields ; they do not bulk for much in his mind, but they serve to colour the picture of the lady's sensibility, and not her sense, in the same way as do her tears

If that she saw a mouse
Caught in a trap,

or her

Smiling full simple and full coy.

Turning to the ballads, we find dogs, without individuality indeed, but yet introduced with that firm touch which shows how large a part they filled in mediæval life, and how capable they are of heightening the picture which the writer wishes to convey to the mind of the reader. In that poem of desolation, "The Twa Corbies," which Ruskin parallels with Dante's death of Buonconte in the fifth canto of the "Purgatorio," the feeling of desolation, of loneliness, of death without help or pity is inexpressibly heightened by the desertion of the dead knight by even his dogs :

His hound is to the hunting gone.

It is a faint, harsh echo of Buonconte, says Ruskin ; and "Giovanni nor none else have care for me" is hardly more desolate than the line we have quoted, or the "My hounds they all go masterless" of "young Beichan."

If we turn now to the modern school of poets, to that school which returned to Nature after poetry had been long concerned with man and man only, and more, too, with form in versification than with natural objects, we have at first no great love of the dog, no intimacy with his quite human personality, no consideration of his human feelings and moods. Pope's lines,

And thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company,

have indeed passed into a proverb, and so has Goldsmith's elegy on the death of the mad dog, who

to gain his private ends
Went mad and bit the man.

And the man

recovered of the bite.
The dog it was who died ;

a satire which had, long before Goldsmith's day, found a place in Greek literature, for there we find the lines,

A viper bit a Cappadocian's hide ;
But 'twas the viper, not the man, that died.

Goldsmith's poem is indeed irresistible in its humour, but the humour is quite apart from the dog. The first of the modern school who approaches dog-nature in the only way in which it can rightly be approached, with sympathy, is Cowper. In the "Winter's Morning Walk" he has some lines which show he could observe this to some of us somewhat inscrutable companion of our homes with as sympathetic an observation and with as quick a power of catching its moods and expression as he brought to the study of inanimate nature. We have, too, in these lines a return to the spirit of Homer and of Shakespeare in this matter ; the dog is no longer an accessory, a piece of still life, he is a living thing, with thoughts and feelings which must be considered if he is to be painted truly :

Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe.

Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ear
And tail cropped short, half laucher and half car,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow ; and now, with many a sink
Wide scampering, matches at the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout,
Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy ;
Heedless of all his perils, the sturdy chow
Moves right towards the mark ; nor stops for night.

This is a picture from the life.

Following closely on Cowper in his charming delineation of dog life and dog-feeling comes Burns, a writer who in the poem under consideration from Cowper in mental build, but who with him is in the same appreciation of the thoughts of the animal world and, however trembling feminine pity for its wrongs and its native sufferings, perhaps characteristic of this that his first written poem is "The Dogs." Here, indeed, we have Burns in the happiest and most gracious mood. What can equal the measure of his own dog's life "were na thrang" (strong) "at leisure" and "at play" as he says in the diversion—the one shown by the "rough street" and "the wild of servitude to be both gentleman and dog" and, as he says, "was of high degree

The same is given in the poem.

and the ploughman's collie, "a gash and faithfu' tyke" with his
 "honest, sonsie, bawsn't face," which

Ay gat him friends in ilka place?

How charming, too, is the description of their dog-like gambols:

Whiles mice and moudieworts they bowkit;
 Whiles scoured awa' in lang excursion
 An' worried ither in diversion
 Until wi' daffin weary grown
 Upon a knowe they sat them down.

And when Luath described the joys of the poor, how charming is his
 summing up:

My heart it was sae fain to see 'em
 That I for joy ha'e barkit wi' 'em.

And not less charming is the conclusion of the poem:

By this the sun was out of sight
 An' darker gloamin' brought the night:

Up they gat an' shook their lugs,
 Rejoiced they were na *men* but *dogs*;
 An' each took aff his several way,
 Resolved to meet some ither day.

Byron's lines on his Newfoundland dog, Boatswain, have found a
 place in literature quite as much perhaps from their cynicism as their
 love of the dog, who possesses, he tells us, "all the virtues of man
 without his vices."

The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
 The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
 Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
 Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
 Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth.

Ye who perchance behold this simple urn
 Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn!
 To mark a friend's remains these stones arise.
 I never knew but one, and here he lies!

Wordsworth's tribute to the memory of that favourite dog who
 was loved not only for "old household thoughts in which thou hadst
 thy share," but for its inexpressibly affectionate nature, must not be
 passed over, for it seizes on the individual characteristic of an indi-
 vidual dog, and not on the virtues only of the whole canine race.

Love, that comes wherever light and sense
 Are given by God, in thee was most intense;
 A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,
 A tender sympathy, which did thee bind
 Not only to us men, but to thy kind:

Yea, for thy fellow-brutes in thee we saw
The soul of love, love's intellectual law.
Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame,
Our tears from passion and from reason came,
And therefore shalt thou be an honoured name.

And now we come to the great master spirit who ranks next to Homer and Shakespeare in his delineation of dogs as individuals and not in the mass. But whereas Homer and Shakespeare have only one dog—each immortal indeed—Scott, for it is of him we speak, has not one but many. Dogs play a really important rôle in his works, and no two are alike, but all are worthy of the love with which their artist evidently regarded them. His lines to the dog who for three months guarded the remains of his master who had perished in Helvellyn are not indeed equal to Wordsworth's poem on the same subject; but one portion of them seems worthy of quotation

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber;
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start:
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And oh, was it meet that, no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him,
Unhonoured, the pilgrim from life should depart?

Here speaks at least a lover of dogs, if he does not speak as the best; but it is in the novels that Scott's most wonderful dog characters are found. We shall all remember Wasp, the little dog in "Guy Mannering"—Wasp, who as Bertram is wandering the waste leads him to the spot where Dimmont is struggling with the robbers, and who acted "gloriously during the narrow struggle, the heels of the enemy and repeatedly showing a valiant devotion in his master's favour." "De'il, but your dog's worth a score o' the vermin now, Sir," is Dandie's delighted exclamation when Charlie's Hope is approached, the famous Dandie Dinmonts are a race of dogs whose name of Dandie Dinmont will be connected through all time with the scene tumultuously on the scene. Wasp, the little dog who plays a rôle in the story. Some of us can hardly recall the scene of dejection in the prison boxes as when the dog, Wasp, is pattering up the stairs in great haste to find the prisoner of dejection or in success, neither moment is Wasp absent.

Then again there is Wolf in "The Two Rovers"—Roland Graeme from descending and a dog, Wolf, who plays a rôle in favour with the lady of the house, and who easily overcome than in the journey of the dog.

have Bevis who "behaved himself as decorously as any of the congregation" when he had followed his master to church, "and returned perhaps as much edified as most of them." In "Ivanhoe" there is Fangs, "the lean black dog," plebeian by birth but noble of soul, at whom Cedric launches his javelin because "in his uncouth way" the dog is rejoicing somewhat too noisily at meeting Gurth again. But Gurth is fettered, and the tears which have not come for his own misfortune rise for those of his faithful Fangs. "Gurth's heart swelled within him; for he felt this meditated slaughter of his faithful adherent in a degree much deeper than the harsh treatment he had himself received. Having in vain attempted to raise his hand to his eyes, he said to Wamba, 'I pray thee do me the kindness to wipe my eyes with the skirt of thy mantle; the dust offends me and these bonds will not let me help myself one way or the other.'" And the insult to his dog estranges Gurth from Cedric as no insult to himself could do—estranges him at once and for ever.

Another dog of distinction is Cadwal in "The Talisman," who guards the banner more faithfully than his master has done. The sight of the dog, wounded and, as he thinks, dying, mixed as a bitter ingredient in Sir Kenneth's trouble: "His only friend seemed removed from him just as he had incurred the contempt and hatred of all beside. The knight's strength of mind gave way to a burst of agonised distress," of which, indeed, the dog was worthy.

The last of Scott's dogs to which we shall refer are the two "very tall stag greyhounds, Ban and Buscar," over which Davie Gellatly presides, and to whom he sings his wild little *chanson*:

Hie away, hie away,
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest.

For we notice that Scott never introduces dogs without a dignity and a carefulness at least as great as that with which he introduces his human characters; and all his dogs are studies.

In his chapter "Shy Neighbourhoods" in "An Uncommercial Traveller," Dickens shines as an interpreter of dogs. The two honest dogs who perform in Punch's shows, and with whom he is on terms of intimacy, are delightful creatures; and so is the country dog who is "confused" by town ways and "bad London dogs" and "worse London dogs," who make proposals which his principles reject. The dogs who keep men and boys are irresistible. The mongrel who keeps three boys, who feigns that he can bring down

sparrows and unborrow rats (he can do neither), and takes the boys out on sporting pretences into all sorts of suburban fields, is a creation ; and so is the dog "residing in the Borough of Southwark," who keeps a blind man and hales him away on expeditions wholly un contemplated by and unintelligible to the man, wholly of the dog's conception and execution. On the other hand, "when the man has projects, the dog will sit in a crowded thoroughfare and meditate." "I saw him yesterday, wearing the money tray like an easy collar instead of offering it to the public, taking the man against his will, on the invitation of a disreputable cur, apparently to visit a dog at Harrow . . . " Then there are those other dogs who, when their blind masters sit and compare notes of an afternoon, may be observed "openly disparaging the men they keep to one another, and settling where they shall respectively take their men when they begin to move again." And there is the shaggy black and white dog who keeps a drover, and, being a dog of an easy disposition, too frequently allows this drover to get drunk. "On these occasions he sits outside the public-house, keeping his eye on his few sheep and thinking. I have seen him with six sheep, plainly casting up in his mind how many he began with when he left the market, and at what places he has left the rest." And when the man has come out and given him wrong directions, he has firmly but respectfully disobeyed them, and "has driven his charge away with an intelligence of ears and tail and a knowledge of business which has left his lout of a man very, very far behind." And what a delightful touch is that of the dogs who betray a slinking consciousness of being in poor circumstances, manifested in an aspect of anxiety, an awkwardness in their play, and a misgiving that somebody is going to harness them to something to pick up a living. The dogs of the poor are indeed as pathetic figures as ever were their ragged masters, and have, like them, an air of being left behind in the race of life and a consciousness of their misery which touches us as do mortal woes—*these things too are tears.*

The few dogs who are introduced elsewhere in Dickens's works are powerful creations, but, with the exception of the wonderful Boxer, who is as perfect a sketch as Tilly Slowboy herself (from whom he elicits a shriek by the unexpected application of his moist nose to her countenance, as she sits in a low chair by the fire), they are introduced only to intensify impressions, and are not studies in dog-life, such as those from which we have been quoting. The scenes with the performing dogs in the "Old Curiosity Shop" are almost too painful to read. More horrible,

perhaps, than pathetic is Bill Sikes's nameless dog, his only link with tenderness and feeling; to whom he does not forget to cast a morsel of food in the midst of his agony and fear; he who felt twenty score of deaths in one long minute, stays to remember his dog. But the creature is a failure; ghastly, like the rest of this picture, and only attracts by its horror.

And now we turn to another artist of a different kind. One's first impression in recollecting Tennyson's handling of dogs is disappointing. "Like a dog he hunts in dreams" and "something better than his dog" seem to point to no great recognition of the virtues of the dog race. But "Owd Roa" reveals the fact that here too they were loved and honoured. The dialect makes the poem difficult to read, and perhaps prevents its ever being much read; but we must quote one or two stanzas:

Eh, but 'e'd fight wi' a will when 'e fowt; 'e could howd 'is own,
An' Roa was the dog as knaw'd when an' wheer to bury his boane.

An' 'e kep' his head oop like a king, an' 'e'd niver not down wi' 'is taail,
For 'e'd niver done nowt to be shamed on when we was i' Howlaby Daale.

"Faaithful an' True"—them words be i' Scriptur—an' Faaithful an' True
Ull be fun' upo' four short legs ten times fur one upo' two.

Strangely enough, perhaps, feminine writers have almost entirely neglected dogs. Miss Austen only hints at them: the Newfoundland puppy with which Catherine Morland plays, and the two dogs, companions of Henry Tilney's solitude, are all that her novels contain. Miss Mitford's Mayflower is rather a limp, characterless coquette, whose gambols do not interest us as much as does the fate of the unfortunate black greyhound who for some caprice of his three friends, Mayflower, Saladin, and the "brindle," is not permitted to accompany the relentless three when they set forth for a walk and is seen, all compact of melancholy, watching from his corner of the stable. Eugénie de Guérin has some affectionate notices of her Wolf and Trilby—name which was not then immortalised—and of little Bijou. "Mon cher petit chien, mon joli Bijou, est malade. Pauvre bête! comme il est oppressé, comme il gémit, me lèche les mains et me dit: 'Soulagez-moi!' Je ne sais quoi lui faire; il ne prend rien que quelques gouttes de sirop de gomme qu'il lèche sur mes doigts; c'est ainsi que je le nourris, moitié sucre, moitié caresses. Hélas! que sert d'aimer? je ne le sauverai pas. Cela me ferait pleurer, si je ne renvoyais mes larmes. Un chien, c'est si riant, si caressant, si tendre, si à nous! Une de mes amies demandait une fois des prières pour son chien malade;

je me moquais d'elle et trouvais sa dévotion mal placée. Aujourd'hui j'en ferais comme elle, je ne trouve pas cette prière si étrange ; tant le cœur change l'esprit ! Je n'aimais pas Bijou alors ; ma conscience ne s'offusque pas d'intéresser le bon Dieu à la conservation d'une bête." And of her Trilby she writes with yet more pathos : "Un chagrin : nous avons Trilby malade. Je l'aime, ma petite chienne, si gentille. Je me souviens aussi que tu l'aimais et la caressais, l'appelant *coquine*. Tout plein de souvenirs s'attachent à Trilbette et me la font regretter. Petites et grandes affections, tout nous quitte et meurt à son tour. Notre cœur est comme un arbre entouré de feuilles mortes."

Mrs. Ewing too is charming in her dog delineation. There is Peronet in "Our Field," as dear a dog as ever lived in the pages of a book. "People sometimes," says the little historian of Peronet, "asked us what kind of dog he was, but we never knew except that he was the nicest possible kind. . . . Peronet was as fond of the field as we were. What he liked were the little birds. At least I don't know that he liked them, but they were what he chiefly attended to. . . . He never caught a bird, and never would let one sit down if he could see it." And what dog in all literature can equal "So-so" ? "He was no particular kind of dog, but he was very smooth to stroke, and had a nice way of blinking with his eyes, which it was soothing to see. There had been a difficulty about his name. The name of the house-dog before him was Faithful, and well it became him, as his tombstone testified. The one before him was called Wolf. He was very wild, and ended his days on the gallows for worrying sheep. The little house dog never chased anything to the widow's knowledge. There was no reason whatever for giving him a bad name. So he was called So-so ; and a very nice soft name it is. . . ." And then how delightful, how characteristic of man and dog nature are the steps by which So-so descends to the neglect of stern duty when he and little Joan were left to guard house in the widow's absence. How delicious is the little touch, read in the light of what goes before, "They did not catch the bird, though they stayed longer than they intended, and though *So-so seemed to know more about hunting than was supposed.*"

"For the future, my child," said the widow, "I hope you will always do just as you are told, whatever So-so may say."

"I will, mother," said little Joan. (And she did.) But the house dog sat and blinked. He dared not speak, he was in disgrace.

"I do not feel so sure about So-so. Wild dogs often amend their ways far on this side of the gallows, and the faithful sometimes fall ; but when anyone begins by being only So-so, he is very apt to be So-so to the end. So-so's so seldom change.

"But this one was very soft and nice, and he got no cake that tea-time. On the whole we will hope that he lived to be a good dog ever after."

Then there is that dog of our childhood, the Trusty of Miss Edgeworth's story, who is to be beaten for drinking the milk he never drank, and who, dog-like, is philosophically prepared to take his beating and to be ecstatically pleased when it is over and order restored, but who is saved by the timely voice of the honest Robert at the window.

In Bethia Hardacre's Day Book there is the faithful Roger, and although the following quotation is somewhat long, I would fain make it, for its quiet pathos must appeal to most readers.

"Roger, who is a nondescript white dog, sat during that afternoon by the doorstep of the house. . . . I saw Roger in the position he had taken up on the road below. 'He has a very nice face,' I thought ; and so, by-and-by, when the owner of the house came in and asked, as was her wont, if there was anything she could give me, or do for me, I said I would like to see Roger, if he would come upstairs. The owner of the house did not answer for a moment. She stooped and brushed away a thread of cotton that was clinging to her black gown. Then she said, 'Roger will not come upstairs. When his master was ill, Roger used to come every day to his master's room to see him. The old dog is very faithful, and since his master died he will not come upstairs.'

"Now it is five years since Roger's master died.

" 'I thought he had a very nice face,' I said presently. It was just after Cardinal Newman's death, and Cardinal Newman's motto, *Cor ad cor loquitur*, came for some reason or other into my head.

"The house door by which Roger, with a patient look on his face, waits, is but a stone-throw from the churchyard where all that was mortal of his master lies."

"I never can get inside a dog's head," said a wise man as he contemplated one of his four-footed fellow creatures. But here are some words which seem to me to get into a dog's faithful heart, if not into his inscrutable mind.

"They are much superior to human beings," says the author of

"Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," "as companions. They do not quarrel or argue with you. They never talk about themselves, but listen to you while you talk about yourself, and keep up an appearance of being interested in the conversation. They never say unkind things. . . . They are always glad to see us. They are with us in all our humours. They are merry when we are glad, sober when we feel solemn, sad when we are sorrowful. And when we bury our face in our hands and wish we had never been born, they don't sit up very straight and observe that we have brought it all upon ourselves. They don't even hope it will be a warning to us. But they come up softly ; and shove their heads against us . . . come luck or misfortune, good repute or bad, honour or shame, he is going to stick to you, to comfort you, guard you, give his life for you, if need be—foolish, brainless, soulless dog !"

In a recent number of the *Spectator* appeared a poem by the author of "Idlehurst," which ended with two delightful stanzas which we will quote. And perhaps it may not be inappropriate to add the remark of the *Academy*, *à propos* of these lines, that "poems addressed to dogs hardly ever fail to make their appeal to a reader who has loved dogs himself. Either bad poets do not address their dogs, or the Muses are particularly kind when they do."

"Sure," writes Mr. Halsham,

Somewhere o'er the Stygian strait,
"Panurge" and "Bito," "Tramp" and "Mike,"
In couchant conclave watch the gate,
Till comes the last successive tyke,
Acknowledge with the countersign,
"Your master was a friend of mine."
In dreams I see them spring to greet,
With rapture more than tail can tell,
Their master of the silent feet
Who whistles o'er the asphodel,
And through the dim Elysian bounds
Leads all his cry of little hounds.

C. TROLLOPE.

GASTON DE RAOUSSET-BOULBON.

IN the early days of the Crimean war, while the attention of Europe was concentrated on the struggle just beginning in the East, a tragedy was enacted on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, which, though hardly noticed at the time, and soon forgotten, might under other circumstances have caused some sensation and evoked some expression of sympathy with the victim. Few, probably, now remember the daring attempt made by Count de Raousset-Boulbon to establish the independence of the Province of Sonora, the failure of which he expiated with his life, and it may not be uninteresting to retrace this dramatic episode in the history of the republic of Mexico, and give a slight sketch of the remarkable and unfortunate man who, by the courage and dignity with which he met his fate, closed honourably a stormy and adventurous career.

Gaston de Raousset-Boulbon was born at Avignon on December 2, 1817, of an ancient family of Provence; he lost his mother while still a child, and was confided to the care of his grandmother, Mme. de Sariae, whose patience must have been severely tried by the stubborn and rebellious spirit which had already acquired for him at the age of seven the name of *le petit loup*, and often manifested itself by attempts to escape from his home and take refuge in the neighbouring forest. On one occasion, when Mme. de Sariae had refused to dismiss at his request an old servant of the family who had offended him, he ran away from the castle and wandered several miles before being overtaken. He again fled to the woods when, a few years later, his father came to take him away to place him at the Jesuits' College of Fribourg, and this time he remained concealed for two days and nights, till, when at last discovered, he was nearly dead of cold and hunger. At Fribourg he seems to have become more amenable to discipline, for he worked hard, and his letters show no signs of discontent with his surroundings; but when, after eight years' residence, and being nearly arrived at the end of his studies, he was one day ordered for some breach of the rules to kneel during the class, he refused to obey, and left the college rather than submit to the humiliation.

The home to which he returned could hardly have been called a happy one. His father, who had married again, was a man of a gloomy and stern temperament, between whom and his impetuous son there was but little sympathy. He had been an *émigré* in his youth, and now led an isolated life in his ruinous ancestral castle of Boulbon, brooding over the past, and refusing to acknowledge the Orleans dynasty which the revolution of 1830 had recently substituted for the elder branch of the Bourbons. When his son attained his majority, however, he handed over to him scrupulously the fortune he had inherited from his mother, and allowed him to leave the castle for Paris.

After leading a rather dissipated life during a year, Gaston reappeared at Boulbon, wearing a full beard, a fashion which had been newly adopted by young men of the romantic school in literature, and of advanced principles in politics, but as repugnant to the ideas of more conservative Frenchmen as it would have been to the English of that day. His father requested him to shave it; he obeyed. A few days later he was told that he might let it grow; he obeyed again. But when he was once more ordered to shave it, he lost patience, took his departure immediately for Paris, and never saw his father again.

De Raousset now launched forth more wildly than before into the fast life led by the class known under the reign of Louis Philippe as *lions*, and at a later epoch as *gandins* and *petits crevés*, among whom his social rank, his intellectual qualities, and his personal advantages enabled him to hold a prominent position. A daring rider, a skilful swordsman, a musician, an artist and a poet, he distinguished himself by his varied talents no less than by the extravagance and the eccentricities by which he sought to outshine his companions. It is not surprising that, being endowed with such gifts, he should have felt bitterly in his more serious moments the emptiness and folly of his existence, and longed for an opportunity of acquiring a reputation more worthy of his rank and his capabilities; for his literary powers were of no mean order, and if a better regulated mode of life had allowed him to cultivate them with more assiduity, he would probably have achieved considerable success as a writer. He has left several short poems of which the chief characteristic is a tone of sadness and discouragement; a novel entitled *Une Conversion* which appeared after his death as a *feuilleton* in *La Presse*, and two dramas, *Bianca Capello* and *Les Albigeois*, which are still unpublished. In one of his poems he relates a strange prophecy made to him when a child by a Spanish gipsy, in which she predicted the deceptions and

the misfortunes which would beset his path through life; that he would be deprived of his wealth, and be abandoned by his friends; that he would be exiled from the home of his fathers, and be obliged to earn his bread in a foreign land; but that the day might come when, if he did not lose heart, but fought with perseverance, he might yet, perhaps, attain to the highest dignities.

In the meantime finding that, as a natural consequence of the life he was leading in Paris, his resources were gradually wasting away, the Count resolved to seek his fortune in Algeria before he was left quite penniless; and, as some additional capital was placed at his disposal by his father's death, which occurred just then, he lost no time in putting his plans into execution.

At the outset of his new career as colonist, his prospects seemed favourable; he purchased a well-watered allotment in the plain of La Mitidja, and began to cultivate it; but he had no practical knowledge of business; and hunting expeditions organised on a large scale, and frequent visits to the court of the Governor-General at Algiers combined to prevent him from bestowing on his property the attention necessary to ensure success. He was, moreover, hampered in all his undertakings by the vexatious regulations and formalities of the military administration which ruled the colony, and he expressed his opinion very strongly on the subject in a pamphlet which he published in 1847, in which he denounced the abuses which hindered the development of Algeria; he demanded for the French colonists the same municipal institutions as in France, and he showed how advantageous it would be to the colony if capitalists were encouraged to invest money there, by the concession of greater facilities for the purchase of land.

The financial disasters brought on by the revolution of 1848 gave the death-blow to all de Raousset's projects just as the Duc d'Aumale, who was then Governor-General, was about to obtain for him the grant of an extensive tract of land, and he came back to France almost ruined. He then turned his attention to politics. He brought out at Avignon a newspaper entitled *La Liberté*, with which he intended to uphold the cause of order as well as that of liberty, and he stood as a candidate for the department of Vaucluse at the elections for the *Assemblée Constituante* and the *Assemblée Législative*, but without success. Discouraged by these repeated failures, he returned to Paris in 1850, at the time when the reports of the fabulous amount of wealth to be gained at the recently discovered gold mines of California were sending across the ocean a stream of emigrants from every part of Europe. The Count, who, as he wrote

to a friend, had nothing remaining to him but brains and courage, decided on following their example, in the hope of retrieving his decayed fortunes ; he sailed, therefore, from Southampton as a steerage passenger—a painful experience for a man accustomed, as he was, to a luxurious life—and, crossing the isthmus of Panama, arrived at San Francisco on August 22.

At that time San Francisco was but an assemblage of wooden houses, frequently thinned out by fire and as quickly rebuilt, with a population consisting for the most part of reckless adventurers of all races, among whom a Vigilance Committee had not as yet introduced some respect for law and order. In one of his letters de Raousset gives a graphic description of the strange vicissitudes which had befallen many of his compatriots whom he met in this motley crowd. He knew a marquis who was clerk to his former hairdresser, who had risen to be banker ; an ex-colonel of hussars who washed and ironed clothes ; a viscount who served as pot-boy ; and a duke who had become shoeblack. The labour in the gold mines was as repugnant to de Raousset as could be any menial occupation ; he resolved to put off having recourse to it till the last extremity, and preferred to earn his bread by the more independent and adventurous life of a fisherman and a hunter, selling in the market-place the fish and the game won by his nets and his rifle. He afterwards formed a partnership with some other Frenchmen, purchased a few lighters, and carried merchandise to and from the ships in the harbour, until wharfs were built where vessels could unload, and the business came to an end. He then, along with his friends, tried to speculate in cattle, and started for the Mexican provinces bordering on California, which, under the rule of the Spanish Government and the civilising influence of the missionaries, had been celebrated for their wealth in flocks and herds. But this undertaking was also a failure, for the wild and ill-fed kine which were brought back could not compete with those of the American prairies, and hardly repaid the expenses of the journey.

Just then, rumours were current at San Francisco about the fabulous amount of minerals which still lay undisturbed in the mountains of the Mexican province of Sonora, a territory containing 64,000,000 of acres, a large extent of which was still unexplored, while the greater portion of the remainder, once colonised by the Spaniards, had been devastated and rendered uninhabitable by the incursions of the Apache Indians. In this mysterious land, into which no traveller ventured to penetrate, there were said to be lakes of quicksilver, known as *lagunas de agua pesada* (lakes of heavy

water), and the *Plancha de plata* (a mountain of silver), a metal so common in the country that the Apaches frequently used it for bullets. Gold, too, was to be found there in abundance, as well as iron and copper. De Raousset saw here a favourable opportunity both of distinguishing himself by some brilliant exploit and of acquiring the riches which had so persistently eluded him ; and he formed the project of founding a French colony in Sonora, which would open the mines and cultivate the land, while, at the same time, it would check the raids of the Indians and serve as a barrier against the encroachments of the United States. Before he could carry out his idea, another French noble—the Marquis de Pindray—who had preceded him in California by some years, and had also supported himself by hunting, induced about a hundred of his countrymen, armed and equipped at their own expense, to follow him to Sonora, where the Mexican Government gave them lands in the valley of Cocospera, not far from the frontier of New Mexico. De Pindray asked the Count to join his expedition, but the latter was too ambitious to accept a subordinate position, and, moreover, he was not inclined to associate with a man who, it was said, had fled from Europe after having been compromised in a case of swindling. The little colony was never in a very thriving condition, although its members distinguished themselves by several successful encounters with bands of Indians, and before long the marquis was found dead with a bullet through his brains, but it was never known whether he had taken his own life or had been murdered in his sleep by one of his companions.

De Raousset confided his plans to M. Dillon, the French consul at San Francisco, who strongly approved of them, as likely to benefit a large number of French emigrants who had not met in California with the prosperity they had been led to expect, and, by his advice, he went to Mexico in February, 1852. There, after negotiations, which lasted for two months, was formed a Franco-Mexican company, called the *Restauradora*, to which General Arista, the President of the Republic, granted the mines of Arizona, situated in the northern part of Sonora, and the richest of all the province, but abandoned since many years on account of the incursions of the Apaches. M. Levasseur, minister of France in Mexico, and Senor Aguilar, a former governor of Sonora, were shareholders in the company ; the bank of Jecker, de la Torre and Co., provided the necessary funds, and it was agreed that de Raousset was to organise a body of soldiers for the purpose of exploring the unknown territory and defending the mines against the attacks of the Apaches, receiving as

payment for his services and those of his companions half of the lands and of the mines allotted to the company. A letter from de Raousset to a friend, dated April 4, 1852, shows that he was convinced that he had at last found a chance of extricating himself from his difficulties by "une de ces grandes aventures qui conduisent au succès ou à la mort," which had long been the object of his aspirations ; that he was prepared to execute faithfully his share of the compact, and that the Government of Mexico and the public opinion of the country fully approved of the undertaking.

De Raousset soon collected a band of 250 picked men from among the Frenchmen residing in San Francisco or working in the Californian mines, and in June, 1852, he disembarked at their head at Guaymas, on the coast of Sonora, where the inhabitants gave him a cordial welcome. But from the very outset the local authorities were hostile to the enterprise, and sought to hinder its execution. As soon as General Blanco, the military governor of Sonora, who was stationed at Arispe, was informed of the arrival of the French, he expressed his displeasure at their having landed armed and organised as soldiers, and sent word to de Raousset to disarm them and to remain at Guaymas until further orders. The Count obeyed, as he stated in a letter to M. Dillon, to show his respect for the laws of the country, though the force under his command would have allowed him to disregard with impunity the will of the governor, and it was only after a month spent in tedious discussions and correspondence, during which time his men led a life of idleness and dissipation fatal to military discipline, that he was authorised to march towards Arizona.

De Raousset soon discovered the secret cause of this unexpected opposition following so closely on the President's approval of the *Restauradora*. A rival company for the purpose of acquiring and working the Arizona mine had been formed at San Francisco by two bankers of that city, and they had gained over to the interests of this new undertaking the most influential personages and the chief civil and military authorities of the province. The plan of these conspirators was to detain de Raousset at Guaymas under various pretexts, so as to wear out his patience ; to render his men, by vague rumours and calumnies, jealous of their officers and mistrustful of their leader, and thus to demoralise and disorganise the battalion so that it would be necessary to disband it, when they hoped that they would find it easy to seize and keep the Arizona mine.

The plot was very skilfully carried out. De Raousset had preceded the battalion to Hermosillo, one of the principal towns of the

province, and in his absence the men mutinied while on the march from Guaymas, flung down their arms, and, at the instigation of some noisy agitators, drew up a manifesto, in which they demanded that the officers should be elected by the votes of the soldiers. The speedy return of de Raousset and the expulsion of the malcontents soon re-established the spirit of discipline, which had been relaxed during the tedious delay at Guaymas ; and after another attempt on the part of General Blanco to hinder their advance by ordering them to take a difficult and dangerous road, the soldiers continued their march towards El Saric, in the neighbourhood of the mines, where the *Restauradora* Company had already forwarded a supply of provisions.

El Saric had been a missionary station, and, like the rest of the province, it had prospered as long as the firm and enlightened rule of the Spanish Viceroy had maintained peace and security in these wild regions ; but under the incapable administration of the Republican Government, which had expelled the monks and allowed the country to be laid waste by the raids of the Apaches, it had gradually fallen into decay, and the extensive ranges of buildings which surrounded the church lay in ruins. To the east of El Saric there stretched far away immense plains, diversified by lakes and woods abounding in fish and game, and where the crumbling remains of farms and villages which were to be seen on all sides gave proofs of the civilisation which had once existed in these solitudes. To the west, close at hand, rose the mountains of Arizona, where the veins of precious metals which sparkled on the surface of the rocks revealed the abundance of wealth lying hidden beneath.

De Raousset, before arriving at El Saric, was summoned by General Blanco to appear before him at Arispe, but not wishing to leave his soldiers, he sent in his stead M. Garnier, one of his officers, and a Mexican colonel, the official representative of the *Restauradora*, whom de Raousset's biographer accuses of being really in the service of the rival company, and of acting in its interests. In a letter to the General, de Raousset reminded him that he held a legal title to the Arizona mine, but he assured him that, though he was encamped only a few leagues from the mountains where it lay, he would not advance without his authorisation. The reply came in the form of an ultimatum, which imposed on the French the choice of one of the three following courses : they might renounce their nationality and become Mexican soldiers without pay, in which case they could take possession of the mine ; or, if they retained their nationality, they could circulate freely in Mexico, but according to an old aw, they

would be debarred from holding land ; or the battalion might be reduced to fifty men under a Mexican officer, and then it would be allowed to take the mine in the name of the *Restauradora*.

It is needless to say that these insulting proposals, so completely at variance with the terms originally agreed upon, on the faith of which de Raousset had led his men to Sonora, were received by the battalion with indignation, and rejected without discussion. At the same time an attempt was made to bribe the Count's chief lieutenant by the offer of \$20,000, to take the command of the battalion and hand it over to the Mexican authorities. De Raousset, exasperated by this treachery, saw clearly that it was the intention of the Government to force him and his men to leave the country, and he resolved to maintain his rights, if necessary, by armed resistance. But first, in a frank and temperately-worded letter to the Governor of Sonora, he showed that the French immigration into that province had been desired by the people and approved of by the Government, and that the recently-imposed conditions had never been mentioned previously, either to him or to the colonists of the Marquis de Pindray. Since, however, the formation of the rival company, he had been subjected every day to some fresh annoyance, and unforeseen obstacles had been placed in his way, in the hope that, wearied and discouraged, he might voluntarily retire from Sonora with his soldiers, as neither his behaviour nor theirs had afforded the Government any pretext for expelling them. He declared, therefore, that, relying on the documents and letters in his possession, which would throw light upon the history of the expedition, he would appeal to the public opinion, not only of Mexico, but of the whole civilised world. The Governor replied to this letter by calling de Raousset a rebel. General Blanco threatened to treat him as a pirate, and on both sides preparations were made for war.

After the death of the Marquis de Pindray, his followers had continued to reside at Cocospera, but their situation soon became intolerable from the negligence of the Mexican authorities, who failed to supply them with the assistance which had been promised to enable them to found their colony ; and they had already resolved to abandon the settlement and explore the unknown Apache territory, when the arrival of de Raousset at El Saric changed their plans. He invited them to join his battalion and share his fortunes, and they accepted without hesitation, and brought him a contingent of eighty men, well armed and mounted.

De Raousset had been led to believe that the inhabitants of the province of Sonora, impoverished by the incursions of the Apaches,

and discontented with a Government which had shown its incapacity to protect them, would willingly secede from Mexico and establish an independent republic; and that, if he gave the signal of revolt and his undertaking proved successful, he would be supported by a general insurrection. He opened the campaign, therefore, by seizing a convoy of mules laden with provisions for General Blanco's troops on September 21 he gave his battalion a French flag bearing the words, *Indépendance de la Sonora*, and on the 23rd he marched for Hermosillo with 259 men and four small pieces of artillery.

A halt of a few weeks at the village of La Magdalena, where the annual feast was being held, enabled the Count to meet a large number of the *rancheros* of Northern Sonora, whom he hoped to gain over to his cause, but it also gave General Blanco time to assemble troops and take steps to check his advance. Nevertheless, when, on the morning of October 13, de Raousset attacked Hermosillo, the Mexicans were quickly dislodged at the point of the bayonet from the strong position which they occupied at the entrance to the town. They were driven back from all sides towards the Alameda, or public gardens, and after a short resistance there, put to flight, with the loss of their guns, their flags, and 200 killed and wounded, while the casualties on the French side were seventeen dead and twenty-three wounded.

In spite of this brilliant success the people of Sonora made no attempt to revolt, and Señor Gandara, a wealthy *ranchero*, the newly elected governor of the province, refused to treat with de Raousset and ordered him to evacuate Hermosillo and to submit to the laws of the State. The Count saw that as he had failed to receive the support which he had been promised, his position was untenable; his soldiers began to murmur; he fell dangerously ill, not without some suspicion of poison, and he, therefore, decided on retreating to Guaymas. It was a grievous mistake; for, had he on the contrary fortified Hermosillo and held out there for some time, he would have been joined by numerous volunteers from San Francisco, where the news of his victory had excited great enthusiasm, which quickly subsided when it became known that this first success had not been followed up. De Raousset was carried to Guaymas in a litter by his men, and their march was harassed by the continual attacks of the Mexican cavalry. When he came near the town, General Blanco sent to him to propose an armistice, which he accepted, and on October 29 he was brought to the Mexican camp. While there his illness increased; for three weeks he lay almost unconscious and apparently at the point of death, until his soldiers, finding it impos-

sible to communicate with him, sent two delegates to treat in their name with General Blanco. The result of this interview was that, in consideration of a sum of \$11,000, they consented to lay down their arms and return to California, while de Raousset, who only learned the result of this negotiation when all was over, was brought to Mazatlan and remained there for some months.

De Raousset was not discouraged by the failure of his enterprise, but as soon as, after a long convalescence, he reappeared at San Francisco he began to make preparations for another campaign. He hoped that if he could procure a sum of \$150,000 he would find no difficulty in raising a band of a few thousand volunteers, and he was still convinced that on landing at their head in Sonora, the province would at once rise and proclaim its independence. Many Americans, it is true, were willing to furnish the requisite funds, and even pressed him to accept their co-operation; and Colonel Walker, the well-known filibuster, offered him a command in the expedition which he was preparing to lead against Lower California. But de Raousset, who was well aware of the aversion which the Mexicans felt for their Anglo-Saxon neighbours, was resolved not to accept any assistance from Americans, but to apply exclusively to his compatriots established as merchants or bankers in San Francisco; he was, besides, too ambitious and impatient of control to consent to hold a subordinate position, and sacrifice his own views and projects while carrying out those of another.

There took place just then in Mexico one of those *pronunciamientos* so frequent in the Spanish-American Republics, and General Santa Anna was substituted for General Arista. The event seemed to de Raousset to afford a favourable opportunity for making another attempt to obtain peaceable possession of the Arizona mine, and, with the consent of the new President, he went to Mexico. His first interviews with Santa Anna were highly satisfactory. The President listened to his plans for colonising Sonora; declared that he was ready to make reparation for the injustice of which his predecessor had been guilty, and promised him an advance of 250,000 francs, and 90,000 francs a month, on condition that he would undertake to guard the northern frontier with his soldiers, and repel the forays of the Indians. This agreement, however, was annulled under some pretext almost immediately after it was drawn up, and De Raousset was again requested, but in vain, to renounce his nationality and enter the Mexican army. Further negotiations, which lasted for nearly four months, were not more successful in attaining any definite result, and de Raousset, irritated by the pro-

crastination and the chicanery of the Mexican Government, was so imprudent as to listen to the overtures of some discontented generals who were conspiring against Santa Anna. The plot was discovered, but de Raousset received timely warning that he would be arrested, and he escaped by riding three hundred miles in six days through a mountainous country till he reached the port of Acapulco.

On his return to San Francisco for the second time, de Raousset set to work more energetically, if possible, than before, to obtain the means of realising his projects, but without much success, as the American capitalists who previously had been so ready to aid him drew back on perceiving that the undertaking was to be exclusively French; and the French bankers to whom he applied looked upon him as merely a fanciful dreamer, and did not care to risk their money in what seemed to them a very doubtful speculation. His correspondence with his friends about this time bears witness to the profound weariness and discouragement which this persistent ill-luck produced in his mind, as well as to the intensity of his conviction that a new and prosperous existence awaited the province of Sonora, as soon as an army of industrious colonists should be allowed to bring to light the hidden treasures of its mountains, and develop the agricultural wealth of its plains and valleys. He dwelt also in his letters on the important service that the new republic would render to the Latin race in America by checking the further advance of the United States, which were already threatening Cuba, Canada, and Mexico, and, by the rapid growth of their population and their commerce, would soon be the ruling power in the world ("dans dix ans il ne se tirera pas un coup de canon en Europe sans leur permission") unless some neighbouring community put a stop to their encroachments and counterbalanced their influence. But it was useless to expect that Mexico would undertake such a task: "Blindness, ignorance, fanaticism, silliness, hatred of foreigners, inveterate vices, utter helplessness, there is Mexico for you. . . . Mexico is a land into which civilisation can only be introduced by force. What Fernan Cortes did with regard to the Aztec empire must be done over again at the present day; it is requisite that a stronger race should take the place of the enervated descendants of that great man, a mixture of two equally worn-out races, Spanish-Indian half-castes, inferior to the nations which he presented to Charles V." Even still more ambitious projects than the independence of Sonora would seem to have been gradually developed in his mind; for, in a letter written shortly before his departure from California, he expresses the hope that the colonisation of Sonora by the French would be but

the first step towards the occupation of Mexico by France, a far less arduous enterprise than the conquest of Algeria, with its fanatical and warlike population, and one which he would undertake to execute with only 20,000 men.

De Raousset succeeded at last, after long and wearisome efforts, in obtaining from some bankers a promise that the funds necessary for the expedition would be placed at his disposal; he enlisted about 1,000 men, and provided them with arms and ammunition, when the report was spread that Santa Anna had sold the province of Sonora to the United States. The rumour was unfounded, but the bankers were alarmed; they withdrew their promises, and de Raousset saw his hopes once more rudely shattered just when they seemed about to be realised. At the same time, Santa Anna proclaimed him an outlaw, and, in order to counteract his designs, instructed the Mexican consul at San Francisco to enrol all those, with the exception of American subjects, who might be willing to enter the Mexican army; offering to give them lands in Sonora after a year's service. The French at first refused, as a year's service in a foreign army would have deprived them of their nationality; it was then suggested that they should come as military colonists, always ready to take arms in case of an invasion of the Apaches. They accepted this condition, and, after some opposition on the part of the United States Government, about four hundred men, most of whom had formed part of de Raousset's band, and on whom he knew that he could reckon, sailed for Guaymas on April 1, 1854, under the orders of Commandant Desmarais. Three hundred of these were French, the others were Germans, Irish, and Chilians.

De Raousset remained at San Francisco closely watched by the police, and the Mexican Government could at last hope that no further act of hostility on his part was to be feared; but another *pronunciamento* made by General Alvarez, which gave rise to a state of anarchy in Mexico, encouraged him to make another attempt to put his long-cherished plans into execution; and, on the night of May 23, he sailed from San Francisco on board a small schooner, with eight companions and a cargo of 250 rifles. Before leaving he sent a letter to M. Dillon, in which he protested against the accusations of the American press, which considered him as a mere filibuster; and he declared that the reports which he had received from Sonora left no doubt in his mind that the inhabitants of that province were resolved to proclaim their independence, and to restore to civilisation a magnificent country which a wretched Government had plunged into the most abject misery. His plans for colonisation,

which had been approved of by the Mexican Government, would have enriched the province of Sonora, but he and his comrades had been deceived, and he, therefore, was resolved to act. In another letter he assured M. Levasseur, the French minister at Mexico, that if General Santa Anna had acted honourably towards him and trusted him, he would have served him faithfully ; and that, in following his men to Sonora, and placing himself at their head, his sole object was to obtain justice, and assert their lawful claim to the Arizona mine.

After a stormy passage and a delay of twelve days on the island of Sta Margherita, off the coast of Lower California, where the schooner went ashore, de Raousset landed near Guaymas at the end of June ; two of his companions whom he despatched to Commandant Desmarais with orders to surprise the town that night, and seize the civil and military authorities, were arrested and imprisoned, but he entered Guaymas on the following day without hindrance.

In spite of some quarrels due to international jealousy, the French battalion had lived until then on tolerably good terms with the Mexican soldiers, but the arrival of de Raousset gave rise to a certain amount of excitement in the town, which was intensified by the malevolent calumnies disseminated among the people by persons hostile to the Count's projects, with the intention of sowing discord between the two nationalities. The garrison of Guaymas was then commanded by General Yañez, who had succeeded General Blanco as military Governor of Sonora, and de Raousset sought to induce him to abandon the cause of General Santa Anna and join that of Alvarez. The General remained faithful to his party, but, while he continued to treat the French with courtesy, he took every precaution against a surprise : reinforcements were brought from other parts of the province, the national guard was kept continually under arms, the artillery and the ammunition of the forts were concentrated at headquarters, and the town was patrolled night and day. These measures tended to embitter rather than to diminish the animosity between the Mexicans and the French. The quarrels between them became more frequent, and some of the volunteers were stabbed or fired on in the streets, while the authorities, when appealed to, made no effort to punish the aggressors. De Raousset had been assured privately, by persons who were suspected afterwards of being emissaries of General Yañez, that if he took up arms he would have the support of the officers of the garrison and of the inhabitants of the interior of Sonora. He was irritated by the unrelenting hostility of the townspeople, wearied by the dilatory policy of the Government, which still delayed to put the colonists in possession of the lands which

had been promised to them, and the continual arrival of detachments of soldiers and of bands of Indians in the service of the State led him to suspect that General Yañez was getting ready to attack him. On the morning, therefore, of July 13 he suggested to his men that they should send a deputation to the General to demand that he should give them two pieces of artillery as a guarantee for their safety, and disarm the National Guard. Their mission proved unsuccessful; and, on their return, de Raousset made an eloquent speech, in which he told his followers that the time for hesitation or conciliatory measures was past, and that they would either have to consent to become Mexican soldiers, and, as such, be subjected to the ignominy of corporal punishment, or fight for the freedom of Sonora and the honour of France. They cried out unanimously that they were ready to fight; and the battalion, consisting of four companies of seventy-five men each, marched at once out of the barracks. It was under the orders of Commandant Desmarais, a brave soldier, but unaccustomed to direct military operations, and although de Raousset was aware of his incapacity, and was requested by the men to take the command, he was unwilling to wound his vanity and susceptibility, as he stated afterwards to his friends, and preferred to serve in the ranks. The German volunteers in the battalion followed the lead of the French, but the Irish and Chilians refused to join in the movement, and remained faithful to the Government.

De Raousset had already drawn up the plan to be carried out in case of a fight. Three companies were to attack the barracks of the Mexican troops, which formed a large quadrangle, one side of which was closed by a wall, the other two being occupied by buildings of one storey with flat roofs surrounded by parapets, while the fourth company was to seize the Sonora Hotel, situated about two hundred yards further. General Yañez, who expected the outbreak of hostilities, was fully prepared: his artillery swept the main street by which the French advanced, and his infantry poured a hail of bullets on them from the roofs of the houses. At the first volley Commandant Desmarais lost his presence of mind; he failed to give the necessary orders, and the volunteers fell into the utmost confusion. De Raousset tried to rally them; he succeeded in collecting about twenty, with whose help he shot down nearly all the artillerymen, and General Yañez had to assist in serving a gun: but when de Raousset tried to scale the wall of the barracks, he found only one man, who had been a soldier in Africa, willing to follow him, and he had to retire. The fourth company held the Sonora Hotel for some

time, till it was stormed by the Mexicans, and the surviving volunteers, disorganised and scattered in all directions, took refuge in the French Consulate, over which a white flag was hoisted. De Raousset saw that his cause was irretrievably lost, but he made no attempt to escape, and followed his men. The fight had lasted little more than two hours; the French lost 48 killed and 78 wounded, the Mexicans 30 killed and 120 wounded, out of a total amounting, according to the account of M. de Lachapelle, the biographer of de Raousset, to 1,800 men, but according to the official report of General Yañez, who, perhaps, reckoned only the regular troops, and not their Indian auxiliaries, to 351.

The volunteers gave up their arms to M. Calvo, the French Vice-Consul, who promised them the protection of the French flag, and guaranteed that their lives, as well as that of their leader, would be spared. De Raousset was, nevertheless, brought before a court-martial on August 9, when the commandant of the battalion and some of the officers sought to exculpate themselves by throwing all the blame on him; the Vice-Consul made no effort to defend him, and he was sentenced to be shot as a conspirator and a rebel. The execution took place on the morning of the 12th, de Raousset, who had passed the short respite allowed him in preparing for death, and who had edified by his courage, piety and resignation the priest who came to offer him the consolations of religion, walked with a firm step from his prison to the Plaza del Gobierno, where the troops of the garrison were drawn up. He took his place in front of the firing party, told the soldiers to aim at his heart, and fell under their volley, expiating by the heroism of his last moments whatever follies and errors may have tarnished his early career.

Such was the end of a man who, though frequently led astray by the ill-regulated impulses of an ardent and quixotic temperament, does not deserve the epithets of pirate or freebooter. The realisation of his dream of the enfranchisement of Sonora from a corrupt and incapable government, and its regeneration by means of a French colony, though not possible with the inadequate means at his disposal, and in presence of the underhand opposition which he encountered, would have been quite feasible under more favourable conditions. Since then, it is true, the Republic of Mexico has gradually emerged from the state of anarchy and corruption which alone could excuse the endeavour of an aggrieved province to secede from the rest of the nation. According to a report recently published in a newspaper of Madrid, "it is now in a flourishing condition, the period of deficits is gone, the income exceeds the expen-

diture, the administrative charges are being reduced, the telegraph and railway systems are being extended, every branch of trade is prospering, traffic is increasing at the ports, and the credit of the Republic is good." Nevertheless, by the desolation and misery which he saw around him, and by the encouragement which he received, de Raousset may well have considered himself justified in attempting to establish the independence of Sonora ; had he succeeded, he would have ranked with the great adventurers of the sixteenth century who conquered the New World for Spain, or with those of the nineteenth who wrested the same territories from an enfeebled monarchy. His defeat exposed him to the censures so freely bestowed on those who have failed, but his memory may, perhaps, be still cherished and revered by the people whom he sought to liberate and for whose cause he died.

D. SAMPSON.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1900.

THE white wet mist hangs as a shrouding veil
Over the pine woods, and the tall firs stand
Tow'ring as giants in some dim fairy land.
Yet, whence these falling tears? For not so frail

Are ye, crown'd mighty ones, to weep for days
Of summer past, of brightness hid from sight
By clouds more dreary than the dark of night.
Why fall these drops? The leaf-strewn, winding ways

Are moist with rain no sunshine came to follow.
The soft sand earth hath even drunk her fill
Where the ground rises to the shaded hill,
And where the brake and bramble crowd the hollow

Is nature's fountain full : yet cannot bring
Life to the wither'd fern. 'Tis not the tear
Thro' the night-watch that brings the daybreak near,
Nor sighs thro' winter hasten on the spring !

"'Tis all the earth which weepeth, and the heaven "
(So breathes the wood's weird silence in reply)
"Over the sadness of the land doth sigh.
Blend tear with tear ! Oh ! Hast thou unforgiven

"Sins of the cold, dead year? Such strength of pride
As glow'd with summer's glory in thy heart,
Knowing that thou wert born to bear a part
With those who have all other realms defied,

" And triumph'd in the greatness of the name
Of soil which bore thee? Of that regal throne
Which ruled thee, and those millions o'er the zone?
Of brothers' titles on the roll of fame?

"Until thou thoughtest all the world did wait
But for thy claim—and now there shines no more
Thy star of glory. From a distant shore—
Listen!—the rolling thunder of thy fate

"Calls thee to weep as Nature weeps for thee,
Weep as the drear woods weep at day's decline ;
Veil (as their depths are veil'd this morning time)
Thy face, lest they who knew thee once should see."

Be still ! Thou phantom voice of mist-clad air,
Wailing thy dirge as fall the dag-drops down,
Murking the grandeur of each plumed crown !
Thro' lurking shadows will I reach thy lair,

False fiend ! and tell thee that the morn will rise,
Morn of the morrow, fairer for the shades
That hang o'er these and other mystic glades,
And God will brighter make the clearing skies

For brave hearts waiting thro' the wintry night,
Than ever shone they for the fools of ease
Who lived to follow in the paths which please,
Lazing, until they wearied of the light.

And, if we gloried, so much more the need
To show we gloried in a strength whose breath
Sustains thro' vigils gloomier than death,
To prove our boast in life, and act, and deed—

To thank God even for the chance to prove—
This New Year morning cometh in a cloud,
And Nature lieth in a sodden shroud,
Yet labours onward for a spring of love.

Each morrow can be New Year for the brave,
Each sleep at eventide the Old Year's rest ;
The dawn which brings the brightest and the best
May linger with faint gleam o'er some lone grave

Whose depths we dread to see, fearing to hear
The requiem—so little knowing all,
For this, perchance, is sorrow's funeral,
And the chief mourner "Joy" who standeth near.

E. M. RUTHERFORD.

TABLE TALK.

MR. LANG ON OUR TASTE IN LITERATURE.

IN a recent "At the Sign of the Ship" Mr. Lang, one of the most suggestive of writers, contributed some interesting speculations as to our national taste in literature, a subject started in *The Outlook*. The conclusion at which he arrives is that such taste as we formerly possessed is now lost. He is bold enough even to fix for its departure a date, which is that of 1830—a period about half a generation before his own birth. "Up to 1830 or so," he says, "our forefathers, who were much more intellectual than we, bought and read good books." To which I can only reply, "Did they so?" I am not exactly joining issue with Mr. Lang, for whom I have a sincere admiration. What he says seems to me, however, to be only a part of that admiration for the past which is one of the most curious transmissions of heredity. As Pope says of the North:—

Ask, Where's the North? At York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.

Mr. Lang is well aware how the men of Homer's time had declined from their predecessors whose deeds Homer chronicled. Since those days each successive age has gone on dwindling, it is said, in strength and valour, until we should at this date be inconceivably smaller than the Aztecs or the Diggers. Not less remarkable has been, if we may trust our self-constituted moralists, our social *dégringolade*. What was accepted a few years ago as the most ancient human document in being is, as I have more than once stated, a wail over the loss of respect on the part of youth for its elders. This wail, after some thousands of years have passed, seems as justifiable as ever. Youth seems to me much more disrespectful now than it was in my early days. So convinced am I of this that I seek to account for it, and find the explanation in the fact that discipline is all but banished from our schools.

ARE WE CEASING TO READ GOOD BOOKS?

RETURNING to Mr. Lang's dictum, then, I make bold to affirm that an observer so intelligent as he, if such had lived in 1830, would, when questioned on the point Mr. Lang raises, have declared that the period at which we used to read good books

was in the time of Dr. Johnson; a contemporary of Johnson would fix it in the period of Addison and Steele, from which it would go back to the time of Dryden, and thence to that of Shakespeare. I will not, as I might, show how the Humanists went back to Cicero and the Schoolmen to Aristotle. It is conceivable that there are men by whom this retrogression would be step by step defended. Milton, it seems obvious, was more impressed by the "lofty grave tragedians" of Athens than he was with Shakespeare, though he was near the point at which he would focus Shakespeare from the right position. I seem, however, able to contribute towards the point raised some few facts that may merit consideration. In "1830 or so" I was hardly in existence, and of course unable to read. A dozen years later I began to overhaul the few books that constituted the paternal library. Not particularly suited to youth were these books, and most of them I have now forgotten. I remember a few, however, in which I became at one time or other interested. These comprised Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle," Baxter's "Saint's Everlasting Rest," Spenser's "Faërie Queene," Quarles's "Emblems," and a book entitled "The Providence of God Illustrated," a sort of Nonconformist *Gesta Romanorum cum Applicationibus Moralibus et Mysticis*, by the Rev. James Parsons. A quaintly incongruous lot of books as ever was seen is surely this. The first serious attempt to enlarge this collection was made when my father took in a re-issue of the 48-volume edition of the Waverley novels. Then too, or soon after, he subscribed to Douglas Jerrold's Magazine and to Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis," then issued in yellow covers, and successive novels of Dickens, which appeared in green. My mother having become blind—I apologise for the intrusion of domestic particulars, which however are to the point—successive parts of Thackeray and Dickens, very eagerly awaited, were read aloud in the family circle. I ask Mr. Lang, then, if he calls this a falling-off from 1830 or so?

THE BOOK SUPPLY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

THE case I mention would have little value as an isolated instance, but it was not such. I am in a position to state that it was to a certain extent representative of what was done in Yorkshire homes. If I am asked what other supply of literature there was, I may say that with the appearance of Bohn's Standard Library—the first cheap series of books worth calling such—people began to buy and read. Roscoe, the author of "The Life of Lorenzo de Medici" and other works, is in less esteem now than he then was; but his works and the following volumes of Bohn's series were carefully read, and exercised a perceptible and an enduring influence. Other works added to the family possessions were *Tait's Magazine*, another Scottish magazine—I think, Sharpe's—Murray's Home and Colonial Library, and a collection of miscellaneous works published in parti-coloured covers—I think by Chambers. At the same time another source of supply was established. A certain number of our elders subscribed and bought newly published books of a fairly

expensive type which circulated from hand to hand. When all had been read, a meeting of the subscribers was held, and the books were put up to auction. In this way the household became possessor of some works which otherwise it would never have owned. I cannot think that this statement of experiences half a century "or so" ago is without interest for the present generation. It goes far, I think, to disprove Mr. Lang's hasty generalisation. Humble too as was, when all sources of supply are taken into consideration, the domestic library, it was, I fancy, equal to that to be found in most modern residences of the middle classes. A few handsomely bound books may doubtless be seen in the drawing-room of any house the inmates of which pretend to culture. Shelving for books is not, however, a familiar feature in the homes I enter, and such space as is devoted to books is most frequently filled by the usual dictionaries and other schoolbooks for children.

DO WE READ AS MANY BOOKS AS FORMERLY?

DO I, then, hold that books are read as much as they were a generation ago, or even—to come to Mr. Lang's period—two generations ago? If asked the question I answer, "Most certainly not." People read as much as ever they did. It is probable that with the spread of education and the largely augmented supply of fiction the average consumption per head of novels is higher than it has ever been. Serious, important, and instructive works are, however, at a discount. Men read as specialists. The works of Herbert Spencer, Tylor, Frazer, down to the recently published accounts of the Australian aborigines of Spencer and Gillen, or of Mathew, are studied by the anthropologist. There is something like a craze for Dante; and translations, dictionaries, and commentaries tread on each other's heels. Is there, however, among all these devotees of Dante one who ever opens a copy of "Tasso"? How many men are there in England who have read a line of Camoens, even though his "Lusiad" has been translated afresh of late years by Burton? Sir Richard's crabbed style, it must be owned, is not likely to resuscitate an expiring author. In a *quasi*-literary club the other day one of the most familiar lines in Goldsmith's best-known poem, "Retaliation," was a crux to the entire company; and "The Mistakes of a Night," the second title of "She Stoops to Conquer," bred dismay in a first-class printing office when ascribed to the same author. People in general nowadays read little except hot-press literature. I do not account for this by supposing that we have fallen entirely from grace, and lost the habit of reading anything serious or of literary value. The chief enemy to the book is, however, the high-class review. I mean by this, not the lucubrations of the critic in the *Athenæum* or the *Spectator*, but the *Fortnightly* or the *Nineteenth Century*. It is much easier to study sixteen pages than three hundred and fifty, and as our best scientists are content to "sample their wares" in a short essay they can scarcely be surprised if a large number of readers are content with the taste they obtain, and indulge no farther.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

APRIL 1900.

POLLY'S PAST.

By G. E. MOYSEY.

IN a small cottage lying to one side of the great main road, that incidentally passed through the village of Fairlea on its way to the north, dwelt an elderly couple. Strictly speaking, a cottage is usually said to stand in some spot, but in this case the expression could not be used accurately, for the thatched roof had a strong inclination groundwards on one side. Indeed, so obvious was this defect, that a pathetic attempt to avert further mischance had been made by its occupants, and two wooden props of slender proportions tried their best to hold up the drooping eaves on that side. Moreover, the door hung limply on its hinges, looking for all the world like a wasted convalescent in his former clothes. The windows owed little to the glazier, but brown paper managed to keep some of the draughts at bay; the chimney had long ago fallen on evil times, and appeared to be one half its original height; whilst a general untidiness in front and round about the dwelling-place conveyed to the mind a notion of life lived as much out of doors as inside the premises. Parings of potatoes, mingled with cabbage stalks and soapsuds, proclaimed that various preparations must recently have taken place in full view of the neighbours, but astonishment at the publicity of life would have been greatly mitigated by a view of the tiny room that served the elderly couple as kitchen, sitting-room, and washhouse. For this was no neatly designed up-to-date cottage, but rather was it a ramshackle disgrace that had somehow managed to survive the slow upheaval and renovation of dwellings agricultural.

It was small, so the couple would occasionally confess when the question was pressed home, but it did well enough for two old folks like themselves; and, with a sigh, there was no likelihood of its ever

being required to hold a third person. This sigh was tribute paid to the memory of a dear and only child, a son named Tim.

Tim had not been content with the life of the little village, the routine of a farm hand, but had broken loose from all traditions of his family and gone to sea. Tim's father, who had never once set eyes on the mighty deep during the whole course of his existence, could not comprehend the lad's craving ; neither could Tim's uncle, an assistant in a small country shop. This latter had once found himself by the sea for a holiday, and had tried the joys of a tripping steamer. It was on this experience and its painful results that he based his observations of wonderment when he heard of his nephew's flight to the coast.

"The boy will have no stomach to stick to it," he remarked grimly, with more vigour than politeness in speech ; but in this he was doomed to disappointment. Tim stuck to the sea ; and the sea stuck to him, for from one voyage he never returned, having been drowned while trying to rescue a comrade from the cruel grip of the ocean. So Tim, having sailed to and fro for many years, slept his last sleep in the depths of the sea that had claimed him for its own ; and the little cottage henceforth had nothing to which to look forward. Yet at the news of his death there was one ray of consolation, and the question, "How can we face the lad ?" was laid to rest. In the far-off land to which he had hastily wandered, perhaps he knew the bitter truth without need of words, and, knowing all, understood they were in no wise to blame. Neighbours, watching them closely, remarked among themselves that the elderly couple failed a little day by day, and some were inclined to date this gradual decay from the news of Tim's death ; but others, more observant, always maintained that the flight of Tim's Polly had been the turning-point of their lives.

For Tim, like all true sailors, had had a Polly, and Polly had gone away, no man knew whither.

Yes, Tim had had a Polly. He brought her home to his father and mother after one long voyage, laughingly assuring them he had done it for their sakes, lest they should be lonely. But for the impossibility of expressing their feelings in speech, they could have laughed at him in scorn for his want of understanding ; could have told him that no one, however dear, could possibly take the place of him who was their child, flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bones ; could have said that his Polly might establish a right of her own in his name, but could never take from him what was, both by right and gift, his heritage.

Instead, they welcomed her rather as one of those strange creature but half comprehended - and indeed while Tim remained at home to look after her himself they never gave her the full recognition of her existence. Her attentions were so well timed, then there came a growth of affection. She was so bright and lively, had always so much to say, that it was hard to stand apart so long. Then the interest that was always in mind in regard to the child toil unconsciously grew to be part and parcel of the family's welfare. She did not realise the difference in words between her own and a definite thought: but slowly she grew to depend on the companionship of Polly's bright eyes for the record of her every word. Tim's father, too, incessantly altered his ways so that his daily work as he had once done, but improved while at the workshop of the village in exchange a word of gossip with a story, and many another response after Polly with a "Thank ye, sister, doing better as ever." His old woman was no longer alone.

And what a pleasure that when Tim came home, always at night, with the strange whiff of the far-off world about in his coat to show him his Polly as bright and merry as ever. And now Tim began, too, to hear how she had picked up the quaint sayings and familiar accent of his boyhood's home. It was good to hear his parents liberally bestowed, for all their care of his treasure and to be able to honestly answer back, "Nay, but we would be it all were it not for her own sake."

Ah, those were happy days!

But dark ones followed. One morning the village was all astir with the news that Polly had gone. In the cool of the summer evening she vanished from their lives, leaving behind in case of her flight, no clue they might follow. It was a surprise to the couple. Sadly they looked in each other's eyes, reading there well enough what each one dreaded; yet by mutual consent they refused to put the stinging thought into plain language. Instead they quarrelled on about accidents, and dwelt on the possibility of her having missed her way.

"We shall have her home again for certain yet," said Tim's mother to a neighbour. "She must just have missed her way."

"She's missed it with the stranger at the inn then," replied the other with brutal frankness. "I tell you, I had my suspicions when he was here some time back, admiring your Polly, and turning her head with his notice."

Tim's mother shrank as if she had received a blow. This, in truth, was what she feared, what she lacked courage to own to her-

self ; and it was hard to hear it said by one who had not loved Polly as she had. But two days later, when still there came no news no sign of Polly, then she and her husband had to break the silence that already was beginning to arise, and with its shadow to cover the little cottage.

"Who will tell Tim?" was her cry, and he could give no answering word of comfort.

No neighbour had seen Polly on that fatal afternoon ; by all who perceived she had taken to flight ; but the same day had witnessed the departure of the stranger at the inn, and the coincidence was suspicious. Often during the evenings he spent in Fairlea he had turned up at the cottage, ostensibly to chat to Tim's father ; but he never passed over Polly's existence in silence, as he was apt to do that of Tim's mother. He would try to be friendly, and she, not being shy or averse to notice, would respond to his advances with cordiality. Tim's mother recollected, too, with bitter sorrow how he had asked her if she was going to the neighbouring town on that particular afternoon, and how she had told him yes. Then turning to where Polly was sitting he had said, jokingly as it were : "And are you going, my pretty?"

And Polly, shaking her wise little head, had answered, "No, no not this time," and had made them all laugh.

But this corroboration of her worst fears she kept in her own breast.

Had they not been kind to their Tim's Polly? she dully wondered. Had she missed something out of life since she came home to live with them, that she could go with a stranger and bring sorrow on all their heads? And above all these miserable questionings rose the fatal thought, "Who is to tell Tim?"

But, after all, they were not to tell him, for when they were once again expecting him home, there came the letter to say they would never again on earth see their Tim. It was the rector who told them gravely, sadly, compassionately ; the rector, too, who preached the sermon the following Sunday, with a ring of exultation in his voice on the text "Greater love hath no man," for had not this man been his pupil in days gone past, and was not the world a place worth living in when heroes arose from beside one and went forth to die and die?

And so the old folks were again left alone, and this time the solitude was hard to bear. There was a new stoop in the man's back, fresh grey showed amongst the woman's hair, and both wore new lines of care and sorrow.

Then one day a strange thing happened. It was the evening, after the supper hour, and the two were sitting there silently as was their wont. Until the light had failed altogether the man had laboured in the small plot of ground attached to the cottage, for during the day the time was not his own to bestow upon it ; and now he was resting for a bit, watching his wife mend a pair of socks that had seen better days before they even fell to his share of this world's gear. Another ten minutes and they would have gone to bed in the tiny room under the low thatched roof, now still more disreputable-looking than ever. Suddenly there came a distinct sound as of tap-tap on the sole remaining pane of glass in the window. The woman raised her bent head and cast her partner a questioning glance.

"Yes, I hear it too," he said in reply to the mute query, "but 'tis nought most like."

Then there was a brief silence, and once again it came "tap-tap" as before.

"Open the door," pleaded the woman. He obeyed, rising stiffly from his chair, and going, pipe in mouth, to the door. Opening it, he looked outside, then stepped into the air, and, a moment later, his wife heard him utter a hasty exclamation such as she had not heard him use since the day they received the news of their Tim's death.

There ensued a few instants of suspense, and then he re-entered the cottage with the air of one marching to a triumphal chorus. For with him came Tim's Polly ; Polly who had come home after all these weary months of waiting.

No questions were asked, nor was there thought of where she had spent the time ; but in their simplicity the old folks set food before her, and found their reward in seeing how the poor creature devoured it.

"Let her be," besought the old woman in a whisper, "for she seems but mazed, poor lass."

So the poor wanderer was silently received back into the home that before had sheltered her, and a merciful veil was hung before the unknown past.

At first it seemed as though Polly had come back but to die, so spent was her strength ; but little by little she recovered slowly from her weakness until all danger vanished. But such a changed Polly was she. Gone were the blithe spirits that once had kept the cottage bright ; and for hours together she would sit without uttering a word, gazing before her with unseeing eyes. Their Polly had aged, too ; the bright eyes seemed dimmed, and the old brisk movements had been replaced by something more staid and quiet.

What it was that had worked such an alteration, what trials she had undergone, the old couple never learnt. During the course of the evenings, when Polly was safely asleep, they used occasionally to speculate over her possible vicissitudes, but of herself they never asked a single question, nor did she volunteer the information. Nevertheless, once or twice an incautious word betrayed how low poor Polly had fallen, into what sort of company she had been thrown, ere she escaped from her deceiver and wended her way back to the little cottage in Fairlea.

If the news of her flight had spread rapidly over the village, it may be judged with what swiftness the whole country side learnt the news of the return of Tim's Polly. Great was the wonder expressed and many were the congratulations showered on the old couple. The rector was one of the first to call and express his pleasure, but although he did his best to persuade her into accompanying him on his errand he could not get the elderly maiden sister who kept house for him to call.

"You may go if you like," she said sharply, "and I believe you are as pleased about it as themselves, but for my own part I shall go on no such errand. It is for you to decide whether a similar visit of congratulation is consistent with your character as rector of Fairlea."

"Certainly that is a matter which I alone can decide," replied her brother.

"And you intend to go, and make yourself ridiculous?"

"I shared in their sorrow, poor old people; why should I hold aloof from their joy?"

"We are forbidden to worship idols," retorted the rector's sister with some acerbity in her tone, "and what is it but idolatry that they bestow on that ——"

Her brother, however, waited not to hear the conclusion of the matter, but, taking refuge in flight, closed the discussion and the door at the same time.

His visit was appreciated by the couple, but in spite of many efforts he could not induce Polly to open her lips. During the whole course of his stay she remained obstinately dumb, and fearing to vex her by ill-timed importunities he directed his whole attention to the elderly folks.

For miles round the people came flocking in to call, curiously bent on taking a look at poor prodigal Polly, and it was some time before popular excitement over the event calmed down; but at last the daily stream of visitors subsided and Polly was left in peace.

Perhaps she is still living out her life in that quiet country village, but she must be very old by now, for these events happened many a long year ago. One thing, however, is certain ; the old folks have never addressed a word of reproach on the subject of that fifteen months' disappearance from Fairlea. Nor would it have been much use if they had done so . . . seeing that Tim's Polly is a *grey parrot*.

A KENTISH DESCENT.

"A. D. 855. In this year heathen men first took up their quarters over winter in Sheppey." So runs the chronicler's brief record of an event which marks the commencement of an era wherein—on that dark day at Hastings when the Kentish body-guard to a man fell with its great Earl and King—the fortunes of Englishmen declined to their lowest. Other eras succeeded and a thousand years have passed, yet the concerns of the men of the little "sheep isle" at the mouth of the Medway are still chiefly of ships and sheep, warfare and wool.

For the rest—

all doth suffer change.

Even the ancient Minster church on the cliff east of Sheerness, a landmark to the seafarer and of interest to readers of "Ingoldsby Legends," cannot with absolute certainty be identified with the great Saxon monastery of St. Sexburga, which for two hundred years was the school of the Princesses of Kent, although it is known to stand within the precincts. Across the Swale upon the mainland, Milton, once the "King's middle tun," with its palace of ancient Kentish royalty, has for long centuries been but a suburb of Sittingbourne.

In the olden time, near Milton, lay a tract of wooded country which probably extended southward into the Stockbury valleys, where the chalk ridge yet shelters copses of indigenous chestnut, and merged northward in tangles of marsh covert about the low lands on either side the Swale. This was royal domain, the "Sylva Regis" of Domesday. And, doubtless, it was of this same woodland that, in the twelfth century, Stephen, son of the lord of Sheppey and thenceforth designated "de Northwood," parked a chase, well stocked with deer and wild boars, which as Northwood Chasteners, or Northwood "without and within Sheppey," was for three centuries the baronial domain of his descendants. Of good service in their day upon the bench and in the field, their names are to be found in many an old court record and roll of arms. Roger (died A.D. 1285),

a baron of exchequer, besides exercising minor judicial commissions in Kent, was constable of Dover Castle and warden of the Cinque Ports. A great benefactor to the monastery ("he is to-day called the restorer of that house," a fourteenth century roll in the Surrenden library says of him), he served with Edward in Scotland, his son and grandson being in arms there with him. The son, John (died A.D. 1319), who, as well as in Scotland, served in France and Flanders, was successively sheriff of Kent in 1292, 1293, 1300, 1305, and 1306. Later, a William is a Knight Hospitaller. A yet later William—probably a second son to whom Northwood Chasteners subsequently passed—did signal service in the battle of Agincourt; while John, "esquire," at the "Red Lion" in Sittingbourne received and entertained Henry V. and his retinue in their triumphal progress to London after the battle. The wine bill is said to have amounted to 9s. 9d., and seems to have been regarded as extravagant. It was probably this John who died without heirs male in 1416, the title then falling into abeyance. But the family name is not yet extinct in the county, and down to the present century a pride of descent was cherished by a line of yeomen Norwoods in the Weald—not, indeed, so far as can now be recalled, as from major barons of England, but, more significantly, from great "men of Kent."

Much conjecture upon the precise signification of the term "Man of Kent" has been ventured, but with no conclusive result. The distinction is popularly supposed to belong to those of the county born "east of Rochester Bridge," and by common consent is allowed to relate to some concession by the Conqueror of the customs of Kent or laws of gavelkind.¹ A monkish story of East Kent men marching against William under arms, and so compelling a grant, is now generally discredited. What remains beyond question is that somehow and at some time Kent received the ratification of its ancient custumal; that this still remains to the county as common law; and that the customs which it secures, consisting as they do of provisions for personal liberty, the assurance and equity of inheritance, freedom

¹ It is surprising to observe that in the several memoranda upon the subject which have appeared in *Notes and Queries* no mention has been made of Rochester Bridge. I can well remember that when living with him on the right bank of the upper Medway, and I, a lad, endeavouring to argue that we were therefore "Men of Kent," my stepfather insisted that the *river* had nothing to do with the matter; the *bridge* was the true point of division. A Medway waterman himself, descended from a line of watermen, he was an acknowledged authority on river lore, and as such was once called as a witness before the House of Lords upon a question of use and wont. I do not think there could have been sounder testimony to oral tradition than his.—J. C. N.

in the conveyance of land, and special protection to women and younger children, are of a sort most honourable, in the Middle Age, to any race or community which could of right lay claim to such a code. Poets have celebrated the achievement. Old Drayton in his "Polyolbion," paraphrasing Verstegan, thus sings :—

" O noble Kent," quoth he, " this praise doth thee belong,
The hard'st to be controlled, impatientest of wrong,
Who when the Norman first with pride and horror swayed,
Threw'st off the servile yoke upon the English laid ;
And with a high resolve most bravely did'st restore
That liberty so long enjoyed by thee before.
Not suffering foreign laws should thy free customs bind,
Thou only shew'd'st thyself of th' ancient Saxon kind.
Of all the English shires be thou surnamed the Free,
And foremost ever placed, when they shall reckoned be."

Wordsworth, too, in one of his patriotic sonnets, invokes the

Vanguard of liberty, ye men of Kent !

And Tennyson, by the mouth of his Sir Thomas Wyatt, calls the men of Kent, " England of England ; you that have kept your old customs upright, while all the rest of England bowed theirs to the Norman."

Notwithstanding all this, the history of the commons of Kent is yet to write, and it must be admitted that little is at present known of the general operation of their custumal prior to the reign of Edward I. To us the code only becomes tangible and exact in the version preserved in the black-letter text of Lambarde, the antiquary, which, in form the confirmatory charter of Edward I., is the usual authority in law to-day. It commences with a general declaration—

" that all the bodies of Kentishmen be free, as well as the other free bodies of Englande."

This, however derived, is the glory of Kent ; this royal recognition in the thirteenth century of the unreserved birthright freedom of the natives of an entire territory, essentially greater than any provision of Magna Charta ; for it records a constitutional defence of common individual liberty, such as since has been esteemed the Briton's proudest privilege, as customary under the White Horse rampant long ere it became general beneath the Union Jack or the Red Cross of St. George. The charter next proceeds—and the order is of importance in the present consideration—with an abrogation of the royal escheat or relief of land—the exemption, that is, from reversion to the Crown :—

"That they may their lands and their tenements give and sell without licence asked of their Lordes. . . . They claim also, that if any tenant in gavelkind die . . . that all his sons shall part that inheritance in equal portions."

Among other provisions, most curious is that concerning the "right of astre," by which the "harth for fire shall remain to the youngest sonne or daughter," to whom also belongs the "covert of the astre." Lambarde, in reference to this, observes: "Astre, that is to say the stocke, harth, or chimney for fire; which word, as I thinke, was derived of the Latin *astrum*, a starre," because, he adds, "the fire shineth in the house, as the starre thereof." The astre, indeed, appears to have been the conventional point from which the parceners' measurements for division of gavelkind tenements were taken, the virtual centre of the house, and if the octagonal hearth-stones which yet remain in the centre of the floors of some old halls may be regarded as conventional, it can be suggested that their form is of itself sufficiently starlike. (In this connection the tradition of an octagonal "John o' Groat's house," so planned for equal division among sons, comes pointedly to mind.)

Other careful and, to us at the present time, curious provisions follow. It is, however, with the last two sections of Lambarde's translation that this paper is more particularly concerned, viz.:—

"XXI. Moreover they claim by an especial deede of king Henry (the thirde), father of King E. which now is (whom God save), that of the tenements which are holden in gavelkinde, there shall no battail be joined, nor ground assise be taken by xij knights, as it is used in other places of the realme: that is to weet, where the tenant and demaundant hold by Gavelkinde; but in place of these ground assises, let juries be taken by xij men, being tenāts in Gavelkinde; so that foure tenants of Gavelkinde choose xij tenants of Gavelkinde to be jurors. And the Chartre of the king of this especialitie, is in the custodie of Sir John of Norwood, the day of S. Alphey in Canterburie, the yeere of king Edward, the sonne of king Henrie, the XXI.

"XXII. These be the usages of Gavelkinde, and of Gavelkinde men in Kent, which were before the Conquest, and at the Conquest, and ever since till now."

It is in this particular association of Sir John de Northwood with Henry's charter, considered along with certain antecedent circumstances recorded in Domesday, that there perhaps may be seen to exist a clue—slender and romantic it may be, but not wild or im-

probable—to the reputed affirmation by the Conqueror himself. When it is borne in mind that the Domesday survey was not a report drawn up in the unsettled transitional moment of conquest, but that it was carefully compiled years after that event, it is difficult to assume that any effectual affirmation could have been made of which no trace is to be found in that venerable document. Such a trace may be discerned in its very outset, introductory to the survey of Kent:—

“When an allodial tenant dies the King has relief from the land except the land of the Holy Trinity, St. Augustine, and St. Martin, Godric of Bourne, and Godric Carlesone, and Alnod Cilt, and Sbern Commissary, and Siret of Chilham, and Turgis, and Norman, and Azor. Of these the King at present participates only of the forfeitures relative to capital offences. . . .

“From the lands before recited of Alnod Cilt and his peers the Sovereign is guarded six days at Canterbury or at Sandwich; and the men receive provisions and liquor at the monarch's charge. Should these not be supplied they may return without forfeiture.”

Most probably in these exceptional landholders, “Alnod Cilt and his peers”—a group apparently of eight individuals supported by powerful ecclesiastical influence—we have before us the patriotic party, the original “men of Kent.” In Domesday, Alnod's manors in Kent are numerous; and in regard to the “*Sylva Regis*” of Milton it is recorded:—

“Of the King's woods, Wadard has as much as pays sixteen pence per annum, and holds half a denne, which, in the time of King Edward the Confessor, a certain villein held; and Alnod Cilt took away two parts by force from a certain villein.”

It does not appear that Alnod possessed other land in Milton; his appropriation of a portion of the royal forest is therefore the more remarkable.

Turning now to the ratified custumal, it is to be observed that its apparent date is suggestive in two particulars, viz., that on the one hand the *day* is that dedicated in the calendar to the Saxon martyr, Archbishop Alphege, who three centuries before had strenuously opposed the traffic in slaves with the heathen, is peculiarly significant. Finally falling a victim to Danish fury Alphege was buried with all honour at Canterbury by King Canute, and afterwards canonised; it is quite probable that the selection

his holy day for the formal ratification of the county customs was intentionally in accordance with the Kentish patriotic feeling, and it perhaps implies a great public function. That the *year*, on the other hand, is one falling at the commencement of that period in which de Northwood intermittently served as Sheriff of Kent—a year in which his office was held jointly with one “John de Bourne”—is no less notable.

It is not stated into whose hands the ratified custumal was delivered, but the custumal itself states that the incidental charter of King Henry (analogous, by the way, in its provisions to de Montfort's parliamentary reformation of 1258, whereby the “commonalty” was to elect “twelve honest men who shall come to the Parliaments,” &c.) was then in the custody of de Northwood. The custody may have been incidental to the shrievalty, or *vice versa*; in either case it is noticeable that in the persons of these co-sheriffs, one is found to be the inheritor of that King's wood of which Alnod by force took two parts, while the other bears the territorial surname of one of Alnod's peers. Is it not reasonable to suppose that the English Justinian thus formally associated with the Kentish liberties the representatives of its first champions? In the consideration of this question it will be well to recall that the somewhat mysterious personalities of the two men mentioned in Domesday in connection with the King's wood, both engaged the careful attention of the late Professor Freeman. He cites the passage quoted above in a note to his “Norman Conquest;” apparently, however, without finding any significance in the association of the names of Wadard and Alnod. Wadard, he concludes, was an obscure retainer of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux and Earl of Kent, of no importance in general history, and whose only distinction is the insertion of his portrait with “hic est Wadard” in the Bayeux tapestry. Regarding Alnod Cild—or “Alnod the Kentishman,” as he is significantly styled in Domesday accounts of other counties—he questions the assumption that he was a son of Earl Godwin, but more confidently inclines to identify him as the Kentish thegn who, in company with Edgar Atheling and the three Earls, Edwin, Morcar, and Waltheof, was in the train of William's first visit to Normandy after the Conquest, and who, according to Florence of Worcester, was with others given freedom by the Conqueror before the latter's death. (The list runs: Odo, Morcar, Siward Barn, Wulfnoth. A subsequent passage mentions Wulf and the hostage Duncan, the son of Malcolm.) A still later notice of Alnod or Wulfnoth exists in the satirical poems of Prior Godfrey, also cited by Freeman:—

Exilium, carcer, tenebræ, clausura, catenæ
 Accipiunt puerum destituuntque senem,
 Nexibus humanis vinctus patienter agebat
 Divinis vinctus strictius obsequiis.

from which it is to be inferred that in some character or another he became a servant of the Church.

Passing to the traditional origin of the Norwoods as given in Hasted's history of the county, it will appear not unreasonable to suppose some line of descent from Alnod the Kentishman to John de Northwood, the sheriff. It is said that at an early period, probably in the first half of the twelfth century, Jordan de Sheppey gave the lands of Northwood to his son Stephen, who parked them as before mentioned, and built within them a house, near to Milton. The use of the Christian name "Jordan" at so early a period is singular, and may be thought to relate to a pilgrimage and baptism in the river Jordan—a very possible incident in the life of a Saxon thegn after the Conquest.

Broadly reviewing the foregoing data in regard to Alnod or Wulfnoth, Wadard, Jordan de Sheppey, and John de Northwood, the following inferences seem proper:—

I. That the Alnod who in the vicinity of Milton (appropriately "east of" and not far distant from Rochester Bridge) seized by force part of the King's wood formally held by Wadard at the time of Domesday—who was permitted to hold his manors in Kent by a tenure less feudal than was then general, but which more resembled the tenure of the custumal, and who was subsequently made free by the King—was at the time of Domesday a prisoner to the King in the ward of Wadard.

II. That Alnod had some special interest in the King's wood of Milton.

III. That either he or some one of his posterity became Jordan de Sheppey, acquiring the domain and transmitting it, together with the Saxon traditions of his race, to a line of descendants, who, though barons of exchequer at an early period, and major barons in the Plantagenet Parliaments, play no prominent part in English history, yet are of much account in Kentish affairs.

Some material memorials of the Norwoods, from whom Northwood Chasteners passed by the marriage of an heiress in the fifteenth century, remain. In the chancel of Minster church a handsome pair of brasses commemorate either Roger the Constable and his wife Bona, or John the Sheriff and his wife Joan. Here also is the unique figure of a knight in Purbeck marble, with a

little symbol of a soul in prayer sculptured in a mystic oval, supposed to be for Jordan de Sheppey. In Milton, the chantry founded by some early Norwood and endowed for the offering up of prayers for ever for repose of the souls of Kings Richard I. and John, is now the south aisle of the parish church; it contains a pair of brasses, a Bethersden marble tomb, and an ancient helmet—within living memory a pair of gauntlets and a scabbard accompanied it, but these are now fallen to dust. In the seventeenth century the castellated mansion itself was acquired by Manasses Norwood, of Dane Court, Thanet, descended from a collateral branch, but after a brief possession was resold at his death. Long since demolished the line of its moat can still be traced, part of it traversing an orchard. Not inappropriately, the present lord of the manor is a nobleman who for long upheld the honour of the county in the cricket field. At his charge the Norwood chantry has lately been repaired and the helmet protected from decay. The Norwood blazon, "Ermine, a cross gules engrailed," old as the "Roll of Acre," appears to have been adopted, disposed saltire wise, by Barham as the quasi "Ingoldsby arms" displayed in the familiar frontispiece to the "Legends."

Submerged in the changes of the fifteenth century, Kentish Norwoods appear no more in high places. If, however, we turn to another insular corner of the county—one broadcast with history, the region of the great landings, reminiscent of Cæsar and St. Augustine, of Hengist and Thorkill the Tall—we may discover them resurgent and active in the strife of the Great Rebellion. In records pertaining to Thanet the surname appears in the fourteenth century. In Tudor and Stuart times it is prolific in the isle, borne by husbandmen, craftsmen, and mariners. An Alexander Norwood is bailiff, and a William Norwood portreeve of Margate in the sixteenth century. A brass in the church of St. John there, to the memory of the latter, was inscribed "*ex antiqua Norwooddorum familia oriundus*," etc. Dane Court, in the parish of St. Peter's, was, in the reign of Edward IV. and onwards, in possession of Norwoods, who obtain a grant of the ancient coat armour just now referred to, with a charge for a difference. A Valentine Norwood is among the early Brethren of the East India Company; a later Valentine, "gent.," lies in the chancel of a Sandwich church. Masters of the name command sundry vessels, ranging in importance from lighters to men-of-war. In an extant Elizabethan muster roll of a Thanet company of a Cinque Ports "rear or general band"—

an early volunteer force—there appear, respectively, a lieutenant and an “auncient” Norwood.

To this Thanet group probably belong three persons worthy of remembrance : a Royalist officer instrumental in the bringing about of the Restoration, almost certainly identical with Richard Norwood of Dane Court, Esquire ; Richard Norwood, the mathematician ; Robert Norwood, Parliamentary officer, Arminian—or perhaps Deist—and coadjutor of Bradshaw in the trial of the participators in the Kentish rising of 1648. Widely as their paths diverge, some gleam of the old Kentish constitutional spirit shines vital in the lives of each of the three.

It is difficult to assign a date to the inception of the Restoration. Monck's own chaplain credits the General with the idea as early as July 1659. But Clarendon as distinctly denies him the least contributory thought or purpose at that time. In November, however, Monck told Clarges that he intended to re-admit the “secluded members,” the first necessary overt act towards the Restoration. On January 21 following John Boys, of Hoad Court, presented to the Mayor of Canterbury a declaration in favour of a free Parliament. Purporting to have been drawn up by Boys himself, Somner, the antiquary and historian of gavelkind, is believed to have been its true author. But that it was in any case suspected of inspiration from the Court of Charles is apparent in the following paragraph from the pen of a Sandwich correspondent of the “Rump” news-sheet of the day, *Mercurius Politicus*:—

“Here was lately brought into this town a paper called A Declaration of the Nobility, Gentry, Ministry, and Commonalty of the County of Kent ; the sum whereof was, after many touches and reflections couched therein to the diminution of the present Parliament, *in as good English as if it had been penned at Brussels*—the old Cavaliers in this country have been very active in putting this Paper about for Subscriptions, etc.”

At Canterbury the Declaration was unfavourably received, and Boys only escaped imprisonment by hiding. Nevertheless, in the month of February he, accompanied by his kinsman, Sir John Boys of Bonnington, went up to London and presented a letter of thanks, drafted, it was said, by himself, “according to the order and advice of the gentlemen of East Kent,” to General Monck. In the following month, March, a Colonel Henry Pyne writes to Secretary Nicholas in Brussels a letter, extant in the Record Office, partly in cipher, from which an extract is thus to be translated :—

"I enclose letters for the King and Duke of York, which I missed sending by Major Norwood."

A month later, on April 21, Samuel Pepys makes the following important entry in his Diary:—

"This day dined with Sir John Boys and some other gentlemen, formerly great Cavaliers, and among the rest one Mr. Norwood, for whom my Lord gave a convoy to carry him to the Brill, but he is certainly going to the King. For my Lord commanded me that I should not enter his name in my book. My Lord do shew them and that sort of people great civility. All their discourse and others are of the King's coming, and we begin to speak of it freely; and heard how in many churches in London, and upon many signs here and upon merchant's ships in the river, they had set up the King's arms."¹

Again, on May 3, he records:—

"My Lord . . . showed me a private letter of the King's to him and another from the Duke of York, in such familiar style as their common friend, with all kindness imaginable. And I found by the letters . . . that there had been many letters passed between them for a great while, and I perceive unknown to Monck. Among the rest that carried these letters Sir John Boys is one, and Mr. Norwood, which had a ship to carry him over the other day, when my Lord would not have me put his name in the book."

From the foregoing it is apparent that a nobleman who, though not of Kentish blood, was shortly afterwards called to the peerage as first Earl of Sandwich, and three East Kent gentlemen, two of them well in years, were together secretly engaged in the proceedings leading up to the Restoration. Not impossibly they were backed by a wider East Kent conspiracy than here appears. As to the "Mr. Norwood" in particular, Lord Braybrooke's identification, in his note to the entries in the diaries cited above, is probably correct; he, however, confounds him, in the same note, with the subsequent governor of Dunkirk and Tangier, Henry Norwood, of Leck-

¹ "A Major Norwood had been Governor of Dunkirk; and a person of that name occurs as one of the esquires of the body at the coronation of Ch. II. Richard Norwood of Dane Court, in the Isle of Thanet." Note to *Pepys's Diary* (April 21, 1660), Wheatley's edition, 1893. (*Captain Henry Norwood's* commission to be Deputy Governor of Dunkirk is recorded in Cal. of State Papers at a date considerably later than that of the Restoration.)

hampton, of the Gloucestershire branch of the old Northwoods. At Dane Court the tradition that State papers were carried between there and Breda survives; while evidence of Richard's royalist activity is to be found in earlier circumstances of his life. Born about the end of the sixteenth century, heir to that Manasses Norwood, of Dane Court, who, as above mentioned, acquired Northwood Chasteners in 1620, Richard resold the latter at his father's death in 1636 and bought another estate, Chilston, lying between Maidstone and Ashford, to the south of the chalk ridge; it is to-day the country seat of the present First Commissioner of Works. Here he seems to have resided, probably leaving Dane Court to his mother's use. In 1638 his brother-in-law, Thomas Stanley, of Hamptons in the V., some of whose correspondence has been published with the Proceedings of the Kent Archæological Society, makes the following interesting note:—

"My bro. Norwood sent his man from the Welles to see us how we doe; I told him I wondered he should send such a message to them he hates. I bid him del' this message back againe, that I was 100£ the worse for him for he forced his mother to give a younger sister £100 wch. she intended to us, that I take him to be the greatest enemy I have or ever had."

And in the August following Stanley writes his "mother Norwood":—

"The last time I was in Thanett you did promise and undertake that he should give his bond to doe it, and that he hath above 200£ a yeare of your estate which he hath most injuriously wrested from you, yet it seems that (doe what you can) neither your authority over him, your desert from him, nor your ymportunity to him can move him to p'forme what you have undertaken, and now being thus disabled you would pinch and spare out of your small allowance to give us content. Certainly y^r sonne doe lay the foundac'an of his family in the sandes of such iniquity, he must needes drawe downe the wrath of God uppon the building, and it will never p'sper or receive p'fec'on."

Nevertheless, in May 1643, the recalcitrant Stanley, himself a moderate Royalist, can appeal to the Lady Sedley on behalf of his brother-in-law, for her influence to obtain release of the Chilston cattle which are then under arrest at the instance of Parliament. Three months previously, the letter states, "horses and arms to the

value of 80£" had been taken away. At the time of writing Richard is declared to be "lying sick 30 miles from home"—that is, no doubt, in hiding. That he was in need of money three years earlier, when he sold Chilston tithes, is also likely. In 1650 his eldest son, Alexander, is imprisoned in Leeds Castle upon some charge not stated, for which he compounds in a fine of £150 in 1651. In 1652 father and son are again under arrest; two Council orders on this occasion throw some light upon the ultimate charge against the father:—

(i.) "April 9, 1652. C.O.S. To examine Capt. Norwood sent up prisoner from Kent, to send him back to the Sheriff of Kent with a letter not to set him at liberty after he is discharged from the arrest now upon him, until further order."

(ii.) "May 20, 1652. C.O.S. To write the Sheriff of Kent to take bond of Capt. Norwood for 6 months in £500 to appear before Council when summoned, to answer matters laid to his charge as to being privy to the death of Dr. Dorislaus."

Dr. Dorislaus, as Evelyn puts it, "the villain who managed the trial against his Sacred Majesty," was assassinated at the Hague in 1649 by a party of Scottish Royalists. On the return of Charles II., Richard seems to have served as an esquire of the body at the coronation. At his death six years later Chilston passed to his eldest son, Alexander, and Dane Court to a younger son, Paul. Both properties were then promptly sold, and the Thanet Norwoods, as Kentish gentry, found no later representatives. The surname, however, has lingered on in the isle; the last to bear it in the parish of St. Peter was buried by the late vicar at the parish charge. Richard, who is possibly guilty of having raised the pretentious carved tomb to his father, "Manasses Norwoode, de Dane Court et Norwoode," in the north aisle of St. Peter's church—the tomb and the helmet hung above it are but too obviously in imitation of those in the Norwood Chantry at Milton—has there no monument to himself. Neither does any utterance of his come down to us, nor even the scratch of a pen in retort to the exertations of his brother-in-law Stanley. Yet the Kentish squire, who is suspect of part in the avenging of one king and the restoring of another, is to be held memorable. Not an amiable man, perhaps, but one with a set purpose—a mainspring concealed within his golden gift of silence—which wrought to its fulfilment.

The squire's namesake, contemporary, and possible kinsman, Richard Norwood, the mathematician, is more vocal and plaintive.

His greatest claim to remembrance lies in his having, in 1635—precisely the while Galileo lay in prison—between London and York, or, according to John Aubrey, somewhere upon the road between Berwick-on-Tweed and Christchurch in Hampshire, properly measured the quantity of a degree of the meridian by triangulation; “at his own charge,” it is stated by Aubrey. A century earlier Fernellius, by a computation which can be regarded but as haphazard, had arrived at a degree of 68·76 miles. In 1620 Snellius, by imperfect trigonometry, produced a result of 66·91. Although Norwood’s degree of 69·54 is thought to have been unknown to Newton, it can, therefore, be regarded as the earliest reliable gauge of the earth on record. It is about 600 yards longer than the accepted degree. The mathematician’s probable Kentish origin is indicated by his marriage, of which the register is cited by Mr. Alex. Brown, of Norwood, Virginia, in his “Genesis of the United States,” to the daughter of a Sandwich merchant in 1622. Most probably he was that Richard, son of William Norwood, of Nash Court, portreeve of Margate as before mentioned, whose baptism on February 11, 1592–3, is recorded in the parish register of St. John’s Church there. His death in Bermuda in the year 1675, aged “about 85,” is also Mr. Brown’s discovery. The Earl of Thanet,¹ however, in an undated letter to Aubrey, speaks of him as “lately dead” and “aged above 90.” Soldier (“in my youth, though not for long, and seen some experience of these things, though not much; yet that little with some observations of riper years which I since made in the Netherlands, &c.,” he says in his work on fortification); Surveyor of the Bermudas to the Virginia Company in 1616; in April 1623 a colonist in Virginia, where he had patented lands; between 1630 and 1640 for the most part resident in London in pursuit of his calling as “reader of the mathematicks;” in the next decade, and probably for the most of his remaining years, self-exiled (“by reason of many innovations of religion brought in by the Bishops . . . in danger myself to have been called in question, which occasioned me to move the Hon^{ble} Company for this place”), a schoolmaster in Bermuda in the employ of the Company of Adventurers to the Somers Islands; a pamphleteer—writing from Bermuda “for the reconciliation of his native country;” patentee, in 1632, of a “diving machine invented by himself;” author of standard works on Trigonometry, Navigation, and Fortification; a person of influence for

¹ Probably Nicholas Tufton, third Earl, whose grand-uncle, Sir William Tufton, had been the purchaser, from Richard Norwood of Dane Court, of Northwood Chasteners, when sold as above stated.

the Crown¹ in the Bermudas, where in 1656 the inhabitants met, declared the King's execution to have been "bloody, traitorous, and rebellious," proclaimed Charles II. King, enforced the oath of supremacy, and banished some Independents—the varied uses of his long life appear to have been chequered with many a cross. In Bermuda his particular opponent seems to have been one Nathaniel White, an Independent minister, to whom he occasionally refers in his long letters to his "Hon^{ble} Company." A pamphlet, "Truth gloriously appearing," by White, in reply to some writings of Norwood's, contains a curious narration of the circumstances in which the two came first into opposition. Whilst going out together in the same ship in 1638, accompanied by their wives and children, a difference of opinion, quite in the modern manner, arose between their good ladies upon a question of precedence in regard to cabin accommodation. The husbands do not appear to have taken active part in this, but the little rift marred future harmony. Norwood's effusions, viz., "a petition, an advertisement, and a postscript," which had been sent to "Mr. Prin" for publication, are, however, the actual objects of White's retorts. These had contained some fine flamboyant phrases, such as "come, ye Scripturians, you Scripture men, that must have Scripture for what you will doe, come, I will give you Scripture enough to overthrow your Religion; turn to Ezekiel, &c., &c." "These," asks the Roundhead, aghast at such malignancy, "doe they relish but of a spirit of Antichrist?" All the same, it is pleasing to observe White seems to have felt some personal regard for his enemy, and to have looked upon his malig-

¹ This is inferred. The partisanship of individual colonists is not, in all cases, to be easily discerned from the records. But the council in the Bermudas, of which Norwood was a prominent member, had, at least until 1647, been mainly Royalist. In 1649 a ship arrived from England bringing—it is to be supposed—word of the sentence of death upon Charles I. By it came also a commission to appoint, in the place of the former Governor, Norwood and one Wilkinson (a strong Independent) joint Governors. The majority of the council refused to accept Wilkinson, on which Norwood declined to act alone; he appears to have then retired, for a while at least, into private life. In 1650 the London committee of the company with all civility—"wee understand that he is willing to quitt him of his charge, &c."—removed him from his post of schoolmaster to the colony; and in 1655, the year before the Royalist revolution, his successor as counsellor of the Devon "tribe" is appointed. These circumstances point to Norwood's commission as co-governor having been intended to appease the Royalists in the islands. A moderate man, his strong attachment to the Church of England did not prevent him ultimately accepting the Independent form of religion—but this was as the less of two evils, to avoid Presbyterianism. During the period of his probable sequestration he seems to have taken to botanical observation and concerned himself in the whale industry.

nancy as technical and impersonal. On the other hand, Norwood's complaints against Calvinistic ministers in his letters sent home to his employers are unceasing. A despatch of May 1645 is pregnant with his misfortunes. Unfounded charges have been brought against him. His daughter has during his absence from home been forced into a secret marriage with one Winter, an Irish surgeon—said to have another wife and two sons—abetted by Captain Wood, Captain Cromwell, and others who used his house. He speaks of "my eldest son going to the Barbadoes and afterward to sea without my leave or knowledge. My youngest son, a sweet and hopeful child, skalded that he departed next day, though in a sweet and hopeful manner." Earlier in life, too, some of his scientific works had been pirated and published in Amsterdam, a misfeasance of which he complains bitterly. His work as a cartographer, says Mr. Brown, was excellent. At about the time of his measurement of the meridional degree he held a commission to measure the Royal Forest of Galtres, Yorkshire. While a schoolmaster in Bermuda his salary appears to have been paid upon his account to his "kinsman, Mr. Robt. Norwood," a person with a captain's command, probably naval, in 1645. It is possible, though not fully evident, that this "kinsman" is the same Captain Robert Norwood who under Bradshaw's presidency was one of the judges in the proceedings against the leaders of the Kentish rising, and also who, in 1651, at the instance of Lord Mayor Andrews, was charged at the Old Bailey with, *inter alia*, holding "that the soul of man is of the essence of God," and "that there is neither heaven nor hell but what is here." Found guilty, Norwood was excommunicated by "Sydrack Simpson, head of one of the schools of learning at Cambridge." That he had some part in the accusation of the King seems probable from his published defence, in which he says: "I was plain in the King's time, plain with him and his Council at the then Council board, by whom, and for my non-compliance with his illegal, unjust, destructive proceedings to Himself and the Nation or Commonwealth, my sufferings were not small." And, "when I fought against the King's army I fought not against the King," &c. In his defence he describes himself "Captain Robert Norwood, a member of the High Court of Justice," but as now dismissed by Parliament from "that weighty place . . . for which I in all seriousness give you unfained thanks." Like his presumed kinsman the mathematician he finds the source of trouble in the ministers—"the clergie hath preached us into blood, and hath brought gospel for justification of each party." Yet his feeling is reverently profound: "Brethren, consider and know, yea, the whole

Creation is but a dark mystery, Riddle, Parable, or Sealed Book unto us until the Spirit of light from God open, unfold, unriddle, or unseal the same." Another passage is memorable: "I confess myself an Englishman, born unto and under the protection of the English laws, bred up in England: and that what I have and am, I have and am by virtue of English laws left and bequeathed unto me by my Fathers, who were also Englishmen: by them only have I been many times kept and preserved from ruine and destruction." By the voice of the Englishman spake the man of Kent; his sense of authority less responsive to the abstractions of philosophy or to the specialities of revelation than to natural order and succession. Now, as then, to some minds his position will appear illogical, his propensity unintellectual—a mere brute expression of racial persistence. But these were in accord with that which the living historian of the Rebellion has called "the great precedent of all, from which all worthy precedents received their value, the tradition of a healthy national life handed down by father to son from the remotest days, guarded in the heart of the English nation." Yet in 1651 the immediate result of such a position was an indictment which ran—

"Robert Norwood being one most monstrous in his opinion, loose, wicked, and abominable in his practices, not only to the notorious corrupting and disordering, but even to the dissolution of all human society, rejecting the use of any gospel ordinances, doth deny the necessity of civil and moral righteousness among men."

Upon this he was convicted.

When the Thanet branches of Dane Court and Nash Court had followed the way of the Sheppey stem a later offshoot kept green its county tradition over in a West Kent parish which to-day enjoys some repute as one advanced in hop culture. Life here is in marked contrast to that on the breezy downs of Sheppey and the North Foreland. Visited in autumn, before the gathering time, when the tendrils and flowers of the Kentish vine hang motionless in the sunlight, and the still air over all the valley of the Medway is heavy with their scent, it is hard to imagine the neighbourhood as ever stirred by any greater excitement than the fluctuations of the "Borough" market. Yet Cade found a following here; and here—as appears by the De Grammont Memoirs—drawn hot foot from the gay Court by the charms of a lady "properly called a beauty, made up of lilies and roses, of snow and milk," came no less a gallant than Count

George Hamilton to the "melancholy, retired situation" of Hextal Court in East Peckham. And in the great national struggle East Peckham and four other parishes lying contiguous failed not to send each a man into the thick of the strife. These, taken in order from east to west as they lie under the shelter of the Hurst ridge, the scarpment which here runs along the northern verge of the Weald, are Watlingbury, where dwelt Sir Thomas Styles, member of Parliament for Hull; East Peckham, with Roydon Hall, the seat of the member for the county in the Short Parliament; West Peckham, in which was Hampton's, the seat of Richard Norwood's brother-in-law Stanley, who as Royalist Mayor of Maidstone, and one of the promoters of the Kentish petition to the House of Commons—that for the presenting of which the young Captain Lovelace was sent to the Gatehouse, there to write "Stone walls doe not a prison make"—was attached and heavily fined. Hadlow, birthplace of the elder Vane; Shipbourne, where, at Fairlawn, then dwelt the younger Vane—whose headless corpse was, but a few years later, to be brought home here for burial in the parish church. Chiefest of these five men in Kentish esteem would be Sir Roger Twysden, of Roydon Hall. Of ancient Kentish stock, his family was eminently of the county by virtue of its marriage connections. In the present relation it is worthy of note that the elder Vane's mother was a Twysden, while by a later marriage alliance with the Hamptons' household Twysdens were subsequently brought into connection with Stanley, Norwood, Boys, and Styles. Sir Roger himself was closely related to the Derings of Surrenden, probably the most ancient of Kentish gentry yet surviving. His grandfather had been Sheriff of Kent. A refined gentleman and scholar—himself an author on old English law, and collaborator with Somner, the antiquary, in the publication of an Anglo-Saxon glossary—his constitutional character moved him, at the beginning of the quarrel between King and Parliament, to sympathise with the latter; but soon mistrusting the tendency of events he, in 1640, stood for the county as a Royalist, and was returned against the opposition of his cousin, Sir Edward Dering. The Kentish petition of 1642, above referred to, is believed to have been drafted by him. For his part in the proceedings he, like his neighbour Stanley, was heavily fined. For eight years a refugee, Sir Roger returned to Roydon Hall in 1650, where he died in 1672.

Two miles below the Hall, on the bank of the Medway, the Twysdens held a small manor called Stilstead, farmed in the early part of the last century by one Richard Norwood, and later, by

copyhold, passing into his possession. That he came here out of East Kent, and was of the Dane Court family, is all in regard to him that tradition has handed down. But his descendants held themselves to be in some special sense "men of Kent:" their very nomenclature, as an instance of racial persistence, is remarkable, for of seventeen males in all, down to the present time, no less than twelve have borne one or the other of the two family Christian names of Richard and John. One of these, as late as 1810, was summoned to the grand jury of Kent, apparently as the borsholder of the ancient but now invisible borough of Stockenbury, mentioned in *Domesday*, since as a copyholder he was, presumably, ineligible for the service. His son, the last to possess *Stilstead*, remained a typical yeoman, as distinguished from either the gentleman farmer or the modern hopgrower. Renting other lands besides *Stilstead*, he farmed in all from 500 to 600 acres, yet he and his wife rose at five and breakfasted at seven with their men and maidservants; at eight his saddle-horse was at the door. His farming was of the "all-round" sort—a husbandry of corn, hops, fruit, sheep, and cattle, upholding the tradition of that varied abundance so long an attribute of the estate of a yeoman of Kent. His flocks passed to and from Romney Marsh, while on his lush pastures by the Medway he raised some of the heavy horned beasts for which this locality was once notable. In or about 1824 he sent up to the Smithfield Show a bullock 2,920 lbs. live weight, said to have been the heaviest of its year. In the previous year he had received the Horticultural Society's medal for an exhibit of apples. He pressed his own cider, brewed his own beer, and was one of the last in the district to make cheese. For his sport he kept greyhounds and fighting cocks, and would upon occasion view a cricket match from one of his own wagons drawn into the field in lieu of the modern stand. Once, when a young man, he rode off in the early morning on the back of a favourite mare, reaching London for his breakfast—to be precise, pork chops and apple sauce at the "Nag's Head" in the Borough. Proceeding thence to Barnet Fair, he transacted some business and rode back to the "Nag's Head" to lodge for the night. Here, however, he found a neighbour of his own having upon him a sum of money which was urgently needed at home in the Weald. Highway robbery was prevalent, the neighbour would not start alone, and so at his request the young man saddled again and bore him company, finally reaching home within twenty-four hours of his leaving. The mare had carried him ninety-six miles. A big man—he and his two brothers were the tallest in their yeomanry troop—his father told him

angrily he ought to be ashamed to mount her again. His tacit reply, the next day, was to ride her to his farm in Sussex and back, about thirty miles. Late in the "twenties" times were hard among the farmers; the yeoman had sisters' marriage portions to provide; and while his estate was yet solvent, he sold Stilstead ("like an honest man," says one who remembers him) and became manager of a farm to his sister-in-law. At her death he became the tenant of an ale-house, for which he then obtained an innkeeper's licence. His sign, under which he thereafter lived and died, was "The Man of Kent," hung upon the gable of a wayside inn of such mean dimensions that its host could neither stand upright in his kitchen nor, as he increased in breadth, pass from it through the passage leading to the taproom.

In the year 1820 there chanced to be ordained to the curacy of the parish the Rev. Lambert Larking, a son of a former sheriff of Kent, and, later in life, the first honorary secretary to the Kent Archæological Society, of which he ultimately became a vice-president. His wife was a Twysden, by whom he came into possession of the papers and documents of the Roydon Hall family. Prominent among his contributions to his Society are the "Diary of the pious, learned, patriotic, and loyal Sir Roger Twysden," and those "Genealogical Notices of the Northwoods" from which many of the above data regarding the baronial family have been drawn.

Ere long a time came when no smoke rose from the tall red Tudor chimneys with the fretted ornament upthrust from the park trees on the slope of Peckham Hill; a time when the transomed windows were boarded up, when the grass grew rank on the terrace and in the garden walks, until at last the old Hall, which had been so well loved by one of the most lovable of all the Cavalier gentlemen bore, like that other of Hood's poem, "no sign of home," but was soon to pass, as the farm below by the Medway had already passed to aliens. Manners, no less than men, were changing, and when the Kentish yeoman had laid aside his whip crop and rode no more in force to the hustings on Penenden Heath in the excellent faith that to himself, as a freeholder, he owed service as a keeper of the peace the sceptre departed from Judah. Countyism was dead, killed by the economic and industrial changes which, passing over England were quenching that sense of responsible power derived, in the premier county even more than in the shires, from customs of ownership in land. "Land with the German race," says J. R. Green, "seems everywhere to be the accompaniment of full freedom. The freeman was strictly the freeholder, and the exercise of his full rights

as a free member of the community was inseparable from the possession of his holding." It may be safely asserted that the ideal of the tribesman by the Elbe and the Baltic, persisting through eras of political and social change down to the present century, found full expression in the lives of the Kentish yeoman and squire. Surely it was by the irony of fate that at the last a Norwood of the farm and a Twysden of the Hall each sought employment in the construction of the South Eastern Railway!

JOHN CHEESMAN NORWOOD

A CONTEMPORARY RUSSIAN WRITER.

WE are often told of Russian writers, that only the initiated, or those who have made a close study of the times, are capable of reading between the lines. No foreigner however, unacquainted with Russia's internal and mute conflicts, can be expected to take up a book with the feeling constantly forced upon him, that there is more in it than meets the eye. Granted that Gogol's and Schtchédrine's relentless satires have been beneficial; that the unflinching and tender championship of those who are blameless in their own degradation by Dostoïevski, Garshine, and countless others, has done good; yet it still remains true—that the majority of Russian books have held up too many types to be shunned, and too few to be imitated: they have acted as deterrents, but scarcely as incentives.

Human hearts may be forced down or stirred up. Russia has dwelt too much on her faults, and too little on her virtues. There is no truer, no keener pleasure, than sincere admiration, when every nerve tingles in commendation of a compatriot's conduct, and we feel that we too can claim kinship with heroes; with heroes and heroines of everyday life, not of artificial situations. Some heroisms lie open to the light of heaven—every eye can see and admire—but it is the silent heroisms of daily life, which Korolenko discovers at every turn, of which his countrymen should feel most proud. A national character, that is, a writer's representation thereof, tends to realise itself; and therefore the productions of Vladimir Korolenko should be hailed with acclamation. An author of a tonic cast of mind, he does not dwell upon poverty, suffering, and vice, passing by on the other side; yet he never dwells on vice, nor exalts the struggles of the picturesquely weak who morally succumb, above those of the morally strong, who unpicturesquely overcome. Though acutely alive to human suffering, he does not on that account refuse credence to any sort of human happiness. Even in Russia, the untruthfulness of extremes, whether of sorrow or of joy, and the absurdity of

dwelling solely thereon, seem to be gradually drawing on the public.

In a short fragment entitled "A Paradox," Korolenko relates how, in his boyhood, a poor deformed creature wrote down and handed to him the maxim: "Man is born to happiness, as the bird to flight!" That a wretched cripple, instead of parrot-like repeating the words: "Man is born to sorrow, as the sparks fly upwards," should be the one to instil a less gloomy theory of life, seems indeed a paradox. It is, however, no more paradoxical than that, though the majority of Korolenko's tales deal with unquestionably sad incidents, the reader puts them down, feeling cheered rather than depressed, conscious of good in every phase of human life, and above all confident that though Korolenko himself must have passed through many sad experiences, his life cannot have been wholly devoid of keen enjoyment. His humorous appreciation of the peasants' ways and sayings, never-failing reverence for their childlike faith, and buoyant delight in forest, river, and plain, are in themselves infectious.

Vladimir Galaktionovitch Korolenko was born at Jitomir in Volhynia, in 1853, and like too many Russian writers, endured great poverty and privations in early youth. When at last an appointment in the Petrovski Academy of Agriculture, at Moscow, seemed to promise a competence, he fell under the displeasure of the Government and was exiled to various places, being finally banished in 1881 to Yakoutsck, the coldest government of Siberia. Permitted to return to Russia in 1885, he now lives in St. Petersburg, where he is editor of the influential monthly "Russian Wealth."

It is to his exile that we owe his Siberian tales. The crushing sense of isolation, and of ceaseless toil for bare existence, is the theme on which they chiefly dwell. Though life and climate have nothing in common, there is this point of resemblance between Korolenko's Siberian sketches and Bret Harte's earlier tales. Very strikingly do they illustrate how, in new and sparsely populated lands, men judge each other entirely by the present; the past is obliterated. In "The Fugitive from Sachaline" occur these words: "One learns what to expect of one's fellow-beings. A murderer is not merely always taking life. He is still alive, he possesses the same feelings as the rest of humanity, among which may be reckoned gratitude towards whoever affords him shelter in frost and storm."

In the sketch "Att Davane" we realise that far from supervision or possibility of reproof, in a remote and vast government such as

Yakoutsck, with no public opinion to check abuses, power may be cruelly misused by those unfit to wield it. At the desolate and lonely post-station of Att Davane on the Lena, the mail passes through only once a week, and Korolenko incidentally mentions the hardships endured by the mail carriers. In winter even their fur caps freeze to their heads, and have to be thawed before they can be removed. "It is difficult to conceive a calling requiring more endurance, presence of mind, patience, and health . . . the mail carrier could not survive such exposure, did he not consume a great quantity of vodka." The tale relates how a young Cossack officer named Arabine, the terror of the country around, whom Korolenko had previously met at Irkoutsk, is expected at the post-station. When at Irkoutsk he was a silent, retiring, sensitively self-conscious ensign. As Government messenger, this young fellow is now despatched on flying errands, and power has quite turned his head. He covers vast distances in an incredibly short space of time, his course being marked by dead horses, wails, and lamentations. The man is in fact quite mad—though this only transpires much later—and his brutality has cowed all his inferiors. "To be thoroughly convinced that all power is outside every law, and to feel oneself for whole weeks the single representative of power over immense tracts, without meeting the slightest opposition, is enough to turn a head stronger than an ordinary ensign's." A delightful anecdote is given of an official who insists on being styled "Your Excellency," saying: "To outsiders I may be less than a colonel; but to my inferiors I am God and Tsar!"

Amid the stillness and solitude of frozen snows, sounds acquire a magnitude and importance unknown elsewhere. So acute is Korolenko's sense of hearing, so delicately responsive to every breath drawn, that in one case he falls into the pitfall of confounding sounds and music. He is sensitively susceptible to the influence of sounds—when downcast they depress, and when hopeful cheer him, in a manner which is curiously convincing. It will be noticed how sounds add to the depression of the following scene on the Lena: "The silence oppressed the soul; and only now and again did the splitting ice suddenly heave a long-drawn groan over the river, whizz like a passing shell, re-echo as a cannon shot, spread away, far back amid the distant river windings, and for long yet resound, re-echo, and expire, terrifying the imagination with fantastic, suddenly awakened distant groans. . . . It made me sad." And the sound of horses' bells must not be forgotten; they ring out merrily, sadly, in fear, in desperation, according to the mood of the author. Church

bells seem to possess a peculiar attraction for northern writers, and in three of Korolenko's stories, "On Easter Eve," "Makar's Dream," and "The Old Bell-ringer," there is a curious and somewhat monotonous repetition of the same idea: death at the moment Easter or Christmas bells are ringing out glad tidings.

"Makar's Dream," published in 1885 in "Russian Thought," was the first tale to attract attention. It has been translated into English, French, and German. Korolenko therein pleads wholeheartedly for a fair judgment on the degraded Russian settlers in Yakoutsk, whose ignorance, drunkenness, superstition, and intermarriage with Yakout women place them far below even the Russian peasant. The touches of native cuteness and humorous incidents often compel a smile, notwithstanding the sadness of the subject. The tale could only have been written by one who had lived in Yakoutsk, and been deeply impressed by the hopeless conditions against which labour of every kind has to struggle. Let us be thankful that the deep feelings which such conditions of life stirred in Korolenko were not permitted to subside, and that his talent is retained on the side of the suffering.

"The Circassian" relates an incident of only a few hours' duration, which occurred one November night, while Korolenko was being conveyed by road to Yakoutsk. When he and the two non-commissioned officers who have charge of him arrive at a certain post-station, they find that "the Circassian," a man who for twenty years past has made large sums of money by exchanging contraband vodka for gold with the convicts, is expected to pass through: he is on his way to Irkoutsk, to sell this gold to the Chinese. The clerk at the post-station and one of the non-commissioned officers agree that they will seize this man, as one-third of the booty must legally fall to their share. The Circassian's sudden arrival, however, takes every one unprepared and unarmed, and his self-possession and strategic movements in the room rivet attention, until—flinging the non-commissioned officer to the ground—he leaps untouched into his "povozka," and, with a yell to the driver, is off like the wind. The tension of the few moments during which his capture is meditated is wonderfully expressed.

One Siberian tale painfully brings home to us the insanitary conditions under which some prisoners, at any rate, had to drag out a weary existence. The acute suffering of insanity is almost as vividly described as in Garshine's "Scarlet Flower." In this connection, the stereotyped reproach to Russian stories recurs to one—"But they are so sad; Russian writers ignore the joyous side of

life !” It would be sadder if they were unwritten. It is to Russia's eternal credit that her writers have striven, by speaking the truth, to show up abuses. And if accused of ignoring the joyous side of life, Korolenko would probably reply with the French painter, J. F. Millet : “Le côté joyeux de la vie ? je ne l'ai jamais vu. Ce que je connais de plus gai, c'est le calme et le silence dont on jouit délicieusement.”

“The Sketches of a Siberian Tourist” appeared in 1885 in “The Northern Messenger.” Like the majority of Korolenko's tales, they are written in the first person singular. So many of his short productions are merely sketches, that this perfectly balanced tale of action and hairbreadth escapes deserves a more fitting designation. For thrilling adventure, concise characterisation, and close sequence of events, it stands unrivalled. It has been translated into English, French, and German, and it seems therefore superfluous to dwell in detail on the heroic character of Feódor, the yamshtchik. Owing to the restrictions on foreign intercourse, Russia is more liable to be judged abroad by the types her literature affords than are other nations. What literature can supply a truer hero than Feódor ? We are spared the self-conscious analysis which blunts all impulses, and finally turns right into wrong. The man is true to duty, tender-hearted, manly, and strong. Proud may the nation be which can furnish such a type !

The “Recollections of N. G. Tchernishevski,” the brilliant philosopher and political economist, who was exiled in 1864 and only permitted to return to Russia in 1888, were published in London in 1894, and refer solely to his Siberian life. The account of the meeting at Sarátov between the two writers and *à-devant* exiles, Korolenko and Tchernishevski, and their wives, is extremely touching. In the conversation which ensued, Tchernishevski's opinion of L. Tolstoi's later writings seems worthy of quotation : “If any one else had written what he has done latterly, no publisher would accept it. They would say : it is foolish and badly written. . . . Yes ! for his manuscripts are terribly ungrammatical : his mistakes are corrected, the signature appended is Count Tolstoi's, and all exclaim : ‘Ah ! Tolstoi is a great novelist ! it cannot be foolish. It is merely unconventional and full of genius.’” The crushing weight of Siberian exile on Tchernishevski, whose whole existence was centred in intellectual pursuits, cannot be better described than in the following words : “And this fate befell a man in whom every feeling of the heart, his every impulse, his very life, were the life, the feelings, the impulses of a Russian writer, and nothing more. For him, as for Schtchédrine, nothing but

literature existed—neither family nor profession—nothing softened the sorrows of his exile, nothing could mitigate the pain of his return. In Siberia he had stood, like an ancient rock, far from the banks of a river which had altered its course. The river pursued its course far off elsewhere ; elsewhere its splashing waters flowed, no longer moistening the rock, lonely and sad."

It would be impossible to dwell on all Korolenko's Siberian tales, and we must now turn to his other writings. Two short essays, "Recent Duelling in Russia" and "The Struggle with the Devil," deserve notice. It comes somewhat as a surprise to the foreigner, who has inevitably begun his Russian studies by reading Poushkin and Lermontov, to learn that though both have described duels in works said to be marvellous representations of contemporary manners, and though both succumbed in duels, yet the custom is anti-Russian, a growth from without, an aping of foreign manners, for it has been forbidden in Russia since the days of Peter the Great. Duels are, however, now tolerated, and what Korolenko is chiefly concerned about is, that they shall not become part of the national life. In this essay the high standard by which he considers that the press should be actuated is worthy of remark. "If," he says, "it is true that duelling has become a method of vindicating one's honour, acknowledged in contemporary society, then it falls to the press to combat with all its power such a monstrous phenomenon." "The Struggle with the Devil" describes Korolenko's first acquaintance with the Salvation Army, near Helsingfors, in Finland, his subsequent accidental attendance at a service in Oxford Street, and how a few weeks later, on crossing to New York, the placards of the Salvation Army again met his eye. He says: "Become better yourselves, and everything in the world will improve—this is, in reality, the meaning of 'The Struggle with the Devil.' . . . However, in this struggle between the brave General and the devil, the chief victory belongs to neither. As often happens, it has fallen to a third party which did not take part in the fray—namely to society at large—which has, thanks to its own tolerance, acquired in the army of General Booth a very widespread and useful philanthropic organisation." This article is interesting, proving as it does that Korolenko, who always mentions the religion of his own land with reverence, is not intolerant, nor does he deny the earnestness and power for good of other forms of faith.

During the great famine of 1892 Korolenko left Novgorod with 1000 roubles, entrusted to him by the charitable, and spent three months in the famine district, his task taking the form of instituting

free meals for the starving population. The book, "In the Year of Hunger," sums up his impressions. Over and over again, so often that it amounts to repetition, does he fight against the false impressions sown broadcast by isolated facts, which individuals had "seen with their own eyes." Everywhere on his tour did the same features occur: first, the facility with which stupendous deductions were drawn from isolated observations; secondly, the absolutely poetic contempt for figures, which would on the contrary have generalised a mass of observations. Several instances are given of the way in which small personal details impressed themselves, to the exclusion of all else—for the village mind never rises above immediate observation. Though Korolenko states that he has no intention of harrowing his reader's feelings by raking up the cruellest incidents of the famine, many of his descriptions are painful enough. Beggary, which has existed as a profession in Russia from time immemorial, assumed alarming proportions during the famine of 1892. After describing how the very poorest, when almost starving, would never refuse a piece of bread for Christ's sake, Korolenko's common sense revolts against beggary being looked upon as a necessary and permanent outlet for Christian charity, as a bridge to carry the charitable to heaven. "All the pliability of Slavophile eloquence is required to even idealise this sore of open beggary." Though Russian administration lay open to severe charges during the famine of 1892, Korolenko makes allowances. "The zemstvo? well, we now know that its members are not all saints, burning with a desire for the public good. . . . And in the police, in the council, in government offices—men are likewise human, and not ever and always candidates for canonisation." To sum up, the book is, as its author states, a sad book; but were it only for the impression it leaves of its earnest conscientious writer, it is nevertheless a hopeful book.

Korolenko has written numerous tales dealing with life in the Ukraine. One of these, "The Blind Musician," has met with a quite incomprehensible measure of success, the literary critic Skabitchevski declaring it to be Korolenko's best work. The study of the development of a blind child, until he finds his vocation in music, is no doubt perfect. It is the improbability of his surroundings which strikes the British reader with a sense of unreality; the accessory personages and situations which are at times difficult to credit. Would the father of an only child born blind, who we are led to believe is a good husband, consent to be so utterly effaced as to permit his brother-in-law, "Uncle Max," an old soldier maimed in the Garibaldian cause, to usurp his place, and be the

chief factor in the bringing up and disposing of the blind child's existence? Uncle Max is too didactic, too unvaryingly right in all his plans and prophecies, to be either interesting or natural—unimpeachable advice always flowing from his lips. It is likewise difficult of credence that two families of the upper classes should live within a short walk of each other in the country, like the Popelskis and the Yasskoulskis, yet that the Yasskoulskis' little daughter should never have heard, until the child himself discloses it, that the Popelskis' little boy is blind. Had the tale not been so arranged, we should no doubt have lost Korolenko's very beautiful account of the beginning of a child-friendship which eventually ends in marriage. One is sceptical, too, in these days of thorough musical study, as to the possibility of any one, however gifted, acquiring a sufficient knowledge of the theory and practice of music in his own country home, to enable him to play and improvise successfully at a public concert. That national airs, and specially Russian airs, are very beautiful, none will gainsay. But one questions whether they would always satisfy a public audience, or whether the same fate might not await the performer which befell Daudet's *protégé*, the Provençal, who likewise extemporised, saying in his Provençal French, "Ce m'est venu," to which Daudet was finally compelled to reply, "Oui ! ça t'est venu, je le sais, mais tu n'es pas un rossignol. Le rossignol, lui, chante partout ; ses chansons sont de tous les pays, et dans tous les pays ses chansons se font comprendre." The tale is called "a study," so it is perhaps invidious to quarrel with the accessories. No one, unless he possessed a sense of hearing as delicately acute as Korolenko's—to whom the vibration of a fly's wings and the distinctive rustle of different trees are perceptible—could be equal to the task of so graphically describing how a gradually intensified sense of hearing compensates for blindness ; most probably he chose the subject quite unconsciously.

His masterpiece is undoubtedly "In Bad Company," the scene of which tale is laid in the town of Rovno, where part of his boyhood was spent. Translated into English, French, and German, it has been very favourably received. The portrayal of child-life is so perfect, every character so true to human nature, both at its best and at its weakest, that it is obvious the author must have drawn on personal reminiscences. In common with the "Sketches of a Siberian Tourist," this short tale may be looked upon as a model of proportion.

Korolenko's peculiar gift of evoking a mood of expectation and terror through the sense of hearing is particularly noticeable in "Night." Russian literature is rich in descriptions of storms.

Night" tells us how three children listened one eventful night to a storm raging without, in a way not easily forgotten. The birth of a baby sister is, to the little brothers, another proof of the theory that as the dominant sex, have invented: that girls require to be born when boys existed always.

In a quite different vein is the working up of a Jewish legend into the tale "The Day of Judgment." Korolenko's sense of humor is here allowed full play, and, in keeping with the character of such traditions, everything ends satisfactorily: the bad are punished, the good rewarded, and the wiles of the devil—a very tangible devil, who swoops down from the sky to carry off his victim—are eluded.

"Whatever subject the artist may depict—saints, robbers, king-funkeys—we seek and we see only the soul of the artist himself. These are Tolstoi's words, and they are particularly applicable to the writings of Korolenko. It is his straightforward upright feeling, his manly healthy attitude, and simple unaffected admiration for his own land and countrymen which arrest and attract, rather than the intricacy of plot or depth of psychological insight. He might have been a brilliant essayist. Except in "The Day of Judgment" he seldom uses satire. He is certainly too much "six foot of man, a clean grit, and human nature" to think that lives lived in the boredom of "désœuvrement" are worth satirising.

The short tale now seems paramount in Russia, and is made to contain truths, protests, longings—even hopes. Korolenko's stories mostly consist of simple daily occurrences, scenes of peasant life, detached incidents. Like his friend Glyeb Uspenski, he does not strive to fit human lives to his or our preconceived notions of what they ought to be, nor does he seek to draw deductions. It is because her literature is young and fearless, unhampered by classics, unfettered by traditions, that Russia has been able to enlarge her borders. What was formerly accounted discord in music is now harmony; what was formerly outside the domain of art now engages painters and sculptors. Russian writers have long ceased to bestow their talents on scientifically accurate plots, or waste ingenuity on the delineation of characters—abortive because cramped by the artificialities of convention. To quote the pregnant words of another contemporary Russian—Tchekhov: "It is said that all man requires is six feet of soil. But, truth to tell, six feet of ground is the requirement of a corpse, not of a human being. . . . Man requires, not six feet of soil, not a plot of land, but the entire terrestrial globe, the whole realm of nature, wherein to develop all the capabilities and individuality of his untrammelled soul."

J. MACKENZIE

THE CONSTABLE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

IT is a common idea that constables never had so many and such various duties to perform as they have nowadays. While advancing civilisation certainly tends to produce fresh needs on the part of the public, there is an equally strong tendency to specialise those requirements and make them the work of separate classes of men, engaged to perform them and nothing else. In this way, probably, the guardians of the peace have had quite as much taken off as added to their various duties. That they had some very singular and unpleasant tasks to perform at one time is certain, but the reader must decide for himself whether the policemen of 150 or 200 years ago or his successor of the present day was the best off.

The petty constable, head borough, or tithing man, as he was variously styled in different places, corresponded fairly to the police man of to-day, and was nominally under the high constable, or peace officer, of a hundred, rape, or wapentake. Within this area the high constable was the medium through whom the warrants, precepts, and so forth of the local justices were communicated to the petty constables, head boroughs, or whatever they might be called. These were assistants rather than subordinates to the high constable, and their authority did not extend beyond the borough, village, or hamlet they were chosen for and resided at. Virtually the police work rested with them. They had to arrest all "felons, barrators, and rioters," and upon resistance to "raise hue and cry" (summon assistance) and pursue them. Barrators were defined as "vile knaves and unthrifths," also as "deceivers and common wranglers, that set men at odds and are themselves never quiet." Setting the watch was an important part of the constable's duty. All able-bodied townsmen, save the clergy and professional men, were liable to watch from sunset to sunrise, but could pay deputies to take their places. In case of need, the watchmen were bound to render assistance to the

constable and he to them, but were not otherwise under his control. Every passer-by at night was liable to be stopped by the watch and asked to explain his errand, and at the discretion of either watchman or constable could be detained at the counter or compter (police station) till morning.

Tramps and beggars of all kinds being frightfully numerous in spite of ferocious laws for their extinction, their regulation formed a large branch of the constable's duty. The terms "rogue," "vagrant," "bond," and "sturdy beggar" comprised every one over seven years of age who wandered about begging and homeless. "All scholars and seafaring men that beg," fortune-tellers, jugglers, tinkers, and pedlars who were not known and had no testimonial of character upon them, persons sick of the plague or thought to be, all were liable to immediate arrest. If homeless, but guilty of no crime, they were sent back to their birthplace, or wherever they had been last seen. Those who could be proved to have some place of legal settlement were assumed to be on the tramp out of "pure cussedness," and could be whipped publicly or treated to a few days' imprisonment in a filthy den which no one would put a dog in nowadays. The constable had to see one or other of these punishments carried out; they took place at each change of custody, even if the offender was being sent a long way. Constables were entitled to pay for moving on these troublesome gentry, the justices fixing the amount at quarter sessions. As they had no regular salaries, their zeal in this department was, no doubt, sometimes excessive.

Even private persons were expected to apprehend "rogues" and so forth who begged at their doors, and could be fined for neglecting to do so. The worst class of vagrants, termed "incorrigible rogues," were especially those who offered violence to the weak or humble, who left their families chargeable to the parish or who deceived the constables as to their place of abode. These could be taken before any justice, and if previous whippings had proved ineffective to restrain them from "roguing about," he generally utilised the offender for the defence of his country, either on land or by sea. The constable himself was subject to fine or imprisonment for any slackness in dealing with vagrancy, which seems to have been, on the whole, much the most serious thing he had to encounter.

The mayor, sheriff, bailiff, constable, or other head officer in town was required, under a penalty of 40s., to search once a month for places where unlawful games were carried on, and the most ridiculous rules existed as to who might play certain games, and

when. Thus, no working-man or his assistant, no agricultural labourer, sailor, fisherman, or man-servant might play at tennis, dice, cards, bowls, or "coyting" (quoits) out of his employer's house or presence except at Christmas. Three hours in the stocks or a fine of 6s. 8d. was the penalty if a constable found this absurd old law of 1541 being infringed. Servants, however, might play at these games with their master or his guests, without incurring any punishment. One wonders what the "downtrodden" British workman of the present day would say to laws like these.

Amongst his other extraordinary powers, the constable could set at work "all artificers or mechanick tradesmen" found tramping about, on the request of any one who wanted help to get in his hay or corn. If they refused, the officer promptly clapped them in the stocks for two days and a night. If a boy under twelve was heard swearing, he had to pay one shilling per oath; if not, he had to be whipped by the constable himself, or by his father or master in the latter's presence. The stocks, however, seem to have been the most usual punishment for a tendency to swear-words.

A somewhat absurd side of the police duties of the time of Anne and the early Georges related to the observance of Sunday. In this matter the churchwardens became, as it were, semi-constables, and had power to fine every one one shilling who kept away from church on Sunday without sufficient reason. By the Act of Indulgence those who chose might go to "meeting or conventicle" instead of church. No unnecessary work might be done on Sunday, nor might any goods (except milk and mackerel) be sold. If they were, the constables or churchwardens could seize and sell them, one-third of the penalty going to the informer and the rest to the poor. The oath of one witness was sufficient, and the Christian spirit engendered by the system must have been truly edifying. Attendance at any sports or games on Sunday, or at bull-baiting or "interludes and common plays," subjected the evil-doer to a 5s. fine. Carriers might not travel nor butchers kill meat on Sunday, lest a justice fine them on a constable's "presentment" (report). In other ways, too, the police were almost as much concerned with religion as with vagrancy. They had to look out sharply for unlawful conventicles, *i.e.* those held in unregistered places, and to see that Nonconformists did not lock or bar their chapel doors during service. If they did, they became an unlawful meeting, and either constables, churchwardens, or overseers of the poor had to levy the fine imposed on them by justice's warrant. "Popish recusants" also gave the authorities a good deal of trouble. They had to keep a register of

their names and addresses, as well as those of their children and servants, and see that they did not move more than five miles from home after being acknowledged to be "recusants." Infringement of this law meant forfeiture of all goods and land. They were not allowed to possess arms or ammunition, nor horses worth more than £5 apiece, and by warrant from the lieutenants of militia the constable or his deputy could search any recusant's premises for such things, and seize them for the king's use.

A profitable, but possibly rather dangerous, operation in many cases was that of "pressing" men for the army and navy. By warrant signed by three justices of the peace the constable might "press" any able-bodied man in his division who had no known means of subsistence. He was to bring the man before the justices, the articles of war had to be read to him, and he was then handed over to the officer appointed to raise men in that county. Forty shillings were given to the new capture if he professed to enlist voluntarily, otherwise only 20s., whilst the constable received 10s. for his trouble. As the peace-officers of all ranks, from head constables downwards, were bound to fulfil their duties gratis, this arrangement probably heightened their zeal for his Majesty's service very considerably. Besides pressing men, however, it was also the constable's duty to press or requisition carts and horses, both for the sovereign's use when journeying, and for the service of the military and naval departments. The owners of the wagons and teams were paid 6d. for every mile travelled with a load; they were paid in advance also, and could not be required to go more than a day's journey. When moving ship timber for the navy 1s. per mile was paid, and for military stores 8d. per ton per mile. All this could only be done by warrant from the justices, and, except perhaps at harvest time, did not press hardly upon the lieges.

Amongst other miscellaneous duties the constable was bound to assist the customs and excise officers in searching for smuggled goods; he had also to levy distress for arrears of taxes or penalties, and to act as a sort of general gamekeeper and seeker for unlawful "nets, snares, or engines." This applied in certain counties to fishing-nets as well. A knowledge of malting was required, as he had to see that the process was properly carried out and the malt efficiently screened before being sold. The planting of tobacco, except in "physick gardens and gardens for chirurgery," being prohibited, constables were required to pluck and burn (perhaps in their own pipes) as much of the soothing weed as they could find growing under illegitimate conditions. They were also inspectors of

weights and measures, and received a penny for every vessel or weight they marked as correct.

The constabulary of London were, 150 or 200 years ago (and in fact much more recently), organised somewhat differently from those in the provincial towns. The City was divided into twenty-six wards, and each ward into twenty-six pounds or precincts, each of which had its constable. These constables were nominated by the parishioners at a vestry meeting, appointed at a wardmote, and sworn in at Guildhall before the Court of Aldermen. By way of indicating their abode, they had to put up both the royal arms and the City arms over their door. They had to report monthly to the wardmote (or ward meeting) what new-comers had settled in their precinct, and if these were found to have left other parts of the town with bad characters, the constable had to take surety for their good behaviour, or they could be imprisoned in default of it. As elsewhere, however, the night watchmen were an entirely separate body, the petty constable's duty in regard to watching only extending to seeing that the men went on duty. If any failed the constable could appoint a deputy, and make the defaulter pay his wages. The system of watching continued to get worse and worse until the present police force was established by Sir Robert Peel in 1829, and most people who had valuable property employed private watchmen of their own. With extraordinary short-sightedness it became customary to appoint aged paupers as watchmen, or broken-down working-men of no character, so that evil-doers set watchmen, constables, and the law in general at utter defiance. In most places, the constables and churchwardens, subject to the approval of a majority of the householders, regularly appointed scavengers to remove street and house refuse twice a week. Highway surveyors were also appointed in the same way, six days being set apart annually, between Easter and Midsummer, for road-mending. Those who had horses and carts had to lend them, other substantial property-owners either giving their own labour or paying a substitute. Seeing to this fell upon the constables, whose office must certainly have required a marvellous amount of tact and good management. They were themselves usually only appointed for a year, by the chief inhabitants, but could be re-elected or pay for substitutes. The high constable, on the other hand, was appointed by the justices at quarter sessions. Many local laws and customs, however, rendered the police system of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries variable in different places; in fact, lack of uniformity seems to have been one of its principal characteristics. It did not work well; too much local influence, too little independent

supervision, and the indifference natural to an unpaid office which might involve much personal risk to a man who carried out duties conscientiously, led to great slackness and often much corruption. Altogether, it was not a good specimen of that wisdom of our ancestors which we sometimes hear about.

W. B. PALEY.

THE WOMEN OF THE SULTAN'S HAREM.

THE palace of a Sultan, like the abodes of his subjects, consists of the *Haremlik*, or private residence, and the *Selamlık*, or official reception-rooms. These are connected by the *Mabeyn*, a kind of neutral ground, which, at Yildiz Kiosk and others of the imperial serais, forms a suite of apartments reserved for the exclusive use of the Padishah. The *Haremlik* is of vast extent. Its inhabitants form a society apart from the rest of the population, and constitute a peculiar Court which lives its own life, has its own traditions, manners, customary laws, and etiquette, and even its own dialect, for the speech of the *Serailis* differs in pronunciation and expression from that of the outer world; and their extraction can invariably be detected by this peculiarity. But large as is the number of women thus brought together under one roof, so complete is the organisation of the whole, and so absolute the discipline, that there is not the slightest confusion or disorder, each one having her assigned position and functions.

At the head of this feminine Court is the *Validé Sultana*, the mother of the reigning Sultan. Next to her ranks the mother of the heir-apparent, the *Khaseki Sultana*, also called the *Bash Kadin Effendi*; then come the second, third, and fourth Kadin Effendis; and below them the Hanum Effendis, the mothers of the Sultan's younger children, should there be any. After these in rank are the Sultanas, the unmarried daughters of the Padishah; the *Ikbals*, or favourites; and the *Guezdés*, "those on whom the Sultan has cast an eye." To each of these women, with the exception of the Guezdés, is assigned a *daira*—a pension, a suite of apartments, and a train of female slaves and eunuchs. The chief officials of the Queen Mother's Court are twelve in number, and consist of the First Lady of the Treasury above mentioned, Private Secretary, Keeper of the Seal, Mistress of the Robes, Lady Waterpurer, Lady Coffee-Server, Mistress of the Sherbets (delicious iced drinks made from fruits),

Lady Chaplain, &c., &c. Each of these Ladies of the Household or *Kalfas* as they are called, has under her an assistant and six or more pupils, who are all designated according to their several departments. The *dairas* of the other ladies are formed on the same model, but the number of attendants composing them varies according to the rank of their mistress.

On the accession of a new Sultan the various ladies of the deceased or deposed Sultan's harem are, together with their immediate attendants, removed to one of the older palaces in order to make room for the household of the young Padishah. His mother is, on the other hand, elevated to the rank of Validé Sultana, and once invested with almost imperial dignity. The new Sultan requires all the persons composing his harem, from his wives down to the lowest menials, to take an oath of obedience to his mother. Henceforth she is only addressed as "The Crown of Veiled Heads," a title with which every petition to her must begin. No one may venture to sit in her presence, or even to appear before her, unless an audience has previously been asked and granted. All stand before her in the Oriental posture of respect, arms crossed on the breast and heads bent, and accompany every reply with a low reverence and the words "Our Lady." Ottoman Court etiquette also decrees the wearing in her presence, as "full-dress," the simple *intarie*, or house-robe, and not even the Sultan's favourite wife would venture to enter the presence of her august mother-in-law wearing pelisse, no matter how cold the weather.

And not only within the walls of the Serai is such deference paid to the Empress-Mother. In her walks and drives she is attended by a princely train, the imperial guards present arms as she passes them, and the poor prostrate themselves as they present their petitions. When the Validé has occasion to communicate her wishes to one of the Ministers, the great man receives her messenger at the door of his audience chamber, takes the message from his hands with expressions of the profoundest respect, raises it to his forehead, and kisses it, according to the old Oriental formula. In the harem the Validé Sultana wields the most absolute authority; and no one of its inhabitants, be she Kadin, Sultana, or Ikbâl, can leave her own apartments without her permission, or address any request to the Sultan, save through her. Should one of these ladies wish to go shopping in the bazaars or in Pera, or to have a change of air at one of the numerous imperial kiosks, a petition to that effect must be humbly addressed to the "Crown of Veiled Heads," and is granted, or rejected, as the case may be.

Such supreme authority, however, naturally entails much responsibility, and duties sufficiently arduous. In these the Validé is greatly assisted by her First Lady of the Treasury, the Hasnadar Ousta. This functionary, indeed, ranks next to the Empress-Mother herself. She is generally a woman of a certain age, who has been long in the *daira* of the Validé, and whose seniority, coupled with her devotion to the interests of her mistress, has entitled her to this important post. Her office gives her absolute authority in every matter with which the Validé does not choose to concern herself; and should the latter die before her imperial son, the Hasnadar Ousta succeeds during his lifetime to her position and prerogatives, and may, if so disposed, wield equal power, not only in the Serai, but in the State generally. At the present moment the imperial harem is ruled over by the Hasnadar Ousta, the mother of Sultan Abdul Hamid II. having long ago been—to use an Oriental simile—summoned by the “Cupbearer of the Sphere” to the “goodly plains in the garden of Eden” prepared “for all resigned and believing women.”¹

Slaves are, as a rule, bought for the palace when very young, so that they may be better trained for the positions they may possibly occupy. These youthful recruits are at first all classed under the designation of *adjémis* or “rustics.” The negresses, and others who give no promise of future beauty, are placed under the care of Kalfas of inferior rank, who bring them up as cooks, housemaids, bath-women, laundry-maids, &c. The finer specimens of humanity, who may be called upon to fill a high position, are taught elegance of deportment, dancing, singing, and music. They are also carefully instructed in the art of adding to their natural charms, and initiated into all the graceful formalities of Oriental etiquette. A certain number who may be called upon to fill the post of secretary or lady chaplain are taught to read fluently and write with elegance. All are instructed in the tenets of Islam, and learn the *namaz*, or daily prayers. There is thus always on hand a supply of these *alaiks*, or pupil slaves, ready to fill any vacancies that may occur in the various *dairas*.

Separated for ever from her own kindred, the slave child becomes the adopted daughter of the Kalfa, who has purchased her for the service of her department, and who is at the same time her mistress and her instructor. Each Kalfa takes a pride in the appearance and the efficiency of her pupils, watches over their interests with the utmost vigilance, and, should marriage with an outsider be the Kismet of any one of them, does all in her power to secure for her

¹ *Koran*, chaps. xxxiii. v. 35, and ix. v. 75.

adopted child as good a match as possible. Slaves both, the *Kalfa* and the *alaiik* look to each other for mutual support, and the affection that arises between them is a touching proof of the need of the human heart for sympathy and love. Even when an *alaiik* is removed by marriage to another sphere, she maintains the same intimate relations with her adopted mother, who continues to watch with undiminished zeal over the welfare of her former pupil.

The *Kalfas* are generally those slaves who have not been honoured with the notice of the Sultan nor given in marriage to a subject, and have attained their position by right of seniority. Their ages vary greatly. Some may still expect to be married ; but the majority, contented with the life which has become habitual to them, and devoted to their respective mistresses, look for their only promotion within the walls of the Serai. These old Serailis are the faithful guardians of all the palace traditions and usages, which they cherish with jealous conservatism, and transmit to their successors from century to century. Among their various duties are the care of their Sultana's property, distributed among the various offices of the *daira* ; the purchasing and training of young slaves ; and the superintendence of their own special departments. A first lady *Kahvehdjii*, for instance, is responsible for the valuable coffee services, some of which, encrusted with enamel and set with gems, are of great value ; for the careful preparation of the coffee in all the details of roasting, grinding, and boiling, and for its presentation to the Sultana and her guests according to the strict ceremonial of the Court.

Though the wives and favourites of the Sultan are generally chosen from among the select beauties presented to him by the Validé Sultana, by private individuals, or by the nation at the annual festival of *Kandil Ghedjessi*, every slave in the palace may aspire to that position. The mother of Abdul Aziz, for instance, belonged to the lower ranks, and was engaged in some menial task when she attracted the attention of her lord the Padishah. An announcement of the Sultan's intention to visit the Validé, or any other of the Sultanas, throws the whole *daira* into a state of the greatest excitement. Each slave dons her smartest dress, and has recourse to all the little arts of which she is mistress in order to heighten the charms which nature has given her. Presently the Padishah arrives, ushered into the *divan-oda* by the First Lady of the Treasury, who acts as mistress of the ceremonies on such occasions, and takes his seat on a sofa, or chair of state. Coffee, sweets, sherbets, and pipes are prepared under the superintendence of the various *Kalfas*, and served to the potentate at intervals by their *alaiiks*.

Should any of these girls take his Majesty's fancy, he asks some casual question concerning her of the Sultana, who, by a gesture, commands the *alaiik* to approach and kiss the fringe of the divan, or the chair on which the Padishah is seated. The fortunate fair then leaves the service of her mistress, and in her new quality of Guezdé, or "In the Eye," has a separate apartment assigned to her. If the first favourable impression is not dispelled on further acquaintance, the Guezdé may then be promoted to the rank of Ikbâl, or favourite; and should she become the mother of a prince or princess, her future is assured as a Hanum or Kadin Effendi, as the case may be.

If, however, a Guezdé does not, on closer acquaintance, find favour with the Sultan, he intimates the fact to the First Lady of the Treasury. A trousseau may then be given to her, together with the furniture of the apartment she has occupied, and perhaps also, in the case of an Ikbâl, a small pension on the civil list, and she is given in marriage to some official. I once met a lady of this class who had been married by the Sultan Abdul Aziz to his chief barber, an important functionary of the palace. She spoke of this unfortunate Padishah in terms of the highest affection and respect, scouted the idea that he had died by his own hand, and hinted at the knowledge of facts concerning his fate which she said there were strong reasons for keeping secret, but that, when the proper time should come, the mystery surrounding his untimely death would be removed. She then burst into tears, repeatedly uttering the Turkish exclamation of distress, "Aman! Aman!" This lady brought with her, when she called, half a dozen little slave girls from eight to ten years of age, for the most part pretty and dressed in fanciful costumes—one as a miniature Turkish colonel. The half obsequious, half saucy manner of these children to their owner was highly amusing, and they certainly seemed very happy and full of fun and mischief. The Barber's wife had already supplied the imperial Serai with fourteen young beauties whom she had carefully trained for this purpose.

The Serailis, even when not given in marriage to outsiders, are by no means, as is generally supposed, imprisoned for life within the precincts of the palace; and many of their amusements are found outside its walls. Sultanas and Ikbâls, like ladies of fashion everywhere, find their chief distractions in their toilettes, in visits, and drives, and excursions. Their home life, too, is not without its excitements. But their principal occupation at all times is intrigue; and in this pursuit every woman in the harem is more or less engaged, either upon her own account, or on that of her

mistress or patroness. Each *daira* constitutes a little Court, having distinct interests and aspirations opposed to those of other Courts. Every mother of a son is an aspirant to supreme power as Validé Sultana, for, according to the Ottoman law of succession, each prince has the chance of becoming Sultan in his turn ; and, consequently, all those about his person make the event of his accession the object of their lives, and labour night and day in his interests. As the Sultan is called the "Lion of Lions," a prince is termed by his mother and her attendants *Arslanim*, "my Lion," and he is worshipped by the whole of her Court. The Sultana who has borne a daughter to the Padishah makes it the object of her life to marry her to the most eligible *parti* in the Empire. And the Ikbals, on their side, find intrigue no less necessary to the maintenance of their position, at all times precarious.

There are, consequently, in the palace as many coterics as there are Courts, each of which has ramifications extending even beyond the walls of the Serai ; for the brothers of the reigning Sultan, or rather their respective mothers, being always in quest of partisans outside, the Validé Sultana is, on the other hand, not less vigilantly occupied in safeguarding the interests of her imperial son. These endless cabals, with all their extraordinary complications, afford considerable occupation to the Serailis generally. Visits to the shrines of Moslem saints or to the services in Dervish *tekkehs*, vary their mundane pursuits, and are made the opportunity of atoning for some of their sins by pious gifts and alms-deeds. Each lady has her favourite sheikh and her favourite shrine, to whom and to which she periodically makes offerings, either in money or in kind.

The daughters of Sultans, who, as above mentioned, also bear the title of Sultana, are entitled by their royal birth to precedence of their husbands, and considered themselves exempt from many of the restraints imposed by custom on their sex in Moslem lands. These princesses, in modern times at least, have seldom acquired either the esteem of society or the affection of the unhappy officials upon whom they have been bestowed in marriage, being, as a rule, wayward and extravagant in their conduct, tyrannical in temper, and sometimes even capable of great cruelty. There have, of course, been notable exceptions, and the memory of these ladies is venerated by their descendants and those who enjoyed the privilege of their friendship.

Amongst this number was Hibetulla Sultana, a sister of Mahmoud II., and a more tragic history than that of this princess

could hardly be met with in modern annals. Her beauty, wit, and intelligence commanded the homage of all with whom she came into contact ; and she might well have considered herself safe from "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." But alas ! nowhere are the revolutions of the fickle goddess's wheel more sudden and complete than in the East ; and he who seems most favoured is not unfrequently the first to incur her frown. During the terrible revolt which resulted in the deposition of the worthless Mustapha II., the assassination of Selim III., and the accession of Mahmoud II., Hibetulla Sultana, suspected, not unnaturally, of favouring her brother's cause, was hurried by the minions of Mustapha from her gilded bower to a prison in the Serai. Finding herself abandoned, as she believed, by the fair-weather friends on whom she had formerly bestowed favours and benefits, and dreading at every moment the entrance of a mute with the fatal bowstring, she resolved to end her life by poison. While awaiting, with the calm resignation to fate characteristic of Moslems, the result of the fatal draught, Hibetulla Sultana bade farewell to the world in a touching death-song which has been preserved and translated into various European languages. And thus perished, in the flower of her days, this unhappy princess, whose career had promised to be one of exceptional brilliancy.

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The Hindu writers assert that the inspired sage Bharata had invented dramatic entertainment as the result of an inspiration from the god Brahma. The word *bharata* (actor) may be taken as a personification of the invention of the drama. Three kinds of entertainment existed, which were exhibited before the gods by the spirits and nymphs of Indra's heaven, and latterly the god Siva added two new styles of dancing. The *nāṭya* dance, a combination of gesticulation and speech, was the nearest approach to drama. The origin of the Indian drama was therefore religious. From the union of song and dance, in the festivals of the gods, sprang narrative recitatives, to be followed by song, then spoken—dialogue. These scenes and stories from the mythology of the Vishnu are still enacted by pantomime or spoken dialogue in India, as is exemplified by the *jaṭras* of the Bengalis, and the *rāsas* of the Western Provinces. The most ancient Indian play treats of an episode from the history of Vishnu—of his choice as a consort by Laxmi. Tradition connects its earliest themes with the mythology of Vishnu, and agrees in attributing the origin of that species of dramatic performance—the *sāṅgita*—to Krishna and the shepherdesses. But whilst the epic poetry of the Hindus gradually approached the dramatic in dialogue, their drama developed itself independently out of the union of lyric and epic forms. The masterpieces, Mahābhārata and the Rāmāyana, were preceded by the Vedic hymns in the same fashion as the Grecian drama followed upon the Homeric poems. To the third century B.C., or even earlier, we may assign the beginnings of the Indian drama. Only when the art had reached its zenith do we become acquainted with its primary specimens. Its classical period dates from the first century B.C. to the tenth century of the present era, and includes the works of its two greatest masters, Kālidāsa and Bābhavūti. The former, who died in the year 56 B.C., is renowned for his "Śākuntalā,"¹ a dramatic love-idiyl which, in the opinion of the highest critics, is one of the universal masterpieces of poetic literature. A performance of this piece was given some years ago at the Gaiety Theatre by a Persian troupe, under the management of Mr. Hollingshead. Bābhavūti, who appeared in the eighth century, has three extant plays: two treating of the adventures of Rama, the seventh incarnation of Vishnu, and one dealing with a love theme. With the commencement of the Mahometan invasions during the eleventh century, we may date the period of its decline.

The origin of the Chinese drama may be traced to the same

¹ A performance of this play was given in July last at the Botanical Gardens by the Elizabethan Stage Society.

source as the Indian—the union of song and dance. Through a series of ballets and pantomimes, symbolical of harvest, war, and peace, it finally resolved into genuine drama. The latter representations varied from those of an obscure character to as great as the ancient pantomime symbolical of the conquest of China by Wou-Wang. The emperor Wan-Ge (*circa* 580) is said to have invented the drama, though the honour is more generally given to Heun Tsung (720 A.D.), who reformed the national music. From that date, pantomimes having fallen into disrepute, the real drama began. Commencing with the plays composed under the Tang dynasty, 720 to 907 A.D., the Chinese drama is divided into four classes. The English equivalent to the Chinese phrase for dramatic entertainments reads, "Pleasures of peace and prosperity," a truism which will receive instant cognition at the hands of all managers who have experienced the vicissitudes of theatrical speculation. Under the Sung dynasty, 960 to 1119 A.D., a new feature was introduced, viz. a principal personage who sang. This became a standing peculiarity of the Chinese drama. In its period under the Kin and Yuen dynasties, 1125 to 1367 A.D., the classical age was reached. One of the tragedies of that period, "Tchao-Chi-Cu-Eul" (The Little Orphan of the House of Tchao), was brought over to Europe in 1735 by the Jesuit missionary, Prémare. Voltaire, taking up its theme, produced therefrom his rhetorical tragedy, "L'Orphelin de Chine," which he prefaces with the remark that it was his intention to paint the manners of the Chinese and Tartars. A successful adaptation of this was given by Garrick at Drury Lane, when Mrs. Yates made her first triumph in the leading part. The famous "Pi-Pa-Ki" (Story of the Lute) belongs to about the end of the fourteenth century, and up till the end of the eighteenth was considered a monument of morality, as well as the masterpiece of Chinese drama. With its fourth period mortification set in, and with it came the decadence. However low it had fallen in practice, its theoretical aims were always high. There was a penal code which called for virtuous dramas from their writers, and the moral code stated that those who wrote immoral plays must expect after death a purgatory which would last as long as the plays were performed. In the light of this judgment, it would be interesting to know how many of our own writers are undergoing similar expiation.

The Japanese drama occupies almost the lowest position in theatrical economics. Possessing no literature worthy of the name, its practice is only prevalent amongst the lower orders, and it can only be regarded in the light of a Chinese importation. The records

show that about the close of the sixth century Hada Kawatsu was commanded to arrange a series of dramatic entertainments, and a like record places some thirty-three pieces to his credit. The origin of their drama may be ascribed to the creation of the dance *Sambaso*, as a charm against the volcanic depression of the year 805, and this dance is still used as a prelude to theatrical exhibitions. A woman named Iso no Zenji, who flourished about the beginning of the twelfth century, is looked upon as the "mother of Japanese drama." Her performance consisted of dancing and posturing in male attire; but the real drama was not introduced until 1624, when Sarumooka Kanzaburô opened the first theatre at Yeddo. The members of the aristocracy do not appear at theatrical exhibitions, although the actors are occasionally engaged to perform at their houses. Whilst possessing, with the Chinese drama, certain saner specimens, its general dramatic fare is of a realistic kind, the morals of which are scarcely exceptional. In the matter of scenery and property it is greatly in advance of the Chinese art: indeed, with the removal of those disabilities under which it previously existed, a renaissance is taking shape which may succeed in placing it upon the level of European art.

In no other of the civilised nations of Asia do any traces of a drama exist, unless we except Siam, which is regarded under the category of India. It is singular that the Persians with their wide culture possess no drama, and that the records of the Semitic people are devoid of dramatic art. Amongst the curiosities of the savage races we might instance the exhibitions of the South Sea Islander, a species of dance intermingled with recitation and singing. This was first described by Captain Cook, and is further dealt with in Wyatt Gill's "Studies in Comparative Mythology." In the history of the Peruvians, a fragment of the Inca drama is found in the "Apu Ollantay," written in the Quichua language from native dictation by Spanish priests after the conquest of Peru. This is an heroic play of historical narrative and lively incident. Then there is the Aztec dramatic ballet "Rabinal Achi," for the translation of which we are indebted to the Abbé de Bourbourg. The consideration of the Egyptian drama proves interesting from the fact that in it we may trace many of the features that are incidental to the Grecian drama, and which were ostensibly borrowed from the Egyptian. The omnipotent Osiris stands in the same relation to it as the great Dionysus did to the Greeks, and the processions to the honour of this deity resembled in almost every respect the phallic processions to the honour of the Grecian wine-god. It is true the chorus was

absent in the Egyptian rite; but that is deemed a mere matter of evolution.

The science of music was an important one to the Egyptian priests, and in the sacred rites of their gods we find the use of the flute and harp invoked, as also the performance of vocal music. Although the dancing was performed by professionals, yet upon festive occasions the same licentiousness prevailed as was characteristic of the early history of the Hellenic drama.

In contemplating the Grecian product it must inevitably be classed as the handmaid of religion. Originating with the idea of worship, it continued to hold that intimate connection with religion which was native to its primary manifestations. In this respect it stands apart from the dramas of other nations, never having lost its formal connection with religion, save in the latest form of its comedy. To the Dorian religion of the god Apollo the Phœnicians brought the worship of Dionysus, whom the devotees hailed with loud cries (whence Bacchus, or Iacchus), and this was also the god of generation, whence the phallic emblem. To quote a recent writer, "Apollo and his sister again corresponded to the Pelasgian and Achæan divinities of sun and moon, whom the Phœnician Dionysus and Demeter superseded, or with whose worship theirs was blended. Out of the connected worships of Dionysus, Bacchus, Apollo, and Demeter, sprang the beginnings of the Greek drama." Both tragedy and comedy, according to Aristotle, originated in a rude and unpremeditated manner: the first from the leaders of the dithyramb, and the second from those who led off the phallic songs.

The Dorians were the originators of the public hymns and dances in honour of the gods. Essentially a military nation, their hymns were warlike chants, and their dances descriptive of military movement. The former was the germ of the chorus, and the pæans (Apollo-songs) were sung to the accompaniment of the flute. Trained singers and dancers under the direction of the poet introduced the next stage, when they performed these functions as representatives of the people. For its literary growth we look to the dithyramb, a revellers' song, in which the Dorians indulged to celebrate the birth and adventures of Bacchus. Lesbian Arion (fl. 610) converted the moving band into a cyclic chorus, wrote regular poems, invented a suitable style of music, and called the songs *goat-songs*, or tragedies. This established Arion's name as inventor of lyrical tragedy, the next step to regular drama. To the Ionian rhapsodes we look for the leavening quality that led to the product of drama. The rhapsodes, or wandering minstrels, recited

Homeric epics at the public assemblies. With the possession of the Dorian cyclic chorus and the addition of the rhapsode, the choral and epic elements being now present, it was an easy matter to formulate the tragic drama in Attica. In 535 B.C. Thespis introduced his actor into the Dionysian chorus, in order to relieve the monotony of that chorus. His speech was addressed to the coryphæus, or chorus-leader, with whom he carried on his dialogue, the chorus being stationed around the *thymele* (altar) and the actor placed upon a table. This latter was the origin of the stage. The dialogue generally treated of some Bacchic or other myth. Æschylus added a second actor, and when Sophocles had introduced a third, the drama for all practical purposes was complete.

If Roman drama must be judged as the result of Grecian influence, still in its beginnings it shows a spontaneity of form that quite annuls the idea of Hellenic origination. Beginning with the rural festivities, in which dancing and mirth attuned themselves to song and speech, it gradually developed into drama. The occasions of such were usually weddings or religious celebrations. The *satura* (goatskin of a shepherd), a title intended to depict the fulness of both performers and performance, displayed the primary elements of dramatic art, in that they were comic songs or stories recited to the flute and accompanying gesticulations.

When the Etruscan players, or *istriones*, who originally were dancers and pantomimists, came into Rome, 364 B.C., a new impetus was given to the *saturæ*, which were performed as farces (*exodia*). To this succeeded the *mimi*, loose farces which first formed an independent entertainment, and latterly were played as after pieces; but the imperial régime reduced these to their former condition. The *mimi* gradually developed into literature, and along with the pantomimes continued to flourish in the days of the empire, changing their depiction of vulgarity to a treatment of mythology. The *mimus* did not scruple to borrow from other sources, amongst which may be mentioned the Atellane fables, composed of satires of town life. In this the principal characters became conventional, the heavy father or husband (*pappus*), the ass-eared glutton (*maccus*), the chatterbox (*bucco*), and the wily sharper (*dorsenus*) were the original types, counterparts of which may be found in our modern drama. It was, however, to the Grecian model that Roman drama owed its origin. In the year 240 B.C., after the first Punic war, the victory was celebrated by the first production of a tragedy and comedy upon the Roman stage. The author, Livius Andronicus, a native of Tarentum, formed his pieces upon the models of the Grecian

masters. In its later developments, and notably in the case of Nævius, who wrote equally well both comedy and tragedy, it became of too personal a character to admit of comparison with the Grecian. Tragedies built upon the subject-matter of historical events, that appealed to Roman patriotism, came into vogue ; whilst in the licentiousness of its comedy and the aggressiveness of its political satire, it lent itself too readily to a realism that was fatal to its conservation. In fine, the emperor forbade any free popular treatment of national history, the effect of which might prove subversive to regal dignity. The result was that the *prætexta*, which were composed of hoary legends and historical battles, disappeared, giving way to a revival of Greek models. As to the structure of tragedy, the dialogue (*deverbia*) was relieved by musical passages (*cantica*), the latter sung by a boy placed in front of the flute-player (*cantor*), and the actor accompanied them with gesticulation. In contradistinction to the Greek, the chorus stood on the stage itself, and occasionally took part in the action. Comedy was divided into two classes—*palliata*, treating of Greek subjects, and *togata*, native subjects. The works of Plautus and Terence partake chiefly of the former character ; but after 150 B.C. works of that class ceased to be written, owing to the change in popular taste. The first permanent theatre, a wooden erection, was built in Rome under Pompeius (55 B.C.), and contained 18,000 seats. After its destruction by fire, a stone theatre was built by Tiberius on its site (22 A.D.). The sensualism of Roman life was faithfully reflected in its drama. On one occasion the return of Agamemnon, in the "Clytæmnestra," was signalised by Pompeius in a procession of 600 richly laden mules. As distinguished from the aloofness of the Grecian stage, the Roman actors stood in close proximity to the audience, no choral orchestra separating them. This accounts for the absence of the mask in its earlier period, wigs being used to denote the age of the personages represented.

With audience and actors at close quarters, criticism, hypercritical and otherwise, became common, and to meet this the *claque* was instituted. It was when immorality and obscenity had established themselves in all their audacity that the end was reached. The Church, righteous in its wrathfulness and mindful of morality, laid its ban upon the accursed thing, and with that the Roman drama virtually died.

It is a significant fact that in seeking out the next traces of the drama we must turn to the chronicles of Christianity. After the first few centuries had passed the ecclesiastics began to turn their

attention to the tragic and comic forms of the ancient drama. In the latter part of the fourth century, St. Gregory Nazianzen wrote the "Passion of Christ," evidently for educational purposes. With the spiritual renaissance of the tenth century, and contemporary with Otto the Great, we associate the comedies of Hrotsvitha, the Benedictine nun of Gandersheim (in Saxony), who chose for subjects martyrdoms, conversions, and miracles. Indeed, the origin of drama may, to adopt a recent theory, be found in the liturgy itself: the portion of Scripture read by the priest forming the epical part, and the anthem or responses by the congregation constituting the lyrical part or the chorus. The mystery play became popular in the tenth century. On the occasion of the ecclesiastical festivals, the priests performed in the churches the offices (so called) of the shepherds, the Innocents, &c., who took up the Gospel of the day. Side by side with this, the secular form of the drama could only boast of the Troubadours in Provence, Spain, and Italy. The *jongleurs*, indigenous to Northern France, stood wholly apart from the *trouvères*, who sang the glorious deeds of the wars. In the course of time these were appointed servants to particular households, and received the title of *menestrels*. The unattached members of the craft contrived to eke out a precarious living by the exercise of their juggling and pantomime tricks at the various fairs. To return to the mystery-plays, Latin texts were written for them, and included passages from popular legends, these texts latterly being translated into the vernacular. Then the mysteries were joined together and formed what scholars term a "collective mystery," examples of which became frequent in France, England, and elsewhere. The various specimens of the religious drama were divided into three classes—*mysteries*, devoted to the depiction of Scriptural events, as the Nativity, Passion, Resurrection, and Redemption; *miracles*, treating of the legends of the Saints; and *moralities*, dealing with allegorical personages representative of the Virtues. The last-named were originated by the Norman *trouvères*. As the years went by, the religious drama extended its scope, introducing further attractions; the spectators increased in number, and the little leaven of comedy gradually ripened into levity. In the endeavour to pander to the popular taste, profanity received the ecclesiastical consent.

The orgie known as the "Fête des Fous" provides a notable example. Preceded by a priest bearing the mitre and the cross, the Bishop of Fools repaired with the procession to the cathedral. Seating himself in the episcopal chair, he bestowed a mock benediction; after which the performance consisted of the singing of

bacchanalian songs and the execution of lascivious dances, the priests themselves taking the leading part in these debaucheries. Meantime the laity, with every appearance of reason, commenced the enactment of miracle plays, illustrative of the virtues of their patron saints, the performance being given under the auspices of the different guilds and schools. Despite the efforts of the Church to stay this entrenchment upon their privileges and attractions, the laity managed to establish their own performances. It is to France we must look for the initial step in public acting. In 1303 the Bazoche (clerks of Parliament) obtained the right to manage the popular festivals, but upon the "Confrérie de la Passion" gaining a similar privilege (1402) they confined themselves to the production of moralities. "Les Enfants sans Souci," a company contemporary with the Confrérie, also obtained the privilege to enact *soties*—comic plays with allegorical personages. The regular drama came into existence about 1395 with the performance of "Griseldis" by the Confrérie. The *sotie*, merging the allegorical into the real, adopted the modern form of farce, "Maistre Pierre Pathelin," produced in the year 1480 by the Bazoche, being the first notable comedy.

The earliest Italian mystery-play that can be traced dates from 1243, and resembles the northern production in every respect, save its absolute coarseness. The Old Testament plays were named *figure*, the New Testament *vangeli*. Two centuries later they were elaborated out of all recognition, and entitled "rappresentazioni." Lorenzo the Magnificent was the author of one of the latter, "San Giovanni e San Paolo" (1488).

The Spanish religious drama sprang into existence about the thirteenth century. As in France, the secular party having taken the drama under their own control, the maledictions of the clerical party were provoked, and the extremest of penalties pronounced. Towards the end of the fifteenth century we find the earliest traces of the secular, when in 1472 the author of "Mingo Revulgo" introduced a modern commentary in rhymed couplets.

It is probable that in Germany the religious plays were performed at the Easter and Christmas festivals in the twelfth century. The miracle plays began about the fourteenth century, and as these gradually treated of historical subjects the transition stage to the secular drama can easily be marked. But the religious drama proper survived in the Catholic states of Germany after the Reformation, and traces of it could be found in Bavaria and Tyrol up till the end of the eighteenth century. The familiar Passion Play of Oberammergau was first enacted in the days of the Thirty Years' War, 1634.

It was not till well in the middle of the eighteenth century that the literary drama of Germany grew to living likeness. The dramatic performances fell into the hands of the civic guilds, and the plays exhibited were those of "the master-singers of Nuremberg," who frequently dramatised Scriptural narrative as well as secular subjects. Amongst the most notable of religious dramatists was P. Rebhun, a *protégé* of Luther's. Hans Sachs, the immortal shoemaker of Nuremberg, is regarded as "the father of popular German drama." To the fertility of his invention is due the birth of plays, both sacred and secular, which depend for their chief interest upon the dialogue, their lack of characterisation being their most notable feature. Italian novelties were introduced as well as Spanish, the latter by Jesuitic instigation. Not until the visit of the English comedians, at the close of the sixteenth century, was any attempt made towards the construction of real drama, and then the writers built their plays upon the English models. The *répertoire* of the English company included, amongst other plays, "Hamlet," "Edward III.," "Mahomet," and "Romeo and Juliet."

In Holland the progress of the drama somewhat resembles that of the German product. Commencing early in the fifteenth century, a large variety of moralities, allegories, and comic interludes formed the principal attractions of those pageants for which the Netherlands was famous. Dutch literary drama began with the classical tragedies of S. Koster (1585-1650), its principal dramatist, Van Dant Vordel, building his plays chiefly on the models of Corneille and Racine.

The Scandinavian product came as the result of exotic growths, while that of Denmark followed upon similar lines to the German. L. Holberg (1684-1754), the doyen of comic dramatists, was the originator of a style of comedy which exposed to healthy ridicule all forms of popular vice, and did so in strict consistence with the highest canons of comedy.

Russian drama owes its origin to the introduction of the religious play from Poland in the twelfth century. The *vertep*, a species of puppet-show, was very popular in the seventeenth century; and this gave way to regular drama when Sumarokoff (1718-1777), a member of the St. Petersburg cadet corps, began to produce his plays modelled on the French. Amongst other works he produced a translation of "Hamlet."

Coming to the English drama, the enactment of miracle plays, written and performed by monks, began in the twelfth century. The rights of the clergy in this department were soon infringed, for the

following century saw the prohibition of plays by professional players. The records show the performance of miracle plays to have taken place in Cornwall, in the Cymric dialect, at an early date. Usually they were represented in the open air, within a specially constructed amphitheatre. The plays, however, were ostensibly copies of English originals. The miracle-play reached its most flourishing period when the trade companies began their performances. The town of Chester took the initiative in 1268, to be followed by towns such as Wakefield, York, Coventry, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Preston, Leeds, Lancaster, Kendal, Wymondham, Dublin, and London. In the latter place the parish clerks became responsible for their performance. The plays may be divided into three classes: the Towneley plays, acted at Woodkirk (Wakefield), *circa* fourteenth century; the Chester, acted during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and the Coventry, which belong to the fifteenth or sixteenth century. A large number of these were borrowed from French originals, others from scriptural subjects: the legends of the saints and the Apocrypha. The most popular form of play consisted of an entire history of the world, from the Creation to the Day of Judgment. A sixteenth-century writer describes their enactment at Chester in the following terms:—

“The manner of these plays were: Every company had its pageant, which pageants were a high scaffold with two rooms—a higher and a lower—upon four wheels. In the lower they apparelled themselves, and in the higher they played, being all open at the top, that all beholders might hear and see them. The places where they played them was in every street. They began first at the abbey gates, and when the first pageant was played it was wheeled to the high cross before the Mayor, and so to every street, and so every street had a pageant playing before them at one time, till all the pageants appointed for the day were played, and when one pageant was near ended, word was brought from street to street that they might come in place thereof exceedingly orderly, and all the streets have their pageants before them all at one time playing together, to see which plays was great resort, and also scaffolds and stages made in the streets in those places where they determined to play their pageants.”

To each guild was allocated a play, and the various performances were termed the Tailors' Pageant, and so forth, according to the name of the guild which performed them. The costumes used were entirely conventional. Divine and saintly persons wore gilt hair and beards, demons donned hideous heads, souls were clad in white and black, after their kind, and angels wore gilded skins and wings. The French species differed from the English in that the stage was divided into three compartments: in the top were the Father and His angels; middle, the saints and glorified ones; whilst

the humans shared the lowest platform, with the souls in hell. Intended in the main to be serious, the English miracle play was not altogether devoid of humour. The Coventry plays, which were the most refined, were the work of the clergy. To them we are indebted for the gradual evolution of the miracle play into the morality. This was an allegorical representation of the conflict between good and evil in the mind of man, by the personification of the virtues and vices. Righteousness and Justice were contrasted with the wickedness of the devil and his attendants, vices who, under the various *aliases* of Shift, Ambidexter, Sin, Fraud, Iniquity, &c., tormented his majesty for the edification of the auditors. The moralities were in vogue during the reign of Henry VI., VII., and VIII., bearing such titles as "The Castle of Perseverance," "The World and the Child," and "The Conflict of Conscience." An example of the political morality may be found in Sir David Lyndsay's "Satire of the Three Estaitis." In the morality is contained the germ-idea of the domestic fool, so familiar to all drama. The creation of the regular drama has been traced to the intermingling of historical personages with abstractions, as is instanced by Bishop Bale's "King Johan" (*circa* 1548), an innovation which cleared the path for the chronicle history. Contemporary with this came the introduction of real characters to contrast with abstract figures, as in the sixteenth-century moralities "Jack Juggler" and "Tom Tiler and his wife." About the year 1550 John Heywood produced his interludes, which were farces written upon French lines, depicting the lives of real men and women. In reviewing the history of English drama, the subtle influence which the historical pageant exercised upon it must not be overlooked. Succeeding the famous "ridings" of Chaucer's time, they exceeded in splendour any previous attempts in that direction. Claiming the aid of the men who were afterwards to become our dramatists, it was their chief desire to produce complete representations of mythological and historical heroes, as well as moral and municipal abstractions. Thus through the various stages of miracle, morality, interlude, and pageantry, rose the chronicle history; and with the dawn of the Elizabethan era the regular drama was established. It was natural that a nation intellectually fertilised by the kindly heat of scholarship should find its primary dramatic inspiration in the tragedies of the ancients, the works of Seneca having been drawn upon as far back as the reign of Queen Mary. Indeed the direct influence of Seneca may be traced in the English tragedy proper "Gorboduc" (re-named "Ferrex and Porrex") the joint work of Lord Buckhurst and T.

Morton (1562). The Italian influence is shown in the first "Romeo and Juliet," in "Tancred and Gismunda" (1563), and in Whetstone's "Promos and Cassandra," from which play Shakespeare took "Measure for Measure." To this succeeded the production of blank verse and prose, half epic and half comic, notable amongst which were "The Famous Victories of Henry" (*circa* 1588) and "The Chronicle History of King Leir." Comedy owed its existence to the Roman models, English versions of which had been produced in the time of Henry VIII. Udall's "Ralph Roister Doister," one of the first examples, dates from the year 1551, and appears to be an adaptation of Plautus. "Gammer Gurton's Needle," printed 1575, and the supposed work of Bishop Steel, was borrowed from a Latin original. Amongst the list of Elizabethan dramatists stands the name of John Lyly, of "Euphues" fame, who wrote a number of legendary classical, mythological, and satirical plays for enactment by the Children of the Chapel and of St. Paul's. Gascoigne followed with a free translation of Ariosto's "I Suppositi," in which he presumed to improve the dialogue. Contenting ourselves with the mention of Thomas Kyd of "Spanish Tragedy" fame, and of Kit Marlowe (1564-1593) we may consider the English drama as having attained a style native to the character and intellect of its people.

In recounting the evolution of the drama an exegesis such as the present must necessarily appear diffusive ; indeed, the exigencies of space render it so. The only attempt has been to mark out the distinctive features of its primary and adventitious growths ; to trace the art from its germinal source throughout its varied processes, rather than to make the facts square with any preconceived theory. And this source is discovered to spring from the natural love of man for expression, leading him towards the creation of some visible token representing his inner emotions. In the savage nature its first manifestations were found in the institution of physical exhibitions of people as widely apart in time as the Dorians and South Sea Islanders. A higher civilisation provided the graven image of a god who represented the highest good. To the Dorians it came in the form of Apollo, the god of war and music ; to the Phœnicians, Dionysos, the god of wine ; and to the Egyptians in Osiris, the Universal Power. With the clear possession of a god came the inspiration of worship, and the chanting of hymns to his honour. Thus in seeking the power of his god, man became conscious of the part he himself played in the economy of the universe. The glorification of his god led to the celebration of the honour of man. In

the Indian drama the Vedic hymns came first, and the creation of the epic served as the initiatory step towards drama. The Grecian passed from the pæans of their gods to the goat-songs of the people, and with the addition of the epic the drama was complete. Having founded their drama on the Grecian model, the Romans saw it ripen into the reflection of their native sensuality, and with that, resultant rottenness hastened the end. Christianity laid reproving hands on the accursed thing, and thus departed the evil. But no instinct which is essential to the well-being of the human can be wholly stifled. To the appreciation of this truth the Church gradually awakened. To induce spirituality in the minds of an unimaginative people whose intelligence demands the use of symbols, the mystery, miracle-play, and morality were created. And as children will tire of their toys, the insatiable craving for some new thing, the Socratic dæmon of æsthetic aspiration, or rather the Philistine desire for the obvious, brought the celestial wares of ecclesiasticism into the regions of common sense. The Church pursuant of the apostolic aim, "to become all things to all men," came to be regarded in the light of an entertainment purveyor. Unfortunately for its ideals, the *thesis* of utilitarianism was not followed by the *arsis* of proselytism. It had nurtured a serpent in its bosom and the viper had turned, with the inevitable result—recriminations and excommunications. As the centuries passed, the Church, looking askance at this easy means of fuller glory, dallied with it; sometimes uncertain of its morality, always envious of its triumph; bringing from its devious paths the substance of many ecclesiastical theatricalities. For the drama had pursued a similar course to the kindred arts.

Painting, sculpture, and architecture had primarily dedicated themselves to religion; dancing, music, and poetry likewise. From the union of the last three arts sprang the drama. The lesson taught by empiricism is that the homogeneous tends to create the heterogeneous. The Church, failing to recognise this factor in evolution, did not foresee the tendency of the time to specialise. It did not see that what was mystic could become dramatic, and that what was spiritual could, by an appreciable transition, become physical, as later developments proved. Thus from the minor elements of tragedy rose the modern drama; out of the ancient pantomimes comedy and the comic opera. As the triviality of modern art is outbalanced by certain phases of its ideality, so that which is merely bizarre in modern drama is counterbalanced by the æsthetic productions peculiar to this era. With the development of the intellectual part of man's nature the physical part ceases to

exercise the desire for the merely sensual, and in that trend lies the hope of the intellectual drama. The high tragedy of the Greeks arose from their ethereal philosophy; the low comedy of the Romans from their physical philosophy. The abiding quality of the English drama must be found in the sanity of its psychology. Those days of dramatic darkness may be accounted for. With the rapid spread of education, the socialistic tendencies of the age, and the unaccustomed luxury attained by the masses, the popular taste for drama may be deemed a recent growth. The axiom "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give," although trite, has the merit of truth to commend it. In the matter of art the uncultured nature embraces first the novel and surprising, the extravagant, wonderful, and bizarre. Experience tends towards the formation of ideals, as infantile folly paves the way for the sagacity of age. And so the play follows out the same rule. A passage from Herbert Spencer's chapter on the "Law of Evolution" may not be altogether inept, and will lead us to a fuller comprehension of the matter under discussion:—

"It is the same with fiction and the drama. In the marvellous tales current among eastern nations, in the romantic legends of feudal Europe, as well as in the mystery plays, and those succeeding them, we see the great want of correspondence to the realities of life. Along with social advance there has been a diminution of unnaturalness, an approach to truth of representation. And now novels and plays are applauded in proportion to the fidelity with which they exhibit individual characters: improbabilities, like the impossibilities which preceded them, are disallowed; and there is even an incipient abandonment of those elaborate plots which life rarely, if ever, furnishes."

The text may prove a useful one. If it does not help to brighten the horizon of dramatic achievement, at least it does not leave us without the hope of coming glory. And after all that is as much as the heart of man may desire.

ROBB LAWSON,

A FANTASTIC DREAM.

A WIDE waste land, dusky and desolate, shrouded over by dim darkness, which yet left some patches of flat landscape faintly revealed and palely visible amid the encircling gloom. No houses, no sign of habitation or cultivation ; but one grey old arched bridge, which spanned a sullen stagnant little river, with its slimy surface, and dull banks, overgrown by rank squalid weeds. A dead breathless air, murky, oppressive, ghostly. No wind, no stir or movement in all the dead atmosphere. Over the whole scene, a deathly calm of blight and curse, melancholy, inanimate, grey, depressing. Far and wide stretched a vast span of bare and lifeless land ; but no horizon was even suggested through the sorrowful impending mist, and the faint wan half-light only revealed very dimly the arch of the rude old bridge, which seemed to serve no human need. I know not whence I came or whither I was going. I did not know why I found myself, astonished, in that joyless evil-suggesting desert ; but at length, impelled by some occult inspiration, I found myself nearing the beginning of the weird bridge which might have been built by witchcraft. Then, through the ghastly shadow of all surrounding obscurity, I became aware of a recumbent group of three ladies, who somehow stirred in fancy a reminiscence of the three queens who received the dying Arthur in the dusky barge. Strange to find them alone in that sad waste land, where no one came, or seemed to have come, since the making of the world. So solitary was the grim place that I half thought myself to be, except the queens, the first comer in that desolate expanse : and the queens themselves—were they real, human ? They were very fair to look upon, were beautiful and young—but, oh, so sad ; and their eyes were dim with deepest melancholy and long dead hope. Each wore upon her head a golden crown, and their pale robes were flowing and were long. Their hair streamed downward almost to their feet. They seemed to belong to some far-off time that had been long ago.

They did not move, but their sad eyes were slowly fixed on me with wonder and with trust. Then one—the youngest and the fairest—spoke, and said that they were under an enchantment ; that

they had long waited there to cross the bridge, which they could only do by the help—if that could be rendered—of a mortal of the passing day ; and then she asked me, who seemed sent by some good power, if I would help them, and achieve the long-waiting adventure of the bridge. Then, all speaking together in soft far-away voices, they said that the attempt might be difficult, and even dangerous ; but that I was the first mortal who had been sent to them, and that they trusted in my chivalry and help. Of the danger, I could divine nothing ; but I was well-minded to try and help the forlorn ladies, or spectres of old-world queens, and expressed my willingness, proposing that I should make a first trial of the bridge with one alone. To this they agreed, and the one who first had spoken rose up to her stately height, and gave me her fair hand to hold as we slowly stepped upon the magic bridge. Her light foot trod timidly as we started : but, so soon as we had commenced to ascend the arch, the bridge itself heaved and tottered, rocked and swayed, moved by some secret power ; while screams, wailings, shriekings, howlings, echoed fearfully through the air which had been so silent and so still. The lady seemed to be fainting—she, no doubt, knew more of the terrors of the enchantment than I did—and I had to support her as, slowly and with difficulty, we reeled across the magic bridge. I stopped several times, so wild was the wavy rocking of the unstable arch ; but at length we neared the other side, and, at last, I had led her safely over. She was frightened and exhausted ; and the other two queens watched our crossing anxiously, and seemed overjoyed when we arrived in safety. So soon as I could leave the first lady, I began to recross rapidly, but though the wailings continued to rend the air, they were not so frightful as they had been, and I hoped to return safely. All at once so mighty a blast of wind blew against me that I had to lie down upon my face, and then to crawl slowly. At length, however, though sore spent, I rejoined the waiting queens ; and I fancied I heard high up in the air a scream, which almost sounded like a demon voice, and through the murky air I seemed to see a huge but shadowy amorphous form swaying dimly through the opaque mist. However, I had to return with the second lady ; and, by this time, I had been so impressed by the sense of the presence of unseen but malevolent powers which sought to prevent our crossing, that I was not a little dispirited and anxious. The lady was evidently terrified, and clung to me as we started in trembling dread. Once more the wailings, as of lost souls, but this time more poignant than they had been before. The gloomy greyness of earth and sky became more lurid and

unearthly in their unnatural terror, and a low crooning wind began to rise and stir. The bridge was frightfully agitated, and, just as we neared the centre of the arch, split widely open, and left a rather wide chasm. Alone, I could have leaped across it, but it was not easy to induce a clinging frightened queen to make such an effort. I remember that I prayed to Heaven for help, and that the chasm seemed to close again. I gave one glance at the last of the three queens, and saw that she was kneeling and praying while watching our struggle with the forces of evil. The wind increased in fury, the rocking caused a dizzy feeling, and the way seemed very long and very toilsome. All round there was a vague impression of *daemonic* mystery and of supernatural horror. Unseen enemies of malignant power seemed to be working against us with terrible force, and the end of the adventure seemed uncertain. We reeled and struggled slowly on when, just as we had almost cleared the bridge, a clap of thunder, the loudest by far that I have ever heard, filled all the huge void between ground and cloud, and, while it rolled, the whole bridge crumbled into ruin, and fell splashing into the dull water.

With the terrific sound of the thunder I awoke. The dream ceased ; but it still lives vitally in my strongly stirred memory ; and a weird impress of the scene, the figures, the bewitched atmosphere, lingers with morbid distinctness in my excited brain. Under the stress and strain of tormenting action, I got, to my lasting regret, no explanations from my sleeping queens ; but I feel that, great as is the power of modern science, which makes for good, those old enchanters of the far-off long ago were yet appallingly potent for evil and for sorrow.

Those ruthless and ghastly old necromancers were—when they existed—terrible enemies to mortal creatures.

They both fascinate and disturb the imagination, even when met with—as I met with them—only in A DREAM.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

*SABINA, PRINCESS PALATINE OF
BAVARIA AND COUNTESS OF
EGMONT.*

AT many of the brilliant functions given by the Netherlands Court, during the regency of Madame de Parma (half-sister of the Spanish Philip the Second), some surprise and proportionate amusement were afforded the nobles and grandees who graced those splendid assemblies with their presence, by the unwonted spectacle of two ladies making their obeisance to the Regent arm in arm.

Before their transit from one apartment of the palace to another, each grand dame, magnificent in velvet and priceless lace, sought out the other, and, linking her arm in that of her companion, strenuously endeavoured to keep abreast, or perhaps an inch more than abreast, of her rival. A narrow doorway incapable of accommodating two such royally attired ladies other than in single file was always the occasion for a determined struggle on the part of the younger and more aggressive princess to secure an advantage over her matronly but gentler antagonist ; and the gentlemen of the Court laid wagers on the ultimate result of the contest—whether it would end in a dead heat, or whether the Princess of Orange-Nassau would win by the length of her unduly short neck.

The elder of these fair objects of interest was Sabina, Countess of Egmont ; the younger, a lame ill-tempered girl, scarcely out of her teens, was Anne of Saxony, the second wife of that patriot Prince of Orange who is known to undying fame as William the Silent. Although married but a few years, Anne already showed signs of that insanity which brought her to a wretched death. Viewed in the light of our nineteenth-century science, her solitary confinement in a room from which the daylight was excluded, with its attendant mental torture, seems a punishment cruelly in excess of her misdemeanours.

As this young lady was apt to vent her temper upon her illustrious husband in unmeasured terms, regardless of the presence of

his friends, it is possible that William of Orange was not ill-pleased when the amiable Countess of Egmont came first in the race for precedence. Who cannot picture the stately Count Egmont, with that uncontrollable sense of fun which led him to "chaff" even the iron Duke of Alva with such deplorable results to himself, indulging in a furtive glance at his friend and meeting with a responsive twinkle from the humorously serious eyes of the Prince of Orange, as one of their respective wives managed to foul the other? It is evident they did not lay their ladies' contentions deeply to heart, for, divided as they afterwards were in politics and action, the affection of Orange for Egmont never faltered. The expression of it has come down to us in many noble words that demonstrate alike his lofty liberal nature, and the love that Egmont, vain, passionate, consummately brave, fatally impulsive, erratic but loyal, excited in all his friends and the majority of his enemies.

His countess, destined to fall from the proudest position in the Netherlands to sudden beggary and subsequent years of undeserved misery, was the Princess Sabina, sister of the Elector Palatine of Bavaria. Her marriage with Egmont was celebrated at Spire Cathedral in the year 1545, and, as the age of the bridegroom was but three and twenty, we may reasonably conclude that the Princess Palatine was in her first youth. Among the many notable women of that time, the high-born countess was distinguished for her gracious courtesy and irreproachable character, in which latter respect poor Anne of Saxony was soon to reveal herself so ignobly deficient. Both the Count and Countess were largely endowed with this same "graciousness," which is rendered the more interesting in Egmont's case by the fact that, as a boy, he was extremely *gauche* and uncouth. Later on he developed that charm of manner which, after the lapse of three hundred years, still attracts us to him through the historian's pages, and the beauty he inherited from his mother, the lovely Princess of Gavère, invests his personality with a singular fascination.

The nuptials of the young couple were graced by the presence of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and one wonders whether among the many royal and princely spectators of that interesting scene, the Duke of Alva looked with the cold gaze of dislike and disapproval on the intrepid young soldier whose brilliant successes at St. Quentin and Gravelines were, some years later, to throw his own well-earned renown into temporary shadow. It seems curious that in the following year Egmont and Alva were installed Knights of the Fleece, an occasion on which Alva would have been more than human had he

refrained from making the mentally odious comparison that his fellow knight was only four and twenty, while he had reached his thirty-ninth year.

We hear little of the Countess during her early wifhood. Those halcyon days passed swiftly by in the luxurious palaces of the Count (with the exception of Orange, the wealthiest noble in the Netherlands) in Brussels, or at his less pretentious residences at Ghent, Mechlin, Bruges, or the Hague. Later on, she became the mother of eight daughters and three sons.

By another curious coincidence, Alva and Count Egmont, who had previously acted as the Emperor's ambassador in the prenuptial negotiations, witnessed the marriage of Mary Tudor with Philip of Spain at Winchester. The dark sombre face of Count Horn, Egmont's high-minded companion in doom, must have lighted up with a smile as he beheld the admiration excited by his friend's noble presence and gracious bearing, in striking contrast to the repellent haughtiness of Alva, whose duchess, as well as Egmont's countess, witnessed the ceremony. One longs to hear the two great ladies' private remarks on the bride's black velvet mantle and historic scarlet shoes.

Save for natural wifely anxiety during Egmont's absence on diplomatic missions in an age when assassins were uncomfortably free with the dagger and the poisoned dish, or during those military campaigns whose fame resounded through Europe, the Countess Sabina's life seems to have been happy enough. The little squabbles with Anne of Saxony, and kindred social excitements, were soon to fade in trouble so heartrending, and in agony so undeserved and protracted, that it is impossible to reflect on this noble patient woman's fate without tears.

The Netherlands had been made over to Philip the Second by his father, the Emperor Charles, on the occasion of that prematurely worn-out warrior's retirement into the convent of St. Juste. Philip, after Egmont's brilliant achievements at St. Quentin and Gravelines, and the consequent peace with France, returned to Spain, placing the Netherlands, which he never again visited, under the regency of Madame de Parma, a Catholic as rigid and bigoted as himself. He rightly judged that Margaret would be more thoroughly dominated by his able favourite the Bishop of Arras (better known by his later title of Cardinal Granvelle) than any other of the aspirants to the Regency.

The principal grandees of those Netherlands Philip detested so heartily, and whose blood and treasure he was determined to

absorb, were William of Orange, Count Egmont, and the Marquis of Berghen, men of immense wealth and princely descent, with Count Horn, who had faithfully served as Admiral of the Provinces with nominal payment and had greatly impoverished himself in the royal service. These nobles took natural and just offence at the disproportionate authority vested in Granvelle, whom they looked down on on account of his plebeian birth, and they addressed several letters to the King urging his recall.

While the able but unscrupulous churchman regarded the people as "a vile animal," these princely members of that State council of which Granvelle was the dominant member had no mind to sanction the burning, drowning, and smothering of their humbler countrymen who had begun to read their bibles and to think for themselves. Count Egmont, in spite of his devotion to the Romish Church, detested the supercilious cardinal, who was as sarcastic as he was masterful, and, according to tradition, went the length of boxing the ecclesiastical ears. This culminating indignity Granvelle was hardly likely to forgive or forget. With patient revenge he never ceased to poison the mind of the most suspicious monarch that ever breathed against the powerful Count, and not even Egmont's subsequent severity against the heretics in his stadholderate of Flanders, the greatest blot on his somewhat inconsistent character, nor the readiness with which, after the Cardinal's recall, he took that oath of implicit obedience to Philip which Orange rejected with disdain, had any effect upon the doom Philip and Alva were arranging for him.

The unfortunate nobleman, conscious of his own loyalty, but as boyishly rash in speech and action as though his years numbered twenty instead of forty, through all the terribly troubled years of the Regent's dissimulating administration, with its consequent riots, image-breakings, and retaliatory executions, never dreamt he had anything to fear from the King. That monarch's effusive and open-armed reception of the Count, on the occasion of his visit to Madrid on a mission from the State Council, was enough to throw a more wary man than Egmont off his guard. It was but one of many instances when "Philip's dagger followed close upon his smile."

It is curious to read of the splendid banquets and entertainments given by the nobles during the eight years of Madame de Parma's regency—years whose horrors, fearful as they were, but faintly shadowed the coming bloody rule of Alva. Wrapped in false security, laughing heartily at the warning of a Portuguese noble who had just returned from the Spanish Court; unmoved by the manly

pleading of his younger but more far-seeing friend William the Silent, who, reading the signs of the times, could not restrain his tears as he embraced Egmont for the last time; disdaining alike to follow William's example of retiring beyond the reach of Philip's authority or to add the weight of his name and following to Orange's plan of openly opposing the king's tyranny, the Count was not even aroused to a sense of his danger by the news that Philip had sent an army under the command of Alva to garrison the Netherlands and enforce the Inquisition. His light careless temper made him forget, if ever he had remembered, that the Spanish general, in years gone by, had been the butt of his ready Flemish wit; he was to learn by an irrevocable lesson that a man without humour rarely forgives a jest against himself. More than once in the early days of Philip's reign Egmont and Alva had come to open rupture, and after the battle of Gravelines the party-feeling between the two great soldiers and their followers had run very high. Alva, absent himself on an inglorious campaign in Italy, had depreciated Egmont's action as foolhardy and premature. Egmont had retorted by demonstrating—by no means modestly—its brilliant results, and had uttered many provoking words best left unsaid. He suffered, too, for the indiscretion of his partisans, who after the manner of partisans went further than their principals.

Although Philip, probably actuated by a dull envy and the desire to possess Egmont's estates, had actually signed his death-warrant in blank before Alva left Spain, it cannot be doubted by any who read between the lines of history that the iron captain-general's personal animosity against the comparatively young hero who had twice made France tremble would only be appeased by his death. Yet so conscious, and justly conscious, was Egmont of his own loyalty, that when Alva, at the head of the Spanish army (with its accompanying band of two thousand well-drilled courtesans) arrived in the neighbourhood of Brussels, he rode out of the town to meet him, attended by a gay cavalcade and taking with him a present of two valuable horses. Alva, accustomed as he was to dissimulate, could not restrain his malice as he beheld the splendid figure of his doomed victim approaching, but uttered the lying exclamation, loud enough for the Count to hear, "Behold the greatest of all the heretics!"

It would almost seem that the Count's vanity rendered him deaf as well as blind, or, what is more probable, that being a devout and sincere Catholic, he did not dream of applying Alva's insult to himself. In a few moments the Spanish general composed his

features, and, after the jesting remark that the Count need not have brought him all the way from Spain in his old age, placed his arm round Egmont's neck, and in this Judas-like fashion rode by the side of his brilliant rival into Brussels. This took place on August 22, 1567.

For the next fortnight all was merry-making and feasting, Alva professing so much regard for the Count that any misgivings the Flemish noble entertained were effectually overcome. So convinced was the man whose signed death-warrant Alva held, of his implacable enemy's good will, that he was the means of inducing Count Horn to leave the retirement of his house at Weert and return to Brussels. Egmont's remorse at the share he had in bringing about his friend's death found expression in the request he made before he was led out to die—that he might suffer first and so be spared the additional pang of seeing Horn's dead body.

Meanwhile, Egmont had many warnings; but where William of Nassau's impassioned eloquence had availed nothing minor hints were thrown away. That faithful monitor had retired into Germany with his termagant and semi-lunatic wife (soon to become the mother of that patriotic son of a patriotic father, Maurice of Saxony), preferring to devote his life to freeing the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke and its attendant Inquisition, rather than to court certain and speedy death at the hands of Alva. "If Orange is caught," wrote Philip to his general, "don't let his trial last more than twenty-four hours."

Alva spread his nets in a highly creditable manner. Feasting and jousts were the order of the day; and on September 9, less than three weeks after his arrival in Brussels, invitations were issued for a dinner to be given at the house of Don Ferdinand, Alva's illegitimate son. The evening before this banquet, the last Egmont was to grace with his presence, he, with his Countess, was surprised by a visit from a mysterious Spanish officer, who, successfully concealing his identity, urged the Count to escape from Brussels and cross the frontier at once. If the Countess's surmise, that their nocturnal visitant was Julian Romero, that cruel and unscrupulous Spanish captain who afterwards led Egmont to the scaffold, and whose horrible and treacherous butchery at Naarden still causes a shudder, it is but another proof of the admiration her lord excited in his most inveterate opponents.

Whether Egmont proudly disdained to heed the warning of a Spaniard, or whether, as is more likely, he relied on the consciousness of his own loyalty, the advice was disregarded, and on the following

day, at the primitive hour of noon, he rode forth to the house of Don Ferdinand. The words of light farewell he uttered to his anxious wife were the last she was to hear from him on earth. The Count went out gay and *débonnaire* for friendship and good cheer.

Five hours later, in spite of an earnest whispered warning from Don Ferdinand himself, who, thrown much into the society of his father's unsuspecting victim since his stay in Brussels, had learned to love and honour him, the Flemish lion was caged. Count Horn was trapped in an equally treacherous manner. After a few days' confinement in a room lighted only by candles, Egmont was conveyed in a litter drawn by mules to the fortress of Ghent, where, with the luckless Horn, he was kept in durance for nine months. Both gentlemen, their estates confiscated, and their valuables appropriated by the monarch they had so faithfully served, were dependent on the kindness of their friends. It is piteous to read of the Countess of Egmont petitioning Alva that her husband, who had lived so joyous and free a life, might at least be allowed to take the air. It is stated that, but for the devotion of his wife and stepmother, Count Horn would have lacked the necessities of life.

The hardship of the Countess Egmont's lot seems almost unparalleled. Driven from home, her husband's mansions no longer affording her shelter, the distracted but not utterly despairing lady was compelled to seek the refuge of a convent for herself and her eleven children, none of them being, as Alva admitted, old enough to take care of themselves, and the youngest almost an infant. Never again (unless her wifely yearning overcame her agonised shrinking, and she gazed on Egmont's beloved features as he trod his heroic path to the summer scaffold) allowed to see the husband whose affection had been her pride and joy for more than twenty years, she left no means untried to obtain a fair trial for him. She petitioned the Brabant estates so importunately and pathetically as, according to an aged councillor, to be quite "annoying," and, spurred on by her indignant and poignant pleading, they even ventured to appeal to Alva—of course, without success.

At the same time she invoked the assistance of her brother, the Elector Palatine, and laid persistent siege to all the royal and princely personages in Europe who she thought might influence Philip.

A kind letter from the Emperor Maximilian gave her delusive comfort ; it assured her that the Count, being a Knight of the Fleece, could only be tried by members of that Order. Egmont's imprison-

ment was illegal. According to the rules of the Fleece, he was entitled to be kept in the custody of his fellow knights, and it was in defiance of the regulations of that princely order for one of its fraternity to be tried by a common or inferior tribunal. But Alva's Blood Council was no common court, and murderers, royal or ignoble, are not wont to consider the rights of their prospective victims.

For eight months the Countess, reduced to absolute poverty, continued to make heartrending appeals to all who she thought would assist in obtaining justice for her lord. Night after night the poor lady might be seen, accompanied by one of those daughters who were so soon to be fatherless, stealing barefoot to one of the many shrines in Brussels to pray for the release of the imprisoned Count. The stones on which she knelt with such humility and faith were not so hard as the hearts of Alva and his master.

At length, after many weary weeks of alternate hope and sad foreboding, Egmont's fate was precipitated by an event with which he had no concern. As part of a deliberately planned scheme of William the Silent, an organised revolt against the Spanish tyranny had taken place in Friesland under the leadership of the chivalrous Louis of Nassau, William's trusted lieutenant and younger brother. Contrary to all expectation, and in glowing contrast to the result of the simultaneous risings in other parts of the country, Count Louis achieved a brilliant victory. Aremberg, the devoted Netherland leader of the royalist troops, was killed; while his Spanish soldiers, whose taunts of cowardice had impelled him to an engagement which his better knowledge of the treacherous nature of the ground told him would be most perilous, were cut to pieces by the troops of Louis of Nassau.

The state of the Netherlands at this time can scarcely be realised. In our own civil wars, Red Rose and White Rose, or Royalist and Puritan, were pretty sharply defined; but in the awful and prolonged struggle of the Low Countries against Spanish bigotry and tyranny, the conflicting elements were almost chaotic. There were brave and honourable Netherland Catholics who were loyal to Philip while they loathed the Inquisition and Alva alike; there were those who approved of Philip and Inquisition both; there were a few who, like the heroic Prince of Orange and his gallant brothers, were pure patriots, whether Catholic, Calvinist, Anabaptist, or Lutheran; there were traitors who veered from one side to the other as it paid them best; and there were others who, like Egmont and his secretary Bazerkeel, entering the troubled arena with something approaching

religious toleration, had ended by persecuting humble sectaries to the death. The religious question was so closely interwoven with the political that the condition of things can only be faintly indicated in a magazine article. The Catholic Countesses of Egmont and Aremborg were friends; Egmont, a rigid Catholic, was warmly beloved by William of Orange, who, although of a Lutheran family, was brought up a Catholic at the Court of the Emperor Charles, and was now fast becoming a Calvinist; William's Lutheran brother Adolphus was slain by Egmont's Catholic friend Aremborg a few minutes before he expired (from a mortal blow dealt by Adolphus himself) in the battle of Helliger-Lee, and later on the war became a purely religious one, the outcome of Philip's determination to force the Inquisition on an enlightened people.

The loyalty of Egmont and his countess to a false and treacherous king strikes the student of history with wonder, the sequence of events seeming to indicate that the unhappy lady endowed the monarch with a kindliness of which his coldly cruel nature was incapable. Even her husband's death only called forth a singularly pathetic letter on behalf of her sons. It may be she shared the belief of the humbler Netherlands, and credited Alva with being the instigator of the murder he so ably carried out, and failed to realise that the "gracious and *débonnaire*" Philip equalled Alva in patient ferocity.

Louis of Nassau's victory at Helliger-Lee, the death of Count Aremborg, and the loss of his veteran troops, roused Alva to vindictive fury. The fate of the two prisoners at Ghent was sealed. Directly the news of Louis' brilliant triumph came to hand, eighteen patriotic noblemen were summarily beheaded upon the horse market in Brussels by Alva's orders, "pour encourager les autres." In order to prevent the unfortunate victims from making speeches on the scaffold, the military drums beat their loudest while this ghastly scene was being enacted. That trifling preliminary settled, Alva commanded the two illustrious captives to be brought from Ghent fortress to Brussels. Hither they came in closed carriages under an enormous guard, with the military bands playing ominously mournful strains. The next day, June 4, 1568, Alva pronounced sentence of death on both nobles, and, having filled in two of the blank cheques drawn on his loyal subjects' life and anticipatorily signed by Philip, decided that their execution should be carried out on the following morning.

The unhappy Countess, as yet in comparatively hopeful ignorance of what the morrow was to bring forth, and mindful in her own terrible distress of the sorrows of others, had left the convent for a

brief space to condole with the newly widowed Countess of Aremberg. While uttering words of consolation that must have been wrung from an aching heart, vague whisperings reached her ears that she herself would be a widow before the next day's sun had reached its zenith. The rumour, too horrible to be believed, too freely circulated to be altogether doubted, banished what pride the Countess had left. In an agony of grief and fear she found her way to Alva's presence, and, falling on her knees at his feet, besought him, as only such a woman could, to spare the Count's life.

"Be comforted, madame," Alva is reported to have said, "*your husband will most certainly be released on the morrow,*" and with this fiendish answer, the double meaning of which was soon made apparent by the swiftly resounding blows of the workmen's hammers as they built up the scaffold in the square where Egmont's head was shortly to fall, the Countess had to retire. Surely, in her case, the limit of human agony was reached.

Although Alva's answer to the appeal of the half-frantic wife is given by Prescott and Motley, it is worthy of remark that both historians express a hope that it is not true. Brutal and sanguinary as Alva was, it must in justice be noted that, after Egmont's death, he evinced some pity for the widow and children. He kept the Countess from starvation, and, urging that she was a most saintly woman, pleaded her cause with the King. But what regard soever the iron Governor-General entertained for the lady whose husband he brought to the scaffold, it was as a feather's weight when balanced against his personal animosity to the Count.

There are few more touching episodes in European history than the death of Egmont. That gallant soldier, weakened by months of rigorous imprisonment, was suddenly aroused from sleep to see, not the relieving guard, but the form of his old friend, the Bishop of Ypres, bending over him with agitation and distress visible on every line of his countenance. In faltering tones he delivered Alva's message, and the Count's surprise was unbounded. In his usual sanguine way he had taken it for granted that, having been brought back to Brussels, his release was at hand. At first he could not believe the Bishop, but, convinced by the prelate's earnestness, he gave vent to a burst of emotion, coupled with an indignantly expressed regret that he was not to be allowed to die sword in hand fighting for his king and country. Rising from the couch on which he had taken his last earthly slumber, he dressed with care and began his preparation for death. Even then Egmont's characteristic courtesy manifested itself. He tells the Bishop that, had the choice been allowed

him, he could have desired no better confessor. By and by, the anguish of being torn from his wife and children overcame him and interrupted his devotions, and in response to the Bishop's entreaty to keep his mind fixed on the awful and solemn change that was so close at hand, he uttered that most natural exclamation, "Alas ! How frail is our nature ! When I should be meditating on things eternal, I can think only of my dear ones."

The consummate courage with which Egmont met his death was not due to the absence of softer feelings.

His devotions finished, he wrote to the King, assuring him of his past and present loyalty, and beseeching him to have pity on "his poor wife, his children, and his servants." This letter, which has been preserved, is subscribed "*Ready to die*, Lamoral Egmont." He also wrote to his wife, enclosing in the letter a ring given him in happier days by Philip. Then, having cut off the collar of his doublet, so that the executioner's sword should meet with no impediment, and arrayed himself as became a Knight of the Fleece, with the insignia of the order round his neck, he passed his remaining hours in meditation, spiritual conversation, and prayer.

Count Horn received the news of his impending doom with greater indignation than Egmont, but with equal courage. The curate of La Chapelle comforted him in his last hours.

It may here be mentioned that the Clara whom Goethe invests with so much interest in his tragedy of "Egmont" is declared by Prescott to be a supposititious personage. He is indignant that an imaginary mistress should be introduced to the exclusion of the beloved wife and mother. In this case the bounds of poetic licence seem to be unduly exceeded.

Immediately after the Count's execution Alva addressed the King on behalf of his widow. He wrote two letters concerning the bereaved family on the same day. Perhaps no greater tribute could be paid to that hapless lady than the fact of her exciting the compassion of such a human infernal machine as Alva. It is the only touch of humanity accorded to the Spanish general by the great historian of the Netherlands, who sums him up as "a man with no virtues but colossal vices."

In reply to Alva's representations, and to the Emperor Maximilian's request that provision should be made for the Countess and her children, Philip wrote that it was not yet time. No prayers or pleadings made him deviate one whit from his cold cruelty. The heartbroken woman, in a letter enclosing Egmont's ring—Philip's own gift—implored him, in terms so humble as to

be almost incomprehensible, to provide for her sons, and train them for his service, in vain. Eventually, after various gifts of money, Alva settled a moderate pension on the lady whose life had been passed in regal magnificence, and the ordinary student of history learns little more of this cruelly used princess. We catch a glimpse of an elder daughter trying to throw herself from a window in a frenzy of grief at her father's death; but the record of the ten years the Countess survived her illustrious consort is very meagre. With reptilian malignity, Philip restored Egmont's estates to his eldest son (Macaulay's "Flemish count," who was slain at Ivry) shortly after the Countess had sunk to that rest of which even the most Catholic king could not deprive her. But, if she was denied the satisfaction of seeing her son enjoy his patrimony, she was also spared the shame of the young count's treason to his country. Philip Egmont, like his father, was loyal and impulsive. In both the courtier was before the patriot, and the courage of both was consummate.

In her dying moments the Countess turned once more to that faithful friend, William of Orange, now grown prematurely old in the cause of freedom. To him she commended her second son, Lamoral, who, with his younger brother, was among its most juvenile members. William's interest in the lad was repaid in a singularly ungrateful manner. A plot, in which Lamoral Egmont was implicated, had been formed to poison the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Anjou, brother of the French king, Henry III. It was discovered before actual harm was done, and the young man's accomplices were executed. But for the intercession of his cousin, Louise de Vaudemont, wife of Henry, young Egmont would have shared his companions' fate. As it was, he escaped with outlawry, and the one aim of the dull brother who succeeded him was to keep him out of the revenues of his estates.

"Call no man happy until he is dead." If the saintly Countess suffered much, she was also spared much. As the wife of that brilliant ill-starred hero, whose superfluous loyalty cost him his head, her sad personality excites an interest that is almost unequalled in history. The glory and political martyrdom of Egmont shine with reflected light on his devoted wife, while a subdued but purer lustre surrounds Count Horn. In that cruel age, when even Egmont, in his zeal for the Catholic religion, shed the blood of those countrymen he should have protected, Count Horn, himself a devout Catholic, refused to raise the standard of persecution. Conscientious, brave, bad-tempered, and outspoken, "thoroughly

commonplace," to use Mr. Motley's expression, he was far in advance of his age in liberal-mindedness. "It was not right," he said, "to punish a man for his religious opinions." Great as his wife's sorrows were, they pale before the woes of Egmont's countess, for Count Horn was childless.

ELLIS PEYTON.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

WERE it necessary to choose a motto for any account of the life and writings of Coleridge, especially of his "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel," two of his own lines would perhaps be most appropriate :—

Life is but Thought, so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

The life and character of Coleridge agree well with the picture of humanity given in Wordsworth's beautiful ode "On the Intimations of Immortality," &c. He came "trailing clouds of glory," which seem to have obscured from him much that is common and alas ! necessary in this life, and a spirit world of fine imaginings haunted him from early childhood. He muses over the glories of some "Imperial Palace" (such as the "Kubla Khan"), both in childhood and in later life, and his soul sinks constantly beneath the weight of her "earthly freight." It was to force on himself a constant high pressure of intellectual thought, in spite of physical weakness, that Coleridge continued the use of opium, and when he had to confess to failure the habit had become inveterate. In the case of Coleridge the child was truly "father to the man," the possessor of countless beautiful thoughts and fine expressions which were never in this life to attain full fruition, and the beauty of his early youth is vividly presented by his schoolmate Charles Lamb.

"Come back into memory like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee, the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—logician, metaphysician, bard."

In the Life of Wordsworth there is an interesting anecdote of Wordsworth's shaking a gate in his outdoor wanderings, to resume his grasp upon things actual, after long communing with abstract ideas. This anecdote gives fresh point to his beautiful little poem "Nutting." We understand the boy's feelings when the "spirit of the wood" avenges herself through his sense of pain for the havoc

he has made, but we appreciate yet more the scene beforehand—the boy's relief in the sense of things actual, as he shakes the hazel boughs, and thus frees himself from the almost painful spell of the still life around him, the silent strain becoming too strong for the boy's nature.

Now one cannot picture Coleridge shaking a gate to bring himself in contact with the actual, because his spirit was most at home in dreamland. I say "dreamland," since Coleridge was by no means unfit for earth because he was too angelic. Robert Southey was more angelic when he adopted Coleridge's wife and children. He was man enough in the sense of being neither angel nor demon, but he was like a wandering spirit which cannot adapt itself to its earthly covering, and care little for its earthly environment.

All students of Coleridge have read W. M. Rossetti's anecdote of the old gentleman who met the poet in the Strand, and took him for a pickpocket, as he was thrusting out his arms and hands, but found that Coleridge, then a schoolboy, imagined himself to be Leander in the act of swimming across the Hellespont. The old gentleman who so kindly and promptly paid Coleridge for a subscription to a library may well have wished that he could transport this ecstatic youth to the shores of the Hellespont itself, but we have Coleridge's own evidence that to have found himself on those shores would have given him no gratification whatsoever.

"Dear Sir Walter Scott and myself," he says in his "Table Talk," "were exact but harmonious opposites in this: that every old ruin, hill, river, or tree called up in his mind a host of historical or biographical associations, just as a bright pan of brass when beaten is said to attract the swarming bees; whereas, for myself, notwithstanding Dr. Johnson, I believe I should walk over the plain of Marathon without taking more interest in it than in any other plain of similar features. Yet I receive as much pleasure in reading the account of the battle in Herodotus as any man can. Charles Lamb wrote an essay on a man who lived in past time: I thought of adding another to it on one who lived not *in time* at all—past, present, or future—but beside or collaterally."

Coleridge saw with the eyes of his mind, rather than with his physical sight; and we hear, both from himself and others, that he was absolutely without the fear of death throughout his earthly existence—another proof that "this pleasing anxious being" was of no importance to him.

Hence the peculiar and unrivalled beauty of Coleridge's

"Ancient Mariner," which is so unreal in its subject and treatment, yet so marvellously vivid in its grasp and delineation. It is as real as though the poet had himself been the "Ancient Mariner." He has so projected his mind into the narrative that it bears more impress of truth than the possible story of a more commonplace author. The beauty of the versification and the description are Coleridge's own, but perhaps the air of reality, better sustained than in his other works, is owing to the appreciation and encouragement he received throughout its execution from Wordsworth. "Christabel" might have been more than a beautiful fragment had it been written under Wordsworth's roof.

From the first line our attention is fixed upon the central figure of the poem—the stern old man working out his expiation, and finding comfort in a passionate desire that his hearer should love and pray as he had failed to do. The Ancient Mariner and the Wedding Guest remind us of Coleridge and Wordsworth, only in this case it is the Guest who is possessed by a marvellous and poetic romance, while the Mariner (Wordsworth) will not unloose him till he has given forth his tale of wonder in its imperishable setting. The stern weather-beaten aspect of the Mariner accords well with all we hear of the imposing Roman cast of Wordsworth's features.

With what a genuine simplicity of genius the old man's narrative begins, so that the reader can picture for himself the tiny rustic harbour with its overshadowing hill, its kirk, and its lighthouse top! Still there is nothing dramatic so far, and it is no marvel that the Wedding Guest should beat his breast as he hears the bridal minstrelsy. But this is the last time that the Mariner receives aught but the Wedding Guest's fixed attention—an attention which interrupts him only to express horror, then deadly fear, which twice finds expression, and finally conveys, by a sad and chastened silence which shrinks from revelry, the lasting influence of a great lesson.

And now every verse in the narrative is full of meaning, not a word too much, not a word wanting.

We watch the fated ship battling its way towards its wind-locked prison, till mist and snow come, and the emerald-green icebergs float by with silent irresistible power, while the "fearful sounds" spoken of in Coleridge's prose notes precede a yet more fearful silence.

We hail with the mariners that omen of good, the albatross, and we do not in the least want to hunt up particulars concerning the bird's habits, because this marvellous world of the "Ancient

Mariner's," so graphically described, is a world in itself, which would only jar with ordinary details of everyday experience. The Mariner enters into what is for him a long description of the beautiful bird, shrinking from his sad confession, till the horror of the Wedding Guest forces him to an abrupt avowal of the reason for his ghastly looks. The shipmates of the Mariner behave worse than he does, as one of Coleridge's critics remarks, since they judge solely by omens whether he has done ill or wisely.

That is a specially beautiful verse which begins,

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew."

The fair vessel bursts so proudly, ploughing her free furrow, into the silent sea, whereon she was to lie inert and parched with heat,

"A painted ship upon a painted ocean."

The gallant crew have borne unmoved the perils of the frosty regions, of the icebergs, and of the mist and snow. They have fought bravely where danger could be avoided and the good ship steered through peril; but in the awful prolonged silence, in the motionless despair, and in the terrible cry for water, while the salt waves of the ocean, whose waters bring madness and death, sparkle round them, we read with a keen realisation Coleridge's pithy note,

"And the albatross begins to be avenged."

We realise that the albatross is a sacred bird, and that the Mariner dared his fate when he so recklessly destroyed it. We know likewise that the distant revelry now jars upon the ear of the entranced Wedding Guest, who sees as we do in imagination the silent sparkle of a great waste of waters, the pitiless sun, and the shrinking boards which blister the feet of the doomed men, and then the blank night, with its fearful watch-fires and the brooding avenging spirit which hovers over the deck and mingles with the dreams of the exhausted sleepers. The men have strength left to hang the albatross round the Mariner's neck, but they have not the vigour for any fresh persecution. Even hate of the author of their misery is dulled by the awful burning thirst, and it is he who rouses them, "at a dear ransom," when the phantom ship is descried.

There passes before us the horror of the half-delirious crew as the phantom ship sails onward without wind or tide, and we have that powerful picture of the skeleton bars of the ship standing out against the "broad and burning face" of the sun. The ghastly scene on board the spectre vessel, and the sight of her "who thicks

man's blood with cold," give the finishing touch to the agony of the famished mariners, and their unhappy comrade sees their released souls pass him with the rapidity of his fatal crossbow.

In the first verse of the fourth part we have Wordsworth's touch of realism, which accords well with the spirit of the poem :—

And thou art long and lean and brown,
As is the ribbed sea sand.

In the next verse Coleridge adds his weird touch of the glittering eye to Wordsworth's vivid description. The Mariner's mood is still bitter and impenitent, and he longs for death ; but he cannot still his avenging conscience, since the dead men appear to eye him with a curse. Then comes what is perhaps the most beautiful prose note to the poem, describing the perfect peace of moon and stars entering their appointed rest, while the miserable lonely man eyes them with an impotent envy. Coleridge's fine lines about the water snakes, and the gentler thoughts they suggest to the lost man by their living sentient beauty, read like a fair prophecy, since it is only of late years that our humanity has been fully roused towards the humblest manifestations of animal life. Here, at any rate, the perfect idealism of the poem is linked with man's growing appreciation of the Creator's humblest creations. Not that we would be too literal, only in this wonderful trance we touch for a moment on the borderland of a beautiful reality.

And now at last the Mariner can pray, and the albatross falls off, while the "gentle sleep of heaven" slides into his soul, and "by the grace of the Holy Mother comes the welcome rain."

Now we have the very original idea of the distant blast which shakes the sails and fills the upper air with life, yet cannot give motion to the doomed vessel, and the uprising of the animated corpses which work the ship together. The Mariner's whole soul is bent upon the wild desire to escape, and he can therefore bear unmoved the grim presence which pulls with him at one rope. Small marvel that the Wedding Guest needs reassurance, and is calmed by the Mariner's story of the blessed spirits which passed invisibly from the animated bodies to the sound of sweetest music. As the music ceases we listen to one of the loveliest little pieces of poetical melody throughout the poem :—

It ceased, yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

After the staying of the vessel comes the dialogue between the two voices, and the pathetic touch:—

He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow,

the poor bird which had counted on the Mariner's protecting affection. It is a weird touch, characteristic of Coleridge's wealth of fancy, that the ship drives too fast for human life to exist on it, but for the deep trance into which the Mariner is cast. The Mariner awakes to meet the gaze of the dead men and to feel that he cannot pray, but soon that spell is snapped and a "meadow-gale of spring" fitly introduces him to the longed-for home-coming. As we see again the little kirk, the mountain, and the lighthouse top, we realise what wonderful scenes the Mariner has witnessed since his little vessel shot out of the tiny harbour.

Very simple and dreamlike are the lines which describe the vessel drifting over the harbour bar, and yet Coleridge's ideal poetical haze abides with us. This is the country of the "Ancient Mariner," as simple and as strange as the countries which we revisit in the land of dreams.

Oh ! let me be awake, my God,
Or let me sleep away.

This, the sobbing man's prayer, is indeed real enough as he gazes on the quiet scenery of his home:—

The harbour bar was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn ;
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock ;
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

Here we are again reminded that this home-like scene is yet not of our hard actual world, since those crimson shadows are cast by that glorious seraph band, and the Mariner is wrapped in a spiritual silence until he hears the approach of the Pilot.

There is a fine touch of our natural clinging to the real in the Mariner's exclamation:—

Dear Lord in heaven, it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

The souls of the dead men stand above their bodies, they form "a heavenly sight," and yet the Mariner turns with longing to hear the welcome splash of the oars, to feel with certainty that he is regaining his own "countree." Even so in dreams the fear of death stands out clearly in the midst of a thousand shadowy and fantastic terrors. How short, yet graphic, is the description of the old hermit, with his confident prayer when the Pilot and his boy are dazed with fear at the collapse of the ship and the appearance of the Mariner ! The Mariner thinks only of confession and forgiveness, and then the "penance of life falls on him."

Upon this last scene bursts the loud uproar of the Wedding Guests, and the songs of bride and maids, but the little vesper bell whose sound struggles through the noise is alone of import to the Mariner and his Guest. Now the Mariner has performed his penance, and can pray with his fellows in the kirk, but not before leaving his appointed message to the Wedding Guest. Like the latter, we let in the everyday light but slowly, and live again—the sadder for the sorrows of mankind, the wiser and happier for our renewed love "for man and bird and beast" and "for the dear God who loveth us."

It is interesting to compare the styles of Coleridge and Tennyson in one simple theme which each has delineated after his peculiar bent of genius.

Both in the "Ancient Mariner" and in "Enoch Arden" is described a little sea-coast village, climbing up the cliff above the sea. Both accounts are concise, and each graphic in its way, but the distinct characteristics of the two poets stand out clearly in this miniature form. And this, although the only practical difference appears to be that a lighthouse top crowns Coleridge's fishing haven, while the tall-towered mill takes its place in Tennyson's poem.

Coleridge's description, clearly as it is given, is of the dreamily imaginative type which characterises all his work, and especially the "Ancient Mariner." We are, like the Wedding Guest, bewitched into a fairy world, while outside matters become indifferent. The weird personality of the bright-eyed Mariner tinges even the simple opening lines descriptive of the haven :—

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

But it is when the wrecked Mariner returns to his home that the

peculiar charm of Coleridge's poetry, its Turneresque veiled beauty shows itself, in the lines on the home-coming already quoted. He sails thither in the ghastly companionship of the dead men, and the sense of a new and mystical atmosphere is borne out by the moon-light mystery of the little rock-bound fishing haven.

While Coleridge's word-painting would delight such an artist as Turner, Tennyson's haven is also highly poetical, but full of the lights and shadows of every-day life. In his first lines the fishing village stands out clearly, and we detect the local touches of the Lincolnshire poet in the mention of the

gray down
With Danish barrows.

Coleridge's haven is of no country, but Tennyson's is known to all lovers of rustic coast life. When Enoch returns from the desert island to meet his tragic destiny, a sea haze does indeed veil the landscape, but with no uncanny mystery. On the contrary, there is no more profoundly realistic bit in the poem than the following description :—

Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny, but chill, till drawn through either chasm
Where either haven opened on the deeps
Roll'd a sea haze, and whelm'd the world in gray ;
Cut off the length of highway on before,
And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of withered holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down.

This contrasts well with the unrelieved sunshine of Enoch's desert island, but both atmospheres are full of the life of Nature, depressed or radiant. Coleridge's and Tennyson's havens are beautifully drawn, and the fairer for contrast—the haven which a simplicity of genius moulds into an exquisite fragment of the dream world, and the haven which a more modern type of such simplicity limns with the lights and shadows of the every-day world, its joys and sorrows.

"Christabel" contains many beautiful fragments, but certain faults which are not traced in the "Ancient Mariner." The simplest line in the "Mariner" accords with the spirit of the piece, while some of the lines in "Christabel" are simple to commonplace, and have no apparent connection with the context. The baldness of some of Wordsworth's poems is constantly adverted to, but

nothing can be more bald than such disjointed lines as record the number of the mastiff's howls, or chronicle as below:—

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.

The poem contains such beautiful lines as those upon a severed friendship, which none of the poet's admirers could afford to miss, but "*Christabel*" gives an impression that Coleridge was undecided as to its course, even while he wrote it, though he tells us such was not the case. The great fascination of his writings lies in his true devotion to his art. No other ambition lured him from it, only his fatal indolence.

Crabbe was driven to literature by stress of poverty, Byron by tumultuous outside influences, and Shelley in part by his wild revolt against the usages of society. Wordsworth's great passion was his devotion to Nature, whose loveliness he learnt to express in the highest poetical form; but Coleridge's passion was for Poetry herself, and for the perfect expression of abstract thoughts, in poetic form or in the purest prose. Is there a page in his "*Table Talk*" that does not send the mind wandering into some interesting train of thought?

Coleridge's idealistic form of thought shows itself even in his descriptions of inanimate Nature; for example, in his few references to flowers.

Wordsworth's chief characteristic lies in the sharp line which he draws between the real and ideal, and which perhaps accounts for his occasional failure in an artistic sense, not being sure of his ground. He hovers between the ideal and the real, instead of welding them together, or producing the kind of artistic haze which makes the whole appear visionary.

In the case of his *Peter Bell* and the *Primrose* we see Wordsworth's treatment of the flower. Wordsworth has a great contempt for the *Peter Bells* of this world, but he quite enters into their position, which some of the ideal poets could not do. The more poetical *Peter Bells* appreciate the beauty of the flower without professing it to be other than it is, and this is in some measure the attitude of Wordsworth. True, he has told us,

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,

but the very expression "*the meanest flower*" is realistic, and the flower but suggests the themes that lie too deep for tears.

Crabbe uses the flower as a background for his pictures of human life—thus the *primrose* would probably be associated with the child

who gathers it, as the ragged thistle of "The Village" is associated with the children to whom it "threatens war."

Wordsworth shows the truest appreciation of the flower, as he sees it as it is, and would describe it minutely as in "The Lesser Celandine," and yet links it in a manner all his own with the wonders of Creation. Tennyson, perhaps through Wordsworth's influence, takes the same line.

Coleridge is as unique in this as in other poetical subjects. He, if any man, casts a halo all his own over his themes, which makes one feel as though he were blinded to the bare reality of things, while sensitive to their most poetical suggestions. His lines on "A Blossom on the First of February" are most beautiful, but our impressions of the actual flower are as dreamy as though it grew among the asphodels in the Elysian Fields, and the lines to "The Rose" are those of an impassioned love-song. Flowers are not often mentioned, and are then taken in a general or allegorical sense, as in the "Lines on a Friend :"—

Such chill dew
Wan indolence on each young blossom shed.

Or, again, in "The Hour when we shall meet again :"—

Chilled by the night the drooping rose of May
Mourns the long absence of the lovely day ;
Young day returning at her promised hour
Weeps o'er the sorrows of her fav'rite flower.

Has no flower-painter ever taken as a motto the following beautifully poetical lines out of the "Ode to Sara" ?

But fancy now more gaily sings,
Or if awhile she droop her wings
As skylark 'mid the corn,
On summer fields she grounds her breast ;
Th' oblivious poppy o'er her nest
Nods, till returning morn.

Or the lines of the succeeding verse :—

O ! mark those smiling tears that swell
The opened rose ! from heav'n they fell,
And with the sunbeam blend ;
Blest visitations from above,
Such are the tender woes of love,
Fost'ring the heart they bend !

Shelley perhaps most nearly approaches Coleridge in the ideal witchery which he casts over the simplest of his subjects. His "Faded Violet" is certainly what Ruskin would term a pathetic fallacy, and we lose sight of the actual "sensitive plant" in the flood

of beautiful images with which it is associated. The same criticism applies in a degree to Keats. It is characteristic of Byron that his name is nowhere associated with that of a simple copse flower.

It is impossible to study with interest the career of Coleridge without acknowledging the debt we owe to France for the early development of his powers, a debt which applies also to the genius of Wordsworth. This is the more curious when we consider that France sacrificed the most impassioned of her own revolutionary poets, André Chénier, when in the height of his poetical aspirations. Thus the highest praises of that Revolution were sung by two foreigners, one of whom would probably have shared the fate of Chénier had he remained within her borders. It is interesting to consider why these poets were unable to find inspiration in their own country, where at the close of the eighteenth century, with its bad harvests, enforced taxation, press-gangs, and general distress, there were surely fit subjects for a patriot's Muse.

The poor of England were, however, heavily weighted to poetic vision by their intense ignorance and by a dogged endurance which is truly Anglo-Saxon. There were no Celtic sparks of wit and pathos, no yearnings after political rights, only a dull sense of injury which could be appeased by a treat at the "Chequers." George Canning's "Knife Grinder," with his "Drinking at the Chequers," no doubt gives a fair picture of the ordinary rustic of his time. Nevertheless even at that day the poor of England had their poet in the person of George Crabbe, but the young Cambridge undergraduates—Wordsworth and Coleridge—probably troubled themselves as little on their account as did most young Englishmen of that day. Coleridge could always find satisfaction in a world of his own, and young Wordsworth's mental indolence shrank no doubt from describing the grievances of his poorer countrymen.

I think Wordsworth's lines written "while sailing in a boat at evening" give an interesting insight into his state of mind while at Cambridge, especially in the last two lines :—

Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
Though grief and pain may come to-morrow?

Wordsworth was at once mentally indolent and conscientious, a trying type of character for its possessor, who is constantly drawn two ways. He was now enjoying the office of spectator of the affairs of life, and he really felt the advantage of a wise passiveness; but there was the necessity and dignity of active work always in the background, a something untried which haunted him. Though his life was to be a happy one, there was to be a fiery trial of grief and pain

in the near future ; the poetic gift was to be stimulated and aroused by the tragedy of the French Revolution.

Coleridge also was no premature genius, and was less practical ; being more of a dreamer than Wordsworth, he needed yet more that outside stimulus which was supplied by the French Revolution. It is curious that the French Revolution produced opposite but equally beneficial effects upon the character and genius of each poet. Thus, Wordsworth's character needed expansion. He was too self-contained, too "rugged," as he himself tells us, to give his natural gifts free course. The Revolution—with its personal sufferings, its heroic abnegations, its strong beliefs, its very mistakes, so tragic in their consequences—broke up that hard self-contained character, and forced it to give its message to the world. The character of Coleridge suffered, on the other hand, from over-expansion. He could dream and speculate upon all subjects in heaven and earth, and his sympathies were so universal that but for the Revolution no one subject might have attained prominence in verse. But the great Revolution, which expanded the genius of Wordsworth, condensed, and as it were crystallised, the floating imaginations of Coleridge, and thereby enabled him also to perfect his poetical gift.

Much the same may be said of the influence which the two poets had on one another, which was admirable—Coleridge expanding and softening Wordsworth's rather rigid estimate of things and people, while Wordsworth obliged Coleridge to recognise the beauty of the genius which he was too indolent to cultivate aright.

I think Coleridge shows us in his "France" that while his poetic idealism welcomed with even more enthusiasm than Wordsworth the glories of the Revolution, that very idealism saved him from Wordsworth's disappointment in the future. Coleridge's theories were always more or less in the "clouds" or in the "blue rejoicing sky," and the poet flies back, as it were, to his native element and to the atmosphere of an ideal Liberty. How characteristic of their author are the lines :

O Freedom, with profitless endeavour
Have I pursued thee many a weary hour,
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.

Most natural is it that Coleridge should finally console himself "on that cliff's verge,"

And shook my being through earth, sea, and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty ! my spirit felt thee there.

Though it is pleasant to find the poet thus consoling himself upon the heights, it is nevertheless the case that we owe this beautiful poem to his having found a tangible and absorbing interest in the political affairs of France. No doubt Coleridge was much further from mastering the social and political trends than Wordsworth, who, being the more practically interested, suffered most from the overthrow of his ideals. Wordsworth's cautious temperament had been slowly drawn into the vortex of the Revolution, and the overthrow of all his anticipations must have finally put a stop to the half-indifferent attitude of his youth. While Coleridge found speedy consolation in his ideal world, Wordsworth worked his way with painful steps to that higher faith which was to be his permanent support. Coleridge had probably never troubled himself to face the complications of the Revolution, just as he never truly faced the complications of a far more personal interest, the long-talked-of emigration to the shores of the Susquehanna.

We realise the great intellectual fascination of this indolent and abstracted genius when we consider the wonderful influence which he had over the great men of his day, how Wordsworth encouraged his efforts and bore with his eccentricities, and how firm was the friendship of Southey. But our highest testimony to the heart and brain of Coleridge lies in the devoted friendship of Charles Lamb, who knew him first at school, and whose own waning powers seemed crushed by the news of his death. "Coleridge is dead," he repeated, as though too overwhelmed to realise that so great a man and so true a friend was lost to him; and he was never the same after the shock.

Born at Ottery St. Mary's in 1773, Coleridge died at Highgate in 1834. His life was uneventful, save for his brief career as a common soldier, from which life a timely discovery of his position and genius rescued him. But Coleridge's chosen world was so clearly one of thought, rather than of action, that no life is more devoid of interest in mere outside detail. His places of resort are the less interesting, since we know that his thoughts wandered ever to imaginary scenes, as when he paced the streets of London, but swam in thought amid the waters of the Hellespont.

It was a most characteristic sentiment of his that thought could with ease transport him to the days of his youth, but he of all men had the present poetic youth, which requires no effort of memory to retain its never-failing freshness. The following lines, which he wrote on "Constancy to an Ideal Object," reflect faithfully our poet's type

of mind, so helpless in everyday life, while revelling to the last in a world of ideal beauty :—

Since all that beat about in Nature's range
Or veer or vanish, why shouldst thou remain,
The only constant in a world of change,
O yearning Thought, that liv'st but in the brain?

M. PROWER.

HAWTHORNE'S WARWICKSHIRE HAUNTS.

SCENES IN A SYLVAN LANDSCAPE.

IF it were possible for a man to himself decide upon the place of his birth, it is, I think, very probable that he would fix, especially if he were likely to be of a literary turn of mind and contemplative withal, upon some section of the country which had previously given birth to men and women of eminence in the varied departments of English letters.

Landor, doubtless, was glad to have been born the countryman of Shakespeare, and so Byron would have been, notwithstanding his disparaging remarks of the genius from whom he undoubtedly drew much of his inspiration ; and I am sure that Nathaniel Hawthorne, in spite of a certain ill-concealed dislike of sundry Englishmen and things (notably the fat and comely, and somewhat overdressed dowager, who, as she paraded the streets and adorned the ballroom, had not her counterpart in the land of the Stars and Stripes, where all the women were thin and angular), would have dearly loved to have been born in that classic little parcel of land from which sprang not only that commanding illuminator of mankind, Shakespeare, but also the infinitely less, though still great lights, Drayton, Dugdale, Landor, and George Eliot.

In Hawthorne's dealings with Warwickshire there is always apparent a soft and delicate little love of the shire quite worthy of the big-heartedness of the man ; and no one, carefully reading his descriptions of the scenery to be met with in village, hamlet, town, and city there, can for a moment doubt that while loving his native land with the faithful love of a true and patriotic soul, he yet had a generous and tender feeling for his "Old Home," of which he almost regarded himself a countryman, and in which, as his writing shows, he spent so many delightful hours and days.

For myself, who was born within ten minutes' walk of Hawthorne's "nest of a place," 10 Lansdowne Circus, leading off the

famous Holly Walk at Leamington, I can truly say that I am proud to be the countryman of the great men and women of letters whose genius has placed Warwickshire upon the highest literary pinnacle in the whole world.

Not only do I know and can walk in the footsteps of these great magicians of the brain and pen who were native-grown, but I can follow in the wake of other eminent writers, such as Hawthorne, Washington Irving, and Scott, who have been attracted hither by the magnetism of the native genius; and to-day I will follow in the footsteps of Hawthorne, that gentle and delicate writer, who has always charmed me with the same charm as Washington Irving. I will go to his haunts, sit where he sat, see what he saw, and try to describe the somewhat changed aspect of the scenes since he so felicitously described them.

It is not surprising that Hawthorne, naturally of calm mind, and given to the admiration of the quieter scenes of human life, should have sought out for himself during his sojourn in England a dwelling-place so well suited to the contemplative side of his character as the tranquil little town on the banks of the Leam, which draws its title from that willow-fringed stream called by Hawthorne "the laziest river in the world," lazier even than the Concord of America. In Leamington, indeed, he found not only that calm and beauty which he so much desired, but he found types of scenery and character which he was able to make use of, and, in a sense, immortalise in his book.

One of the most charming little walks in this delightful little town, poetically called by Hawthorne "The Midland Bethesda," is that which leads to the "Lovers' Walk," at the top of the Campion Hills, erstwhile the Newbold Hills, in the extreme east of the town—a lovers' walk now as it was when Hawthorne climbed the elevation.

To a person of contemplative mind, who has an admiration for the tranquil side of life, for sweet and healthful breezes and the finest of scenic effects; who loves to go far from the madding crowd and yet within earshot of the voices issuing from small human throats—for the music of the children in bricked-in street and court floats along the air even in this sequestered spot—there is no more delightful retreat than the Lovers' Walk in this part of "Leafy Warwickshire."

At the east end of the famous Holly Walk, where, in "Dombey and Son," Mr. Carker first meets Edith Granger, and where the great gnarled patriarchal trees all seem touched with the spirit

that Hawthorne loved—the spirit of Nature in its most rugged form—a winding pathway of buff gravel climbs the hill, skirts a palatial modern mansion on the south-east, immured like the wild dove amid beechen boughs, and, taking a short cut due east, brings the veritable Lovers' Walk immediately into view.

It is a short well-grown coppice of beeches and oaks, extending in a devious course from south to north. A mossy green bank, where, on midsummer nights, lovers lie heedless of coming rheumatism, slopes down to a tangled ditch, the home of the robin and the yellowhammer. Huge trees grow out of the pathway and serve as a cover to Jack, who can kiss his Jill as many times as he pleases in the walk, and a person coming in the opposite direction be none the wiser. It has all the seclusive charms of a country lane with none of a lane's vehicular incommodings. No wonder Hawthorne loved it and wrote of it. Though but ten minutes' distance from busy streets, it is a perfect haunt of nature and silence, where no sounds are heard but those of bird and beast and the music of the industrious bee on her honey-gathering errand.

Moving northward along the Lovers' Walk to the end of the coppice where the oak trees arch like a church porch, a series of five fields leads to the little village of Lillington. The scene from this point is exquisitely sylvan. Green-gold fields on either hand, red roofs, brown gables, and yellow rich ends in the distance, give it a pastoral charm which delighted the heart of Hawthorne when he sauntered through the scene, or sat to rest upon each one of the five rustic stiles on his way to the village church, the square stone tower of which can be seen from the north end of the coppice peeping up amid the lofty elms like the grey barbican of an ancient fortress.

This delightful little parish church, seated upon an elevation overlooking the town of Leamington in a westerly direction, was always a favourite halting-place for Hawthorne. It is barely two miles from "the nest of a place" where he sojourned at Leamington, and is connected by ranks of mansions with the town itself, yet there is such a sylvan old-world air about the church and graveyard as might belong to it only if it were planted far deeper than it is in the heart of nature.

Hawthorne passed many agreeable hours in this restful village spot—restful at any hour of the day and picturesque at night, with the screams of the peacock crying from the red-tiled roof of the Manor Farm a little way east of the church. That peacock is, I think, a new feature in the landscape; for although in "Our Old Home" he dwells at length upon the charms of this Sweet Auburn of

Warwickshire, I do not find that Hawthorne anywhere mentions the peacock, as he would have done had it been there, so intense a lover was he of Nature and her offspring.

But without its peacock—which adds colour to the day and a voice to the night—there were many things to gratify the eye and woo the mind of the gentle-hearted American in the village of Lillington : its quaint cottages, its old-fashioned flower gardens, its chubby-cheeked children, its wide women, its pretty church and graveyard and curious tombstones, and its happy-go-lucky peasants, who seemed as if next year would do for anything. And these charms are there still. Change is not writ large upon the face of the village anywhere.

It is true there are four or five thatched cottages which Hawthorne so much admired, and which he wrote about so prettily, that have gone the way of all “dab-and-wattle” and straw. And the trim box hedge in front of them, over which he cast curious glances into the interior of the tenements, is also gone, together with the oyster-shell beehives, representing the famous Warwick Castle, which he considered were such pleasing works of art and industry. These have passed from the scene, and taken with them some of the quaintness of a former time ; but much still remains of the Lillington of Hawthorne's days—notably the church on the hill and the churchyard in which he loved to linger.

The former is as he knew it—a sober grey stone building with a square lichen-grown tower at the west end, whose dormer window-hole looks over Leamington, and on to the princely turrets of Warwick Castle, like a quiet eye surveying a beautiful landscape. There is a fine Norman doorway in the south chancel wall, on the west side of which is a now blocked opening which, from its size and shape, may have been a leper's squint, and a beautiful three-light window illustrating the text :—

Hungered and ye gave me meat,
Thirsty and ye gave me drink,
A stranger and ye took me in,
Naked and ye clothed me,
Sick and ye visited me,
In prison and ye came to me.

These quiet things, bringing a chastening influence to bear upon the mind, had their proper effect upon Hawthorne. There was, indeed, a cloudless calm in his constitution which made it peculiarly receptive of aught pertaining to religious emblems, and the interiors of the grey village churches of Leafy Warwickshire were always a

reverential joy to him. But the graveyard of Lillington Church delighted him perhaps more than the inside of the edifice. Certainly in the warm golden weather he was frequently there among the quaint stones, moralising upon the varied aspect of life and the end that comes to all, and doubtless repeating to himself the immemorial lines of Gray :—

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour !
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

One tombstone in particular commanded Hawthorne's attention more than any of the others, fine monuments as some of them are. It remains to this day, and is the object of interest and curiosity to every visitor to that hallowed spot. No elaborately carved stone is this that stands on the north-east corner of the chancel wall ; simply a plain grey headstone with plain lettering, and nothing but its quaint inscription to give it the dignity of an interest above any other monument there. The inscription seems to tell a tale of mundane sorrow well calculated to touch the curiosity, if not the heart, of many besides Hawthorne :—

“ To the Memory of John Treen,
Who died February 3rd, 1810, aged 77.

I Poorly lived and Poorly died,
Poorly was buried and no one cried.’

But alas for the frailties and credulities of human nature ! The unfortunate wight who enlists sympathy by the plaintive lines upon his headstone, would appear in the cold light of fact to be in no wise entitled to it. During his lifetime he was known as “ Billy the Miser,” and presented a pitiable spectacle through the privations he willingly underwent. Upon his death it was discovered that he had amassed a considerable sum of money, and had no need either to live or die poor. The inscription on his headstone, therefore, must be read ironically rather than sympathetically. It was doubtless the work of some friendly wag who knew the failings of him he commemorated in that curious couplet, which everybody reads, and which has found a place in many books of epitaphs.

From this sylvan haunt of repose Hawthorne would, when on his homeward way, pass the celebrated “ Round Tree ” which stands on the roadside a short distance from the church. Coming from a land of big trees, this umbrageous oak, considered as a tree, would not deeply interest him ; but standing, as the tree is said to stand,

upon the centre of England, where it is known to have stood for at least five centuries, it became the king of trees to the nature-loving American. Of a truth it is a noble tree placed in a scene so sylvan as to make it unique, when but a stone's-throw from the gay Parade at Leamington.

Here Hawthorne lingered, for from here, looking northward, is a fine view of Lillington Church rising upon a green mound ; from here, too, can be caught through the spreading greenwood a glimpse of the lush meads extending from the Lovers' Walk ; and from this famous tree can be heard the screaming of the peacock on the parsonage roof or the red tiles of the Manor Farm—adding a picturesque touch to a sylvan scene that never wearies, never grows old, never loses its charm.

GEORGE MORLEY.

TABLE TALK.

BEHIND THE SCENES ON THE STAGE.

IT is a proof of the fascination exercised by the stage that almost everybody has a certain longing to behold it from within and contemplate the behind scenes of a theatre. In vain may those who know most repeat that such proceedings are wholly disillusionising and disenchanting. After an experience of stage matters that few can rival and that none need envy, I have arrived at the conclusion that the playgoer who derives the most delight and advantage is he who sees only what he is intended to see. For a score of years I have abandoned the use of the opera-glass. The spectacle is arranged by experts from a certain point of view, and there is no advantage to be gained by focussing one portion of the stage till it is outside the general picture. All actors are "made up," to use a well-known technical phrase, and there is loss rather than gain when you bring Lear so close to you that you can see the marks of burnt cork that stand for wrinkles of thought, temper, or suffering; or resolve the beauty of Cordelia into raddled cheeks and blackened eyelashes. The whole secret of stage delight, or at least the greatest part of it, consists in yielding to the glamour; and the man who gets too close to the actor is not much wiser than he who steps behind the conjuror to see how his tricks are performed. I could write on this subject, "were it but my cue," words that, as Coleridge says—I quote from memory—"would make the Church stare and the conventicle groan." I spare my readers, however; urging them only to resist a temptation to which they will not often have the chance of yielding, and be content with seeing a performance in the perspective that has been arranged.

THE REVERSE OF STAGE PICTURES.

AFTER the preceding diatribe I am about to act in direct opposition to my own counsel. It is known that the glamour of the stage extends to its professors. It is but a partial injustice to the actor that his work does not survive and that after a time he is known only by report. Such hardship as is then experienced

belongs rather to the reader than the artist. As a rule, the best men of every age, through some motive or other, over-praise the actor. It is probable that if the great gods of the various periods—Burbage, Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Kean—could exhibit themselves before the public of to-day, more reputations would shrink than would expand. I have written the lives of nearly every English actor of position now deceased, and I am familiar with the reverse of the medal which the public seldom sees. It is curious, however, to contemplate now and then what people of judgment who are not profound critics say of the great stage favourites. The best-known case is perhaps that of Mrs. Pritchard. While Charles Dibdin could say, "She was everywhere great, everywhere impressive, and everywhere feminine," and Leigh Hunt could record that she seems to have been "a really great genius, equally capable of the highest and lowest parts," Dr. Johnson can tell us that she was a "vulgar ideot" who would talk of "her gownd" and thought no more of "the play out of which her part was taken, than a shoemaker thinks of the skin out of which the piece of leather of which he is making a pair of shoes is cut." While statesmen, poets, painters, and fashionables were declaring that nothing like the acting of Garrick had ever been seen, and prophesying that nothing like it would again be witnessed, Walpole, a good judge, could leave on permanent record that he saw nothing wonderful in it, affirm that he could not be a gentleman, and say that his Lord Townly and Lord Hastings were "mean."

SIDE-LIGHTS ON ACTORS.

I HAVE been led into the preceding reflections by coming upon a contemporary utterance concerning Edmund Kean. If ever there was an actor whom one is compelled to regard as the greatest of tragedians, I had almost said the only great tragedian, it is Kean. Byron employed the rhapsodical if enigmatical phrase, that seeing him in Richard was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning; and all the greatest men of his day exhausted the language of adulation. Even in the case of the most belauded of actors we encounter the still small voice of dissent. Miss Berry, in her journal, professes herself disappointed with him: "To my mind he is without grace and without elevation of mind, because he never seems to rise with the poet in those sublime passages which abound in 'Hamlet,' and of what is called recitation of verse he understands nothing." Here, indeed, seems to be heresy rank and pestilent. I have just come, however, upon corroborative testimony. In the "*Early Married Life of Maria Josepha Lady Stanley*," edited by her

granddaughter, Jane H. Adeane,¹ Lady Stanley (of Alderley) utters opinions even more remarkable, saying that "Kean's shocking voice and mean appearance are horrible defects." Now, Lady Stanley is not a mere fashionable nonentity. She was a Miss Holroyd, the daughter of the first Lord Sheffield, the close friend of Gibbon, of Catherine Maria Fanshawe (the author of the famous "Enigma on the letter H"), of Hannah More, and of many other celebrities, and was a woman of genuine capacity. In the chorus of eulogy with which the best actors of the day will be greeted when they have passed away, it is possible that some similarly discordant note may be heard.

SOCIETY AT THE OUTSET OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

FROM the married life of Lady Stanley I extract one curious picture of life in England at the beginning of this century. That men drank heavily in those days is of course known. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., with his flatterers and followers, would join the ladies in a state of intoxication. The leaders of the two great parties, Pitt and Fox, Sheridan together with others, the most brilliant of our senators and wits, used to come into the House of Commons drunk—a proceeding which, though now discredited, is not wholly unknown. In the course of some Christmas festivities at Alderley Park, Sir John Stanley, afterwards the first Lord Stanley of Alderley, while rehearsing for a harlequinade, fell through a hole in the stage with his head against a brick wall, getting the blackest of black eyes, a broken shin, and a bruised hip. As he was entertaining twenty-six guests he came down to dinner, and though he "saved himself as much as possible," *i.e.* was as temperate as good manners allowed, had not unnaturally a most severe headache. "*All* his guests, however," says her ladyship, "were as drunk as I ever had the pleasure of seeing anybody." I have italicised the word "*all*," wondering what it signifies. The guests included Lord and Lady Bulkeley, Mr. and Mrs. Atherton, Mr. and Mrs. Glegg, Mrs. and Miss Leigh of Twemlow, Mr. Bell, the curate, &c. Now, am I to understand that "*all*" refers only to the masculine portion of the company, or were Lady Bulkeley, Mrs. and Miss Leigh of Twemlow, and the other ladies all as drunk as her ladyship ever had the pleasure of seeing anybody? I hope not, and I believe that Lady Stanley was a little incautious in speech. Were matters otherwise, a strange light would be cast upon the proceedings of our grandfathers and grandmothers. Taken in its more limited signification, the statement is not wholly comforting.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

¹ Longmans.

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FOR THE CREDIT OF HIS COLOUR.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

ONE scorching afternoon in the days before the British Government had been roused to realise that its Gallic neighbours were quietly appropriating the West African hinterland, a little worn-out French gunboat came clanking down a broad reach of the muddy Niger. The sky, suffused with heat, was the colour of brass overhead, and the yellow river radiated dazzling light as it broke apart in white froth at the rusty bows, giving up a curious sour smell. Ashore, here and there a tall palm hung its green fronds over the river, then giant reed beds covering festering muds melted into jungly thickets, which were lost again in a haze of heat. Black smoke rolled from the funnel to hang in horizontal strata over the bubbling wake, because there was not a breath of air to carry it away; and down in the stifling depths under-deck naked plague-stricken negroes groaned and sweated before the sulky fires. The wreck of a white man, half frenzied with fever, alternately encouraged them and abused the fate which had sent him there.

Here was little glory, only misery, heat, and death, while he knew the one hope of saving the last of the company lay in hurrying the vessel down through the reeking delta into the life-giving freshness of open sea. But the boilers were foul with stone and mud, the scaled tubes were leaky, and it was only by desperate efforts he could keep steam at all, while part of the precious vapour was blowing into stokehold and engine-room. Then engineer Marsaut checked a burst of expletives when a dripping black man flung down his shovel, and its clatter was followed by a choking cry. Wiping the sweat out of his eyes, a Senegali fireman bent over a limp black object, with staring

eyes huddled among the coal, and a hoarse voice said : "It is will of Allah ! Another of us is dead. How can any man lab without eating in this heat of the pit ? yet until an hour ago he to at my side. So the white man need speak no more hard words, we have kept our promise of service. Where are all the rest v came with me from Dakka ?"

As Marsaut afterwards told Fleming, the English trader, he co find nothing to say, and mutely watched two men fasten a fireba the black ankles. Then the tackles creaked, and a shape, with lim hanging head, rose slowly towards the gratings, while ascending a it he heard a splash and saw something cleave apart the mu river. Meantime, under the ragged bridge-awnings, which flutte with the hot draught the steamer made, Commander Girardi huddled in a canvas chair, the perspiration sealed up in his burn skin, and the soiled white uniform hanging loosely about his was limbs. His eyes were almost blinded by the reflected glare, and blinked uselessly at the shimmering water, which, to his disorde vision, had changed itself to fire, growing steadily brighter as steamer panted on. That, like others made about the time, b been a disastrous expedition. It was true sundry agreements w dusky gentlemen who represented themselves as persons authority, written in fantastic Arabic, were securely locked in chart-room drawer, but then each petty Moslem chieftain was fond making treaties, which became a source of revenue to him. return for sufficient presents he would accept European protecti from every offerer, and leave the harassed frontier officials to aft wards settle the matter. Also, while Girardi waited for the detachm which had marched inland on secret business, Moslem Senegali a white Christian died, because that part of Africa is deadly in a t season even to coloured intruders, and when one of the party ca back alone with a tale of suffering he gladly turned the vess head towards the sea.

But the pestilence followed her, and by glaring sand-bar or in t shadows of the dim forest little crosses marked the last resting-pla of those they left behind, while those who lived grew weaker eve day. Now Girardi was straining his eyes to find a buoy he h placed at lower water upon a sandy shoal, not knowing that t tattooed tribesmen, who considered the big iron cylinder which mi be forged into spear heads was wasting its utility in the river, h prudently removed it.

So presently the ebony Senegali, who gripped the steering-whe in answer to a question said, "I see a ripple in the water, but the

is no buoy. This is either the work of magic or some accursed heathen has stolen it."

Then the treacherous current which slid seawards smooth as oil at over four knots an hour wrinkled ahead, and the wheel-chains rattled, while Girardi stretched out a shaking hand towards the telegraph. A gong clanged below, but there was no slackening of the vibration. perhaps because the man who should have heard it lay laughing foolishly upon the floor-plates of the engine-room. So, with propeller thrashing full-speed, and a shouting on the bridge, the steamer drove on until a few moments later her forefoot struck something with a sickening crash. Over she rolled, lifting one weedy bilge in the air and grinding the other into the sand, while the current drove her sideways across the shoal. Muddy water leapt and spouted along the inclined deck, the half-immersed propeller commenced a horrible uproar as it whirled round in free air, and sickly black men were scrambling everywhere. Two leapt out into the river and were probably speared by the tribesmen, for they never came back again. Then some one stopped the engines, and a pulsatory roar of escaping steam drowned all other sound, while a bareheaded officer shouted himself hoarse in an effort to restore order.

Presently the grinding and crashing ceased, the rush of steam died away, and the vessel rose more upright as she settled herself in the sand, and lay there hard and fast with the muddy current gurgling mockingly as it raced past her. Then the sable seamen settled down into the fatalist's apathy, and their leader, gazing at the pitiless heavens and flaming river, said, "While there was hope we obeyed the white men and worked on. Now the food is spent, and all are sick, so it is doubtless written that we shall die."

In the little sweltering chart-room two haggard white men took counsel together, and the Commander watched them stupidly trying to understand, for the throbbing in his head grew louder and almost deafened him, so he lay still, only plucking at his garments with claw-like hands. One afterwards went down stream to bring back help if he could, and the other tried to set the sickly crew to work heaving the vessel off, but some lay down beside the winches from utter weariness and the rest dragged themselves about despairingly, for, as they said, it was no use fighting against destiny. So day by day the little vessel lay aground under the burning heat, and the stricken wretches crouched gasping beneath the awnings, looking for the help that never came, until again the red sun dipped behind the forest, and with the sudden darkness it grew hotter.

It was about this time that Fleming, the trader, lounged one night under the roofed verandah of his lonely factory, which was perched on piles above a muddy creek. The air was hot and heavy with the smell of the river mud, and below him white trains of ghostly mist wreathed themselves along the edge of the surrounding forest. Sometimes the whine of a crocodile rose up from the slimy creek, while centipedes, snakes, and scorpions strove together, rustling in the thatch above his head. In the dimly lighted room behind him processions of big brown cockroaches crawled across the mildewed walls, and an odour of stale tobacco, rotten wood, and kerosene, drifted out through the window, while its temperature would have put fear into the hearts of the unacclimatised.

Fleming, however, was used to all this, for he was a big bronzed man who defied the fever, and, chiefly by right of personal valour, acted as unofficial ruler of a turbulent neighbourhood. Other white agents had tried it, and either received their dismissal by the malaria, or after living in a state of fear and tension went back with appalling stories about the place. Then Fleming took the reins and held them in a strong hand, and enjoyed peace because it became apparent that he was a dangerous person to meddle with. Presently a woolly-haired Krooboy, wearing a red tennis-jacket and the primitive waist-cloth, laid a tray on the little table, and the young assistant's eyes glistened at the sight of a whisky bottle. Then Fleming, who owed his safety to his knowledge of human nature, said quietly:

"Benson, in a hole like this, that means cutting your last hope adrift. No, you needn't explain; I haven't stewed long years in the tropics without learning the feeling, and I also know what it means to give in. Muddy claret isn't wholesome, but too much of that other is deadly. I almost think I'm drifting the same way myself now there is nothing to do. Confound it, why can't they settle that inland palaver? Idleness in this heat kills more men than fever. So—as a matter of precaution. Bad Dollah, you bring in more of them bottle."

There was a swing of the brawny shoulders, and a bottle swept out in a parabola across the creek, to crash with a sharp tinkle against a cottonwood, while the next spread destruction among the scaly things which crawled in a festering pool, and a third burst into fragments against an advancing canoe. The Krooboy attendant looked on stolidly, for he had learned not to be surprised at anything his master did, while Benson made no comment, for he fancied he understood.

"Rather rough on the firm," said Fleming, with a laugh. "Ah!

here's that canoe nigger. I thought I had settled him with the last bottle," and a big river man, wearing very little besides designs in blue tattoo, pompously climbed the verandah stairway, holding out his messenger's credentials in the shape of an old umbrella stick which some genius had embellished with rings of gold paint.

"Hallo!" said Fleming. "Has your master sent you with oil to pay for the cotton piece, or to 'tief something? My word, it's a pity I didn't catch you with them bottle," and the negro grinned approvingly, ere, being proud of his palaver English, he answered, "No sah, headman Shulane not dun 'tief enough for pay for them cloth yet, but he send a message—how much them low trader give me for a 'teamboat? 'Teamboat live in his river with white man too much sick, be them other little white man more debbil than you. Shulane say, you give me enough, I dun sell him yam to poison him, then you come and 'tief him 'teamboat. Black man and white man they all dun die too much."

"A most ingenious savage," said Fleming, aside. "You can't beat this brand of native for cold-blooded devilry. It's one of the French treaty hunters or sounding parties; they've been taking an unholy interest of late in this river." Then, with a brief "Get out, you sable scoundrel," he seized the negro by the shoulders and flung him halfway down the verandah stairway, pitching his insignia of office after him, with the answer, "Tell Shulane if he hurts one of those sick men I'll turn out my Krooboys with matchets and come up and burn his place, and he should know by this time I am generally as good as my word."

Next he flung himself down in the canvas chair, stretched out one hand towards the tray, and drew it back with a laugh, saying, "I forgot. Of course, from one point of view they deserve to come to grief, but you can't let white men die off unhelped, if it's only for the credit of one's colour. Besides, I'm sick of this killing monotony. Suppose you go down and muster the Krooboys."

Presently a swarm of dusky labourers, brawny good-humoured pagans from the distant beaches of Liberia, gathered shouting and laughing in the dew-wet compound, and Fleming, leaning over the verandah balustrade, made a speech to them, pointed with the whimsical sayings which appeal to the negro mind. Next he called up the big headman and gave him a rifle, with its striker removed as a measure of precaution, because the West African loves firearms rather well than wisely, and left him with a picked few in charge of the factory, though he carefully hid the keys of the store shed. Then four big canoes were thrust off from the miry bank, and at a short word of

command the long paddles whirled together. Muddy foam flew up behind them, the "thud-thud" grew sharper, and a wildly musical chanty ringing far across the misty forest kept time to each sturdy stroke.

"I suppose I'm a fool," said Fleming, "and am probably bringing the river pirates down upon our heads. Still, you see one must do something. Hyah, you Krooboy, every boy in them canoe which first catch them 'teamboat get two piece of cloth. Now, Benson, I think you'll see a circus."

He did, for the splash and swirl of water grew yet faster as the canoes swept forward gurgling through the shadows, until in a shallow reach, where the channel narrowed in and none would give place, they drove crashing into each other. Then the sable paddlers smote their neighbours with blade and shaft, clawed each other's woolly hair, screamed, and yelled, and laughed, while Fleming lay back shaking with merriment, until somehow they drew clear again and shot out into a broader river. It was the second evening when, spread out in a straggling line, they came sliding down a lake-like reach. The weary men swung slowly with the glistening blades, and the two Europeans ached all over from crouching many hours on end in the stern. Ahead, the fever-mist rolled slowly across the waters, and a blue-grey dimness, which seemed charged with heat, hung above, while tall palms ashore rose up like an island out of drifting vapour. The river shimmering oilily was lost in the haze ahead; no sound but the beat of paddles broke the curious stillness, and it seemed to Benson they might have been translated into some forgotten region of fairyland.

Then a howl rose up from the bows of the leading canoe, and dimly seen through the vapour a black patch loomed out. The Krooboys forgot their weariness, only remembering the promised pieces of cloth, and, with a deep throated roar of challenge to each other, the canoes surged forward. Higher and higher rose the black bulk of the stranded gunboat, and Fleming, watching her intently, said, "What are they doing forward? By George, that looks very like a pivot-gun," and with a wrench of his shoulders he swung the canoe off at a tangent with the steering paddle. It was well he did so, for a long red flash blazed over the steamer's side, a cloud of yellow smoke blotted out half her length, and a whirring something hurled up a fountain of water where they had been.

Then Fleming rose in the sternsheets, shouting, "Confound you, you lunatics, are you trying to kill your friends?" and a hoarse European voice made some unintelligible answer from the stranded

vessel. There was a rattle of matchets in the leading canoe, for the Krooboy generally carries with him the stout blade which is equally useful for domestic service and as a weapon of offence, and the paddles splashed furiously.

"Go on like mad," he shouted to his own crew. "Benson, we must head them. Those are Cavally fighting men, and they would rather enjoy storming the gunboat." Then shouting mingled warnings and offers of goodwill he stood upright, waving his sun helmet, encouraging the paddlers in a fierce race. With a grinding shock the canoes blundered alongside, wild black men climbing like monkeys fell over the rail, and then halted in wonder as a haggard white skeleton who, grimed by powder-fouling, stood sponge in hand beside the gun, flung himself dramatically into their master's arms, who seemed embarrassed by the process.

"Ces diables d'indigènes—how you say? furious savages—have threaten us," he said. "Soit béni! how you come in time!" and starving black wretches in uniform clustered round the big naked Krooboy, who grinned sympathetically as, following their master's example, they made friends with them. Then Fleming was led into the little chart-room, where another skeleton in white uniform lay huddled in a chair, and looked at him with glazed and sunken eyes as he feebly muttered something which ended with "*mes pauvres enfants*."

"He think all times of the men we lose," the other explained, "and he not comprehend much because of the fever, while of the cabin store he give to the sick Senegali, and so he has nothing to eat."

"Yes, I know," said Fleming. "I have been nearly starved myself. Here, Benson, see to bringing the food in, and start Bad Dollar cooking a banquet. Now, Lieutenant, I'm going to help you heave this vessel off; and I propose to start as soon as you have eaten a decent meal." So, presently, when a simple feast was spread out in the oven-like saloon, Commander Girardi, who was induced to eat a little, seemed to gather his wandering senses, with draughts of lukewarm wine which Fleming had brought with him from his private stock. Afterwards, when the latter, growing impatient, raised his glass aloft, saying "To the honour of France," he lifted himself feebly. The lined face twitched as he answered, "I thank you for giving life back to my men, and the nation you have served will never forget." Then the goblet fell with a splinter of broken glass, and the stricken officer sank forward choking.

"Benson," said Fleming, "the poor man is played out. You and Bad Dollar do your best for him, and afterwards you'll follow me on deck. We're ready to begin now, Lieutenant." All night the Krooboys worked like fiends in the red light of the smoky lamps, for the Moslem storekeeper had served out to them sundry bottles of forbidden liquor, and some of the Senegalis tried to assist flinging coal up from the bunkers and into the canoes which carried it ashore. All night the thud of paddles echoed across the river, while the clatter of shovels and wild bursts of negro melody rose from the stranded ship. Blackened all over, dripping with sweat, Fleming encouraged the rest, working himself harder than any of them, and when morning came, under Marsaut's directions with toil incredible they carried two anchors out and dropped them into the bed of the river. Then, while the canoes, carried everything movable ashore, he descended into the engine-room, and the clang and clink of hammers rose up through the skylights. Under the burning heat of noon and the midnight damp they laboured on, while the dawn found Fleming stripped to the waist, sweat and coal-dust streaming from him, as he toiled before the roaring furnaces. Now nearly every Niger trader, whose highway is always a river, is at home among the engines of a small steamer; so, when the pressure gauges climbed towards the danger limit, panting and breathless he ascended to the deck.

Marsaut stood beside the little windlass forward, and a line of brawny Krooboys gripped the tackles which led to the cable of the second anchor, while, in reply to a questioning look, Fleming said: "She'll blow up unless you start in the next five minutes. So you have got to heave her off before the boiler comes up through the deck; it's death or glory now. One piece of cloth each Krooboy if you pull harder than them winch."

Marsaut raised one hand and opened the valve, and with a rush of steam the windlass began to clank, hammered viciously and brought up again, while Fleming dropped back suddenly into the engine-room. With a wheeze of the big cylinders the propeller began to throb, and after sundry tins of kerosene had been flung into the furnaces a sheet of yellow flame rushed from the funnel, while a jet of steam roared aloft from the escape pipe. Then, as grimier than ever the big man appeared again, the whole vessel shook and trembled to the thudding engine's stroke, and great sheets of mud and water were hurled up astern, while the smell that ascended with them was indescribable. An African river bottom is not a nice thing to stir up unadvisedly. Then Fleming howled to the Kroo-

boys, and the Krooboys howled to him as they bent their backs to the rope, and the cable of the second anchor came in a little, for that mass of well trained-muscle was stronger than the leaking windlass.

"Fetch her home! Sing, oh confound you, sing!" he cried, and with a shout down the gratings, "More steam, Benson, she's moving," he laid his hands on the rope. The stout hemp creaked and strained, drawing out to half its size, the tackle blocks were screaming, and link by link the cable came in, while above the groan of the windlass the roaring chorus of a Krooboy chanty rang far out across forest and river. Then the iron hull shivered, stirring in its sandy bed, the grind of the screw grew faster still, and there was more flame licking about the funnel. A bumping, scraping, sucking sound rose up from somewhere below, and a line of yelling Krooboys sat down with a bang, while all else was drowned in the mad rattle of the windlass as the little steamer slid off the shoal.

"Stop her before she runs over her anchors," Fleming shouted as, after crawling out from under a mass of greasy black humanity, he scrambled towards the gratings, and the beat of the propeller slackened as she forged ahead into deeper water. Then a wild roar of triumph went up from every throat. Moslem Senegali and pagan Krooboy, friends for once, clawed each other, and Fleming, saying nothing because he could not find words appropriate, stood with his hand laid on Marsaut's shoulder, while the Commander, who had somehow dragged himself there, held on by the rails of the bridge above.

Early next morning, when the coal and sundries had been brought on board again, the four white men stood side by side at the steamer's gangway, the Commander leaning on Marsaut's arm as he said, "The nations is not good friendly in this part of Africa, but what you have done in saving the poor Senegali, soldier of France he is, she will not forget."

"Yes," said Fleming, who was rash in speech, "and I'm very glad. It gave me something to do. If the nation tries to monopolise too much of this river, we'll probably meet you another way; but when we find you in a tight place—pestilence, poison, or savages—we'll do our very best for you—quite unofficially, and beside the question, you know. Your papers sometimes are not civil, but we're white men all of us."

Then there was a grasp of hands all round, and Fleming hurriedly withdrew—for he feared an embrace—the canoe paddles splashed, and the little gunboat steamed away down river, while the traders and their Krooboys turned back towards the lonely factory.

MARAT AS AN ENGLISHMAN.¹

OF the many actors in the drama of the great French Revolution, the names of Danton, Robespierre, and Marat stand out in perhaps the boldest relief. They were a fairly well-assorted group, and the qualities which one lacked were to be found in full measure in one of the other two. To me Marat has always appeared the most fascinating personality, not so much on account of his virtues as from the twofold fact that he for a long time resided in England, and that he was a scientist of a very original turn of mind. As a figure in French history, Marat occupies an entirely unique and distinct position. The annals of France, indeed one might safely say of the whole world, do not contain a character upon whose memory more scorn and contempt have been poured ; and, if tradition may be believed, of all the reptiles that ever crawled on this earth Marat is the most loathsome and abject. Nero and Judas Iscariot to some extent atoned for their crimes by voluntary death, but Marat was of very different calibre. The French and other biographical dictionaries of three-quarters of a century following his death are almost exhilarating in the quantity and strength of language used to describe the victim of Charlotte Corday, and if there is any force in an agglomeration of a variety of epithets, all tending to the same conclusion, the character of Marat is too vile even to be mentioned in respectable society.

But does Marat deserve all the unpleasantly varied things that have been said about him ? A careful and judicial examination into the many events which mark his career will serve to dispel many of

¹ The literature relating to Marat is exceedingly extensive. So far as his English career is concerned, the first to seriously sift the facts was Mr. H. S. Ashbee, who contributed a paper on the subject in 1890 to M. Uzanne's *Le Livre*. M. Georges Pilotelle, the artist, has been for some years engaged in preparing a work on "Marat en Angleterre." Marat's scientific and less known career is dealt with exhaustively by Docteur Aug. Cabanès in his most interesting volume entitled "Marat Inconnu." Two interesting papers, with numerous illustrations, dealing with Marat's career, appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine* of September and October 1896, from the accomplished pen of Professor H. Morse Stephens.

the fantastic and absurd romances which have become grafted on his name. Marat was not a saint; he was, so far as the period of his revolutionary career is concerned, a victim of circumstances. One of his contemporaries declared that Marat would "have drunk the blood of his mother out of the cranium of his father," while the artist David, in depicting his friend's death, pronounced a eulogium in which he described his acquaintance with Marat as a consolation for having come into the world too late to be personally known to Cato, Aristides, Socrates, and many other illustrious ancients. Between these two extremes there must be a medium. In late years the popular opinion of Marat has been somewhat similar to that of Cromwell before Carlyle edited his Letters and Speeches. Carlyle entirely dispersed the then prevalent opinion that Cromwell was a low, bloodthirsty, and crafty villain, with a touch of the buffoon in his character. It is a strange irony of fate that Mr. H. Morse Stephens should be one of the earliest to attempt to do for Marat what Carlyle did for Cromwell, inasmuch as Carlyle did more than almost any other author to paint Marat in all the lurid shades of vileness!

There can be no doubt about the fact that "*l'Ami du Peuple*" was, physically, almost a freak of nature. In person diminutive, with a disproportionally large head, his countenance was livid and cadaverous. Madame Roland, in her pleasantly frank way, tells us that, *chez lui*, he was seen in the following "get-up:"—"He had on boots without stockings, an old pair of leather breeches, and a white silk waistcoat. His dirty shirt, open at the bosom, exhibited his skin of yellow hue; his long dirty nails marked his fingers' ends, and his frightful visage was perfectly in unison with this strange dress." Marat's alleged personal filthiness is in part contradicted by the fact that he had just been having a bath when Charlotte Corday's knife cut short his career; but Madame Roland's own description of the elegance of his apartments may be taken as the most emphatic refutation of the charge. One of Marat's rooms, she says, "was furnished with blue and white damask, and decorated with silk curtains, elegantly drawn up in festoons, a splendid chandelier, superb china vases filled with natural flowers, then scarce and of a high price." The man of careless personal habits is not usually wont to exhibit much refinement in the decoration of his apartments, and it may be taken as a not unreasonable assumption that Marat's habits, like his character, have been adorned with many wild fictions, for not one of his traducers speaks from personal knowledge or without bias. Intellectually, Marat stood

head and shoulders above his immediate revolutionary associates. He knew English perfectly, also Italian, Spanish, German, Dutch, as well as Greek and Latin, and his versatility is further attested by the fact that he was equally at home as a doctor, a journalist, a politician, a philosopher, an orator, and a novelist.

It is rather with his career in England than with the events which mark his revolutionary career in Paris that I propose dealing here. Even the few years which he spent in this country are marked by a variety of apparently irreconcilable incidents. There is however one fact upon which we as Englishmen can—if we are so minded—congratulate ourselves, and that is that Marat, who came as a sober man of science and letters, left us a militant republican. The period of his sojourn here was unquestionably one of the most momentous in English history; a score of events threatened to shake the Constitution to its very foundations, and that the French Revolution was not heralded, or followed, by a similar convulsion in this country must for ever remain one of the great enigmas of history.

Marat, who was born at Boudry near Neuchâtel in May 1743, came to England about 1770, and remained here (with apparently intermittent visits to Paris and elsewhere) until 1780. He himself tells us, in *Le Publiciste Parisien*, June 28, 1790:—

“J’approche de la cinquantaine : or, depuis l’âge de seize ans, je suis maître absolu de ma conduite. J’ai vécu deux années à Bordeaux, dix à Londres, une à Dublin, une à La Haye, à Utrecht, à Amsterdam, dix-neuf à Paris, et j’ai parcouru la moitié de l’Europe. Qu’on compulse les registres de police de ces divers pays, je défie qu’on y trouve mon nom pour un seul fait illicite ! Qu’on aille aux informations, je défie que personne sous le ciel puisse me reprocher une action déshonnête !”

He is not necessarily prevaricating in this extremely emphatic statement; but it would have cleared away an infinite amount of doubt—and doubt engenders suspicion as well as fiction—had he been equally explicit in stating the nature of his calling when in England, and the object of his visits to other parts of Europe. During a period of his residence here, we learn from his own works that he had established himself as a medical man; and from the fact that he resided in Church Street, Soho, then a fashionable quarter, it may be assumed that he had there a large clientèle, English as well as foreign. The degree of M.D. was conferred upon him in 1775 by St. Andrew’s University.

Marat was dependent on his own resources: it is certain that his books involved a considerable outlay, and under the most favourable conditions could not have yielded any profit. The first

work which he wrote in English was a small octavo pamphlet of 115 pages entitled "An Essay on the Human Soul," which was issued by Beckett & Co. in the Strand in 1772. This was considerably augmented and the plan extended, and appeared in the following year as "A Philosophical Essay on Man. Being an attempt to investigate the Principles and Laws on the Reciprocal Influence of the Soul on the Body." Ridley, of St. James's Street, and Tom Paine ("Honest Tom Paine") of the Mews Gate, appear as publishers: it had for motto a quotation from Lucretius—

"Unde animi constet natura, videndum."

It was in two volumes, consisting of 534 pages: it is a remarkable book, and must have been published in a very small number, as copies are now of great rarity. The author's extensive acquaintance with the philosophy of the ancient and modern worlds and his extraordinary powers of assimilation manifest themselves throughout the work. "How many systems" (he writes in the Preface) "have been invented! How many volumes written upon this subject! And what a multitude of absurdities involve the few truths that have been published thereon! The Grecian philosophers understood man no better than their masters, the Egyptians; nor were the acquirements of the Romans, in this science, greater than those of the Greeks. He then goes on to explain his system of dealing with this complex subject:—

Man is but little known, because improperly studied; the reason of it is that no one who has made the attempt has followed nature. . . . We must endeavour to penetrate to the soul through the integuments of the body, and to observe the influence of the material substance upon the spiritual, to be able to distinguish the properties peculiar to it from such as are dependent upon a foreign principle.

As the body is an extremely complicated machine . . . we must first be acquainted with the structure of the whole machine. The anatomist, therefore, must lay the evident foundation of the edifice; he alone can investigate the secret springs which act upon the soul, affect it so strongly, and of whose existence the generality of mankind have no idea. I therefore begin by introducing my reader to the physical knowledge of the human body. I describe Man as an hydraulic machine, and as a compound of vessels and fluids; I then enter into a particular examination of these vessels, of these fluids, and of the action of the organs. I afterwards consider the body in its different mechanical relations.

It cannot be said that Marat makes any great discovery in his essay; but another passage from it is quite worth quoting:—

Anatomists agree that we must look for the seat of the soul in the head; but they are not unanimous what place it occupies in that part of the body. Some

place it in the *pineal gland*, others in the *corpus callosum*, others again in the cerebrum; some in the cerebellum, and some in the *meninges*. But of these different opinions the last one is well founded . . . in these membranes eternal wisdom has placed the soul, and united it to our organs by imperceptive bands; here it has fixed the seat of thought, of memory, and of will.

Both the original essay and the extended edition were published anonymously. A French translation by the author appeared at Amsterdam as "par Marat, docteur en médecine," chez Marc Michel Bey, in 1775, in three volumes, 12mo. Voltaire, in particular, whom Marat had treated with but scant courtesy in the course of his philosophising, attacked the work. But Marat had the soundest belief in his own convictions, and even declared that had Newton himself read his work he would have been compelled to abandon his own system. We need not follow the author into the labyrinths of his theories: in doing so, however, it is well to remember—what critics of to-day are too ready to overlook—the state of the science a century and a quarter ago.

A more important work, so far as Englishmen generally are concerned, is that which Marat published through Almon, of Piccadilly, and Tom Paine, in 1774—"The Chains of Slavery. A work wherein the villainous attempts of Princes to Ruin Liberty are pointed out, and the Dreadful Scenes of despotism disclosed. To which is prefixed An Address to the Electors of Great Britain, in order to draw their timely Attention to the Choice of proper Representatives in the next Parliament." This book, a quarto in 259 pages, like his previous ones in English, was anonymous, and it was issued in time for the general election of 1774. To accomplish it, the author worked regularly for twenty-one hours daily during three months, taking one or two hours' sleep every day. He tells us, and we can quite believe it, that the exertion nearly killed him. Even when published he was boycotted by the newspapers, who refused his advertisements, although he offered ten guineas for space which usually cost six shillings. Thus prevented from selling his book, he determined upon presenting it to the various societies or clubs in the North of England. The *Newcastle Chronicle* of May 28, 1774, contained this announcement:—"Yesterday the Company of Bricklayers, the Company of Goldsmiths, and the Lumber troop of this town, received each, by the fly, two large quarto volumes, from an unknown person in London, entitled 'The Chains of Slavery,' &c. The work is spirited, and appears through the whole a masterly execution."

The appearance of this work synchronises with Marat's troubles.

He was *surveillé* and his letters were intercepted ; he left England and visited Holland, whence he returned to London by way of the North of England, visiting on his way the societies to whom he had presented his book, and stopping at Carlisle, Berwick, and Newcastle. He then learnt that thirty of these societies had sent letters of "affiliation" in a gold box. At Newcastle especially he was well received ; and in the *Newcastle Chronicle* of October 21, 1775, there appeared an advertisement in large type announcing a new edition of his work :—"Next week will be published, price 10s. 6d., and sold by the booksellers in Newcastle, 'The Chains of Slavery,' written by Dr. Mariot (*sic*). A work well worthy the attention of the public." At last Marat had succeeded in squaring at least one English newspaper !

"The Chains of Slavery" did not mince matters : it breathes revolution and *dése-majesté* from beginning to end. The appearance of such a book to-day would cause very little sensation ; a century ago the wonder is that this philosopher howling in the wilderness was not strung up by the neck. He was a profound student of our Constitution, such as it was in his time, and it is peculiarly interesting to note that he writes always from the standpoint of an English reformer, although in this, as in other works which he wrote in English, it is not difficult to detect the French origin of some of his idioms ; yet the excellence of the composition of the work as a whole is little short of amazing. A French translation, "*Les Chaînes de l'Esclavage*," with considerable additions, appeared "*à l'Imprimerie de Marat, rue des Cordeliers, vis-à-vis celle de Haute-Feuille. L'an premier de la République*," with the name of the author, "J. P. Marat, l'Ami du Peuple." Here is one short extract :—

The only just aim of a political association is the happiness of the people, and whatever be the pretensions of princes, all other considerations ought to yield to public welfare ; but the people are inclined to look upon the prince's authority alone as being sacred ; they never believe themselves authorised to oppose by force his arbitrary mandates ; to prevail with him they believe no means lawful but supplications, and are ever ready to submit to the most grievous oppression rather than punish the Lord's Anointed. When subjects groan under the yoke of a cruel prince hardly any person finds fault ; but when a whole nation passes sentence upon a tyrant every one expresses disapprobation.

The Constitution of England is, no doubt, a monument of political wisdom, if compared with others, yet it is not so perfect as we are pleased to affirm, nor can be so, considering its origin and its revolutions. If traced to its first principles it will be found to be very simple, and such as suited uncivilised men ; enough for a people who subsisted by pillage, but containing a thousand seeds of anarchy. . . . Be it said, therefore, notwithstanding all those encomiums bestowed on our Constitution, liberty is precarious among us : it depends on a

want of genius and audacity of our princes, and chiefly on that spirit of independency which prevails in these times over all the nation. As long as this spirit shall prevail, liberty may be enjoyed; we are undone as soon as it becomes extinct.

Marat published two medical treatises in English, one of which is known only through a mention in Watt's "*Bibliotheca Britannica*;" and the other, "*An Enquiry into the Nature, Cause, and Cure of a singular Disease of the Eyes*, by J. P. Marat, M.D." This *brochure* is dated from Church Street, Soho, 1786, and neither need detain us further. So much then for the real Marat in England.

The apocryphal adventures of this militant scientist are far more entertaining than his literary-scientific career. Briefly, then, these adventures may be summarised thus:—For a short time he was a teacher at the Warrington Academy, in which Dr. Priestley was tutor; he left Warrington for Oxford, where he robbed the Ashmolean Museum; he fled to Ireland, was arrested at Dublin, taken back to Oxford, and condemned to the hulks at Woolwich, where one of his old scholars at Warrington saw him; he became a bookseller at Bristol, where he failed, and was conducted to the city gaol, but was liberated by the society for the relief of those imprisoned for small debts; for some time he taught tambouring at Edinburgh under the name of John White, and then at Glasgow; he again contracted debts, this time to a large amount, and scuttled off to Newcastle, where he was once more overtaken and put into prison.

These "facts" form the composite text from which so many of Marat's enemies have preached such exhilarating, self-complacent sermons. The "*documents justificatifs*" are numerous and emphatic enough, but I will confine myself to two, both of which appeared in 1793. The *Star* of Glasgow, March 4, 1793, contains the following:—

From an investigation lately taken at Edinburgh it is said that Marat, the celebrated Orator of the French National Convention, the humane, the mild, the gentle Marat, is the same person who, a few years ago, taught tambouring in this City, under the name of John White. His conduct, whilst he was here, was equally unprincipled, if not as atrocious, as it has been since his elevation to the legislatorship. After contracting debts to a very considerable amount he absconded, but was apprehended at Newcastle, and brought back to this City, where he was imprisoned. He soon after executed a summons of *cessio bonorum* against his creditors; in the prosecution of which it was found that he had once taught in the Academy at Warrington, in which Dr. Priestley was tutor; that he left Warrington for Oxford, where, after some time, he found means to rob the museum of a number of gold coins and medallions; that he was traced to Ireland, apprehended at an Assembly there in the character of German count, brought back to this country, tried, convicted, and sentenced to some years' hard labour on the Thames. He was refused a *cessio*, and his creditors, tired of detaining him in

gaol, after a confinement of several months, set him at liberty. He then took up his residence in this neighbourhood, where he continued about nine months, and took his final leave of this country about the beginning of the year 1787. He was very ill-looking, of a diminutive size; a man of uncommon vivacity, of a very turbulent disposition, and possessed of a very uncommon share of legal knowledge. It is said that while here he used to call his children Marat, which he said was his family name.

The author, the Rev. G. Huddesford, of "Topsy Turvey," a set of verses published in 1793, accepted without any inquiry the many scandalous falsehoods about Marat, and the following is a note attached to the above-named verses :—

On his arrival in England the active disposition of Marat would not suffer his useful talents to lose their energy for want of exercise. He, however, modestly endeavoured to suppress the publick testimony which his friends on the other side of the water had given to his *ingenuity*. And although he had *figured* as a man of *note* in Paris, he condescended to open a shop of Tambour embroidered waistcoats at Oxford, under the assumed appellation of "le maitre de Marat," and displayed the attractions of an handsome wife to engage the notice of Academical customers, to whom he offered his services at the same time as teacher of the French language. His house was contiguous to the Ashmolean Museum, in visiting which, as a professed votary of Vertù, he became desperately enamoured of a cabinet of gold medals; and, foreseeing the approaching scarcity of specie in his own country, he endeavoured, in the true spirit of Gallic patriotism, to supply the deficiency by breaking into the Museum and undertaking the clandestine conveyance of these valuable coins to France; but before he could complete his purpose he was ungenerously apprehended and brought to trial; when this *Fast Friend and Advocate of Democratic equality* found it convenient to shelter himself under the old Feudal distinction by which the breaking into a Repository of this description is not strictly deemed an act of Burglary, and escaped the halter. Constrained, however, to relinquish his Ashmolean spoils, he accepted a temporary accommodation among his brother patriots, *exerting themselves for the good of their country* on board the Hulks at Woolwich, and, after having signalised himself with equal éclat in the Northern part of Great Britain, he returned to France, where, having been no less than NINE TIMES *secrète de prise de corps*, his *integrity*, honour, moderation, &c., have deservedly enrolled him among the Legislators of the French Republick.

Unfortunately for those who have held up Marat's career in this country as one long series of crimes, not one of these statements is true. They were all invented, or rather dished up to Marat's discredit, after he had become a prominent revolutionist in his own country. There is nothing but tradition to show that he was ever engaged as a tutor at the Warrington Academy: if such were true, even tradition does not allege that he in any way misconducted himself. There is no doubt about the fact that a serious theft was committed at the Ashmolean Museum on February 3, 1776, and that the culprit was sentenced to five years' "hard labour in the

raising sand, soil, and gravel from, and cleansing the River Thames or any other service for the benefit of the said river." Mr. Ashbee, in his interesting essay already cited, quotes the indictment from the Book of the Crown Court for the Oxford Assizes. To the theft "John Peter Le Maitre, *alias* Maire, *alias* Mara," pleaded guilty, and was sentenced at the assizes held in March 1777. To the similarity of names may be attributed the origin of this long cherished and widely circulated falsehood. It is certain that the accusation can rest on no other foundation, for at the very time that the real Marat was contributing scientific letters to the *Gazette de Santé* of Paris and practising medicine in London, the apocryphal Marat was engaged in "cleansing the river Thames." Moreover, a few weeks before the theft was actually effected, Marat published his treatise on the "Eyes"—and yet we are asked to believe that he was at the same moment engaged in business at Oxford!

So far as regards his ever having been in business at Bristol as a bookseller, a very careful inquiry has failed entirely to prove that there ever was a bookseller at Bristol of the name of Marat, and the archives of the city, as well as the published books and papers of the period, afford no evidence in support of this fable. That he visited Edinburgh he himself tells in his essay on "Eyes" (page 19):—"The last August, being at Edinburgh, I (under the eyes of the ingenious Mr. Miller, oculist) treated an American gentleman for this disease. . . . Affairs calling me back to London," &c. That he was "tambouring" there under the name of White is obviously too foolish a calumny to be entertained for a moment. That there may have been a Frenchman "tambouring" at Oxford, Edinburgh, and elsewhere under the name of John White is perfectly possible, but that there are the faintest grounds for connecting this thief and absconding bankrupt with "l'Ami du Peuple," the friend of Franklin and of Goethe, not even the blindest of advocates can admit. These falsehoods have been persistently promulgated by nearly every writer on the French Revolution since Marat's tragic death in 1793, until indeed theories and surmises have come to be accepted as concrete facts. Mr. H. Morse Stephens in his history of that eventful period boldly questioned the veracity of these statements, and came to the conclusion that Marat was "a much-maligned man." Of Marat's career as a revolutionary there may or there may not be extenuating circumstances, but of his career as an Englishman nothing that is derogatory can be said with truth. His real career here in this country is perhaps a good deal less picturesque than the apocryphal one, but that is the fault of his detractors.

W. ROBERTS.

GHYLLS.

NEARLY the most miserable class in society contains those who have just fallen below distinction, while their efforts have raised them high above mediocrity. These persons are unjustly described by the brilliant as "the rank and file."

In crag-climbing there are a few who seem to successfully emulate a fly or a spider in negotiating slippery rock walls, who can scramble unmoved along the sheerest precipices, or climb untiringly at the steepest ascents ; then come "the rank and file," whose deficiency of nerve or strength does not permit such risky work. Where do we find this class during the holiday season? Squatting under some towering crag maybe, which it is their ambition to ascend, in the vain hope that familiarity with its outline will breed contempt for its dangers ; or spread-eagled in some dangerous situation, as the man who, many years ago, attempted to climb Piers Ghyll, a narrow deep chasm in the side of Scawfell Pike (Cumberland). He scrambled to a ledge nearly level with the waterfall which closes the direct ascent of this most majestic ghyll, then lost confidence and dared neither advance nor retreat. Twenty-four hours' exposure made him desperate enough to leap into the fall pool thirty feet beneath, in which manner he escaped.

"A good cragsman is a good mountaineer" is a proved axiom, and it has been the habit to advise all failures in the higher branches of crag work to try this art ; but when the fells are so thoroughly and accurately mapped out, and paths are so distinctly traceable as they now are, few adventures happen to the careful man, and the fierce struggles which form the chief delight of crag-climbing are woefully lacking. There is another branch of British fells craft, however, which may meet with the favour of such persons, and which should be better known to every one ; but to discuss this it must be assumed that every climbing machine, every rock scrambler, has found his natural sport, for the man to whom this pastime is open must be able to discern grace and symmetry in the waterhewn

rocks, picturesqueness in the beetling crags, and lively interest in the many charms of the ghylls of the fells.

A ghyll, it may be explained, is the backed-out course of a fell beck or stream, and may be divided into three scenic sections : first, the approach—generally by a wide moorland glen, narrowing into a defile at its head and choked with boulders of all sizes and shapes. The succeeding portion is the gully proper. The deepest waterfalls are here, as is also the hardest climbing. The lofty cliffs surrounding the fosse are split into irregular chimneys and negotiable angles, aiguilles abound, yards wide rise spray-washed slabs without the slightest irregularity on their polished surfaces. The head of the ghyll is a return to the natural scenery of the fell ; in some places this is reached by an easy grass ascent, in others after a rough scramble over piled fragments of rock. A steep cornice may, however, bar the way, or the ghyll debouch into the hollow of a scree basin. Then comes a struggle upwards, the grit slides away at every step. The wide scree gully in which the stream of débris originates is reached, and progress becomes not a little dangerous. The rotten "mountain delights" which your feet have set in motion slip away from loose rocks on the higher slopes, and down they bound at fearful rates. Keep in the shelter if you can, and wait for the solid rain to cease. You cannot dodge the flying pieces, for however quick your eye may be in marking, the treacherous foothold does not permit rapid movement. And the speed some of these dislodged stones attain is wonderful. The writer remembers, when climbing a scree under Fairfield, seeing a portion of cliff topple over, some hundred feet in front. It simply bounced through the air, struck a spur from the parent rock some dozen yards from him, and burst into dust and splinters. The crash was louder than the explosion of a fair-sized cannon, and the very mountain seemed to quiver at the shock. Had not a crevice afforded shelter from the mass of shingle which for some ten minutes whistled down the side, these lines would never have been written.

Some ghylls are mere fissures in the mountain sides, with lofty cliffs rising sheer from their beck beds. In these the imprisoned water races down without a break on its surface, a yard wide, perhaps four deep. You scramble along the wall of rock and look down upon the scene, or laboriously work a way along the ledges, at every turn leaping the stream, leaving insecure foot- and hand-hold on one side for points equally insecure on the other. Then you come to a cataract, the brook tumbles over an abrupt scar into the deep and narrow basin, hollowed by and for itself. The gorge is closed,

advance is at an end, retreat impossible, for there is not room on the narrow ledge in which to face about. There against the sky-line, forty feet or more up, is a splinter of harder rock which has presented more resistance to weather and water than the rest of the cliff. Follow its bold outline to the water where it forms the promontory between two minute bays. A tiny crack shows in the angle at the head of the cove, up which is the best way out, but there are five yards of mossy damp crag between you and that. Carefully the body is pressed against the slippery surface, and a sidle forward commences, a notch, a microscopic chink affording precarious hold. The tiny bay is reached, and a few feet further is the crevice desired. An outcrop of felspar now forms a tiny escarpment above your head, and holding to this you drag along the sheer smooth breast of rock—your whole weight on your arms. If the ledge presents the slightest irregularity your fingers will fail to grasp it, and with a mighty splash you go into the dimpling pool. But the worst predicament is not eternal, and in ten seconds you have got into the cranny. After a short breather, up the chimney you struggle, wrist, forearm, thigh, and calf all working at their fullest power. A gathering light comes in from the left through the cleft between the *aiguille* and the cliff. A lightning flash, more powerful than wind or weather, has cracked the former in many places, making it dangerous to ascend. The platform behind, however, affords foothold, and you have another welcome rest. The roar of the waterfall fills your ears, and you look through the gap at it. How curiously near it seems!—you can almost step into its creamy spout. Splash, splash, thud, crunch, splash, splash, thud, crunch, in wearying reiteration, comes up from the well below. Across the gulf a sheer cliff rises, lined and broken in its upper part as its twin on which you are clinging, but dropping, a broad smooth slab, into the whirlpool beneath.

In other ghylls, the climbing is less severe—these are the pretty, secluded glens by which the effluent of many a mountain tarn finds its way to the parent river. The first two miles of the one in mind are between bracken-covered slopes. Willows, mountain ashes, and hollies flourish, the clear water rushes down rock slides from pool to pool, but further up the scenery becomes wilder. The bed of the beck is strewn with large fragments of rock fallen from aloft, which are happily adapted to the many-shaped waterfalls displayed in the first short gully. There is some hazard in frequenting these places, as many a man has had proof. The shepherd has possibly seen the fall of an immense mass of rock into the shallow where a day or two previously his charge made halt to drink. I know one ghyll which

in a single night was choked by the fall of a bordering cliff, so that a lovely waterfall was formed with a deep pool above and another below the obstruction. Many a natural bridge of "choked" rock is formed by such an event. In the higher portion of this stream is a large tarn, and just before it is sighted, the waters of the outflow are pent into a gorge between two mountains, and cascade after cascade breaks upon the view. Climb along the river bed here—it is difficult and toilsome work, but the vantage is unique. The water churns round in a mad whirlpool here, a few yards in front it races towards us on what appears to be a lofty rock shoot but which later discovers itself in the form of a dozen tiny falls. The water does not seem to fall from one to another of these—it is more of a single roll or a bound. Alert bright trout dart about in transparent water, devouring whatever food the beck brings down—a hard-cased bracken clock which has attempted a flight beyond its power and perished, a soft mollusc torn from its rock-home, or a caterpillar dislodged by the passing breeze from some twig. Carefully coasting round a mossy corner into a recess from which the cheerful thunder of water proceeds, we enter a crag basin of remarkable charm. We find footing on a slab which almost spans the stream. It has peeled from the cliff above and has been caught in its descent on a narrow ledge. The brook plashes against its sides and grumbles under it to the outlet. The spray-damped cliffs are green with moss; down the gaps by which the springs from above reach their bourne, hang long streamers of water-weed; a wren has taken possession of a dry pocket among the rocks opposite and is surveying us suspiciously. It twitters and scolds, defies and threatens, but its trouble is for nothing. The niche in which it homes is impossible to reach, even if we were so minded. Green and grey and yellow, white and crimson and brown, are imparted to the direr precipices by the lichens; silvery birch boughs sway above, green yellow roots hang into the turmoil of the water. A dipper dashing up the gully sees a human presence, hesitates a flash, then passes at accelerated speed, its wild song echoing over the drone and boom without a tremor or a pause. This rock hollow is merely one among many equally pretty, and pen, pencil, or brush fails to convey half its delights. As the slippery cliffs afford no handhold on this side, we cross the ghyll and attack a cleft down which dangle, as so many ropes, the roots of a mountain ash. Holding to these we easily gain the higher level of the glen, and make forward. Passing the mountain tarn, we enter the upper col, and among my many climbs this has been the most unsatisfactory. It is a wild delve in the mountain side, steep banks

of scree slope into it, with here and there a tongue-like benk of tawny grass. The little stream purls and rattles by your side as you force your way over the yielding débris, promising a rocky and picturesque source. Higher and higher you struggle, and the water correspondingly shrinks in volume. The fanlike streams of shale and dust have here invaded the narrow dell, and you may hear the beck grumbling and spouting beneath the feet. Further up the ground seems to rise more abruptly, and your hopes rise, to be quickly dashed, for the stream is now too weak to burrow a course for itself. The moisture from a wide grassy basin percolates through dank green moss, trickles in thin lines down the inequalities, or in wide glassy sheets slides—it cannot be said to flow—among the steeper rock faces, accommodating itself to all angles without a sound or a splash. And this is the source of the stream you have so laboriously traced.

Another fine gully is entered from an old quarry. After carefully negotiating a succession of dripping slabs, on hands and knees, you reach the darkened bed of a chasm. On the right the light is excluded by perpendicular rocks crowned with a plantation of dark firs, on the left a less abrupt slope, covered with dainty oak-fern and evil-smelling “ramps,” rises to a thicket of hazel, overtopped by ash saplings. A couple of these have fallen and form a living bridge high above the stream. Climb carefully here and shun the ferny slope, for the thin bed of leaf mould slides down with the slightest pressure. A misty gleam in front shows that the chasm widens, the noise of falling water proclaims a cataract, and soon its trough is reached. The tiny stream is descending a succession of mossy steps, now close to one bank, now to the other, wandering as it wills over the wide face of rock. In winter, when the spongy fell is thoroughly saturated, a huge volume crashes through this defile. Then the gorge is impossible to scale, the trough is a churn of angry yellow-brown waters, and the tiny tinkle deepens to a majestic roar. Above the fall the water still descends in picturesque cascades, at one moment rushing pell-mell down a tiny crevice between smooth black rocks, playfully diving into a deep black dub at another. In one corner it divides round a green boulder on which a few wisps of grass and a foxglove find sustenance; further up it passes an abrupt ledge in a pretty spout. The merriment of the brook seems to infect you, and you feel that you have lost a companion when you reach its source in the

“ Mere of the moorland
Boulder-environed.”

Entering another ravine which has a most unpromising opening near the top of a slate quarry, we notice stupendous crags which augur hard work. Their lower stratas are however much broken, and the first emerald green basin of water is easily passed, but further up a giant mass overhangs the ghyll. After carefully surveying both sides, a tiny jut is tried and—found wanting. The adventurer loses hold on the rock and is immediately immersed in about ten feet of water. The other bank is examined more carefully and a long traverse discovered. Along this we warily sidle, making holds for hands where possible. At a most awkward point the traverse comes to an end, and the way back has to be crawled at some risk.

The most dangerous "gully" incident was met when climbing by a waterfall. The rock (ironstone) was steep, but rotten. We directed our climb towards a block apparently about five feet in diameter. Perhaps this was finely poised on a bed of yielding sand or clay, for as soon as we got weight upon it over it toppled, narrowly missing crushing us against the wall. The boulder fell into the deep water, and of course we fell too. A wetting was a lucky finish to this adventure.

I well remember descending a very pretty ghyll—or was it the splendid conditions which made it so? It was a lovely morning, and we had climbed High Street during the hours of dusk in order to see the sun rise. A long bank of purple haze had lain along the horizon, but the sun rapidly rose above this and flooded hill and valley, mountain and lake, in a very blaze of glory. At 5.30 we made a move towards Mardale, where we hoped to get some breakfast. Down the steep mountain-shoulder, where the path was a dodge among the boulders, we made rapid progress to Blea Water, the waters of which were rippling in a slight breeze. At the foot of the tarn we sat for a while on the grey lichen-covered slabs, enjoying the bright warm morning sunshine. Then down the bracken-covered slope again to a small waterfall most picturesquely situated. The sun shone directly into its deep rocky basin, and every surge of the tumbling water was telegraphed to the eye in flash and glitter. Some mountain-ash trees clung round the steep rock, their long roots, white and green, hanging dripping into the clear pool below. Seen under these indescribable circumstances the sight was a very memorable one. It was only the pangs of hunger that forced us to move on.

One of the best expeditions for one who has a real liking for the smaller beauties of water and rock scenery is to Saggill. This is at the head of Longsleddale, a long narrow valley of the usual lakeland

type, with an unusually cramped defile at the foot. Right in front, as you cross the narrow switchback bridge from the cluster of antiquated houses known as Sacgill and turn up the edge of the torrent, are Harter and Grey Crag, the abrupt front of the former continuing in Goat Scar, a pile of rough fox-haunted crags. Grey Crag is a pyramid of huge cliffs where the more daring dalesmen annually climb to the nests of the hawks accused of harassing the sheep. Carrion-feeders these birds undoubtedly are, but hardly guilty of this heinous crime. As the walk is proceeded with, a curious depression in the dale-head is reached—a flat entirely covered with stones, which at some distant time has evidently been a small tarn. Portions of this level are still banked up to make pools for sheep washing, and a strong wall has been built across at the foot to prevent the loose débris washing at flood time on the cultivated valley below. At the head of the depression comes our ghyll. At first the usual succession of small cataracts, each with its clear pool where the water swirls awhile ere escaping down the water-worn green slabs which constitute the steep river bed. The path, or rather the sheep track, which serves this purpose, becomes steeper, and the falls correspondingly higher. You rise from the valley in a succession of mighty steps; the shelf on which you are standing prevents your seeing the route by which you came, giving in return a distant view of the valley shimmering in the bright sunshine, with still further, range after range of moorish hills, with here and there a rough cliff, till the distant sea closes the view. You are now in the very jaws of the pass; a spur of Goat Scar approaches the stream from the left, and a tall corner of Grey Crag forces itself into the narrowing glen opposite. Now the more immediate river banks rise higher, the rolling waters in front come by a swiftly descending curve. At this point we climb round the foot of the rocky bank, here some fifty feet high, and find a standing place on a small beach. This is the only place in the rock basin where such a foothold is possible. Behind us the crags rise, covered with tiny clumps of mountain sage and fringed at their tops with waving bracken fronds. Beyond, higher and higher rise the stony ridges to the crags, which strike the eye in whichever direction it is turned. The beck tumbles into the small cleft, and as yet its unbroken descent is out of sight, but the soft liquid, churning sound betrays its presence.

As other venues fail us, a tough scramble up the grass-hung bar commences. From the bank of the gorge are several grand vertical views through luxuriant mountain ashes of the stream dimpling in the deep crevice, and then of the waterfall, with its brink twenty feet

beneath, its chasm fully fifty. Further on come a number of cascades, then you emerge from a water-hewn gallery on a level the stream. As the pass widens, a belt of tough slaty rock is approached, and down these the beck shoots. Not a bush near—we are at too high an elevation, and the view savours of desolation. Watery-green rocks pall; the succession of sliding almost noiselessly down long smooth surfaces is monotonous; ridge after ridge of stony fells gives a dreary impression, but just where the pass opens into the swampy moor is its real feature. Threading along the course of the beck, we see a stream issuing from a crag-guarded ghyll, and on approach find the stream fills it from bank to bank. A few stepping-stones allow us to reach a place where some advance can be made along the face of the cliffs. Then ford the stream at the shallow, and climb the jutting crag to the right. You are now in an amphitheatre of rock. In front is the waterfall, its spray damping you through; beneath is the chink-like passage through which the water flows. On either hand tall crags rise, all dripping with spray, and hung with luxuriant mosses. Here and there a fern, hart's tongue or some slime-loving variety, finds roothold; a huge fragment, torn maybe by lightning, reclines precariously in a corner, ready, it seems, to fall and block up the pool. An active person can spring across the narrow gulf to the cliff over which the stream is pouring, and there find sufficient hold to climb out. But it allows for mistakes. A fall into the well of the cascade is to be dreaded; an unfortunate could only trust to the stream carrying him into the lower flow passage; there is no handhold within reach by which his position could be secured again. After this ghyll, not more than fifty yards in length, has been explored, the tour is finished, and cannot fail to have been a most pleasing one.

WILLIAM T. PALMER

THE LETTERS OF DE BROSSES.

“UNE copie fut dérobée par un sieur Serieys, qui était en 1793 commis à la garde des papiers saisis chez les émigrés, et il la fit imprimer en 1799.” Such is, in brief, the curious story of the *Letters from Italy* of Charles de Brosses, Comte de Montfalcon et de Tournai, letters which no less competent a critic than Sainte-Beuve has, in his *Causeries du Lundi*, thought fit to rank among the lesser masterpieces of French literature.

Had any one, whether at Dijon or elsewhere, during the lifetime of the learned Président du Parlement, remarked prophetically to that distinguished writer and great lawyer that his reputation with posterity would solely depend upon these unassuming documents—hastily dashed off for the mere amusement of a little coterie—M. de Brosses would very probably have shrugged his shoulders in well-imagined incredulity. For Charles de Brosses was once a personage of some importance. In the first place, he was a celebrated lawyer, holding the proud position of Premier Président du Parlement at Dijon, that capital which has brought forth so many men of genius, and which enjoys the distinction of having maintained its independence at a time when all the other towns of France had succumbed to the imperious sway of Parisian domination. Then, again, he was a scholar held in high repute, an author whose fame had wandered far beyond the limits of his province. His accomplishments in literature were as varied as they were successful. He was an acknowledged authority upon Sallust, of whose text he published an elaborate reconstruction and translation. He had written upon “Fetichism,” upon “Pompey,” upon “Negroes,” upon the “Mechanical Formation of Languages,” upon “Herculaneum,” upon the “History and Theory of Navigation into Austral Climes.” The hostility of Voltaire alone debarred him from the attainment of the crowning glory, a chair in the Academy.

Surely it is by the irony of fate that a bundle of fugitive letters, accidentally unearthed, should form to-day his chief claim to remembrance. “Il n’est resté grand homme que dans sa province,” is

Sainte-Beuve's lament, and the world at large knows little and cares less concerning the past triumphs of de Brosse. Occasionally, indeed, though rarely, his name crops up in connection with his amusing quarrel with Voltaire: an acrimonious and wordy warfare, which went on for years, and began with nothing more important than a question as to the ownership of "quatorze moules de bois." To have made an enemy of Voltaire is to have ensured some slight degree of immortality, not always enviable. De Brosse deserves a better fate. His letters are a fitting passport to our memory.

Their essential charm, it may be said at once, lies in their naturalness. The letters reveal a personality far other than we should expect in the erudite author of the dissertation *Sur les Dieux Fétiches*; witty, kind, wobbling over with geniality and good-humour, with perfect simplicity and joyous recklessness. The writer jots down his impressions just as they occur to him, without premeditation or eye to future publication. He goes everywhere, sees everything, knows every one, and sends home a sort of journal of his doings for the delight of the coterie of kindred spirits left behind at Dijon, to enable them to gain some certain understanding of the Italy they cannot visit. His literary method is simplicity itself. "When I have nothing else to do, I put on my nightcap and dressing-gown and write off to you in hot haste all the farrago of what has passed before my eyes or in my head." City by city, Italy is metaphorically turned inside out in this happily rescued sheaf of almost forgotten letters. De Brosse was hampered by no restrictions such as wait upon the modern tourist. Armed with introductions to prominent politicians, scholars, cardinals, he was able to penetrate all sanctuaries, and to snatch the secrets of every dim confessional. Humanity ranged itself before him. No pulse of life escaped him. "De Brosse reste le premier critique pénétrant, fin, gai, et de grand coup d'œil, qui a bien vu dans ses contradictions et ses merveilles ce monde d'Italie." The judgment of Sainte-Beuve finds a counterpart in that of Stendhal, who knew Italy so well: "Aucun étranger, avant ni depuis, ne l'a mieux vue et jugée que de Brosse."

On Saturday, May 30, 1739, Charles de Brosse, then thirty years of age, left his native town of Dijon and commenced his tour through the Italian cities. His primary object was to collate and examine the numerous manuscripts of Sallust which lay in the libraries of Bologna, Rome, and Florence. Fortunately, however, the expedition had also another and more interesting aspect. De Brosse had a keen eye for pleasure as well as for instruction. He was a connoisseur of the arts, learned in statuary and painting, a

lover of music, a patron of the drama. Again, he was an acute observer of mankind, a gentle satirist of the little foibles of society, one who liked to lounge in *cafés* or in *salons* to note the petty vanities of fellow-creatures. His letters are a mixture of frivolity and seriousness—now a criticism, now a maxim, now a vivid descriptive touch of men and places, now a humorous reflection, now a snatch of classical quotation. “Nul plus que lui,” has said a well-known Frenchman, “n’eut le goût fin et délicat des arts, la sensibilité italienne crüe à la malice et à la naïveté gauloise.”

Italy, at the period in which de Brosses depicts it, was in a condition which lent itself admirably to his peculiar treatment, his combination of the grave and gay. The country seemed given up to an *inaction joyeuse* after the prolonged labours of the past three centuries. In 1739 the land could boast of no great writers or great artists; with the sole exception of music, literature and art were in their decadence. Italy was reposing peacefully upon her laurels, careless of all things save the present. What our Gallic neighbours term *le souci de la vie politique* had not yet been awakened in her; she dreamt neither of independence nor of future unity. Pleasure and gaiety were her one prevailing thought. The minor princelings, among whom the land was split up, vied with each other in the extravagant luxury of their courts; the republics, which already existed, had no more serious affairs of state than to arrange for new amusements.

Such was Italy as Charles de Brosses beheld it. In his letters he pictures it without exaggeration and without suppression, its manners, customs, people, and antiquities, its virtues and its many follies.

With him we are taken to the theatre at Verona, where the monks outnumber the laymen in the audience, and where, at the sound of the Angelus bell, the actress, who is swooning on the stage, interrupts her performance in order to sing the “Ave Maria,” and then swoons afresh. We are introduced to fantastic red-heeled priests, who, in the presence of 4,000 persons at a public ceremony, “se font donner des coups d’éventail sur le nez par des courtisanes célèbres;” to nuns, who carry poniards and fight a duel for love of the Abbé de Pomponne.

Or again, we are at Genoa, in a *café* watching a company of carters in sackcloth eating ices; in a corner of the town we come across a little band of gentlefolk, all of the highest rank, and seated upon broken-down chairs for the sake of economy, engaged in earnest conversation. We stroll along the streets between houses painted in fresco like the scenes in an opera—the roadway narrow and the buildings lofty—until we arrive at the Cathedral. Here we are

fortunate enough to see the Doge on one of the five days in on which he is allowed to stir out of his palace without less than four senators walk two and two behind him, disguised in huge black dresses, wearing long dresses of black silk high on the shoulders, with a hump on their backs, giving them the look of being hunchbacked. Before him march the Doge's children, splendidly attired in red velvet doublets, with cloaks lined with black satin, and with a profusion of gold lace. During the ceremony the organist, an abbé, wearing red-heeled shoes and carrying a fan, plays the organ.

Then the curtain falls, and when it rises Genoa has passed. We find ourselves instead at Naples, with its *lazzaroni*, its pretensions to titles, its artificiality and superstition. The steps of the Mount of the Capuchins are impassable by reason of the rabble which encumber them; the poor people have no habitation; they live in the streets, do not sleep, and are only kept from starving by alms given to them by the rich. The *bourgeoisie* are vain, the higher nobility luxurious, and the lower nobility jealous of their little titles, sold to them for a consideration by the Austrian Emperor. "E veramente duca ma non cavaliere," is the current proverb. Our butcher, since he was created a duke, has been known to us only through his apprentices. The wife of a shopkeeper goes out driving without being followed by another carriage, and her carriage, empty, but adds to the noise and clatter. In the evening, the Duke makes a point of being at the Opera, where the celebrated prima donna is singing, and the new actress Barrati awaits a verdict on her performance. The stage is so constructed that by removing a partition at the back of it the theatre opens on the royal gardens, and the perspective is indefinitely enlarged. Among the audience, in his box on the top tier, sit the King and Queen. All the courtiers are in black dresses, the King in an old brown coat with yellow buttons. During the performance he converses or sleeps, for he cares for nothing but except hunting—and of that sport he has but little, for the King is so poached all over the country, so much so that when his Majesty has shot two thrushes and four sparrows he professes to be happy. The Queen, she does little but offer her hand to be kissed; she has a long nose like a beak and the complexion of a lobster.

It is a relief when we leave Naples behind us and journey to Florence, the city of cultured literary amateurs. The first thing that interests us is the Academy della Crusca. Here the seat of every member is formed of a basket stuffed with straw, the director sits on a stool, the table is a kneading trough, the wardrobes are made of millstones, the papers are kept in a mill hopper. The one who reads these papers has half his body in a bolting cloth. A hundred similar p

in vogue, the name "della crusca" signifying bran. The idea is, of course, to knead together the Italian language, to refine it, rejecting what is impure. Next, we are conducted round the galleries, the churches, and the palaces, under the guidance of the Abbate Nicolini, who knows something of everything from the style of a lady's headdress to the integral calculus of Newton. With nightfall we attend a *conversazione*, where Veracini plays upon the violin; from eight to nine hundred persons are present, the ladies blazing with diamonds, the men wearing costumes which even the Duc de Richelieu would hesitate to wear.

Suddenly the scene changes and we are at Venice, "*ville de politique et de volupté*," with its incessant intrigue and conspiracy, with its ancient aristocracy, "*qui espionne et corrompt pour régner, et qui règne en effet par les inquisitions d'état et les courtisanes.*" In the grand Council Chamber, the Councillors of State and the Inquisitors are proceeding to the election of a captain of the galleys; a score of pages, dressed in red, run through the building to collect the ballot papers; the successful candidate is kissed by all those present. We wander away to the studio of Rosalba, the famous portrait painter, or turn over precious manuscripts in the library of Saint Mark. The Marchese Foscarini receives us in a superb *salon*, richly furnished, where there is neither chair nor stool on which one can sit with comfort, on account of the delicacy of the carving. We meet the French Ambassador, who welcomes us with cordiality; his position is the reverse of pleasant, for none of the local nobility are permitted under pain of death to pass the threshold of an embassy. This is not an idle law, and the fact of a nobleman having been executed for merely entering the house of an ambassador in order to gaze at his mistress, without speaking to a soul, is in itself proof of its application. The man of the hour in Venice is the great musician Hasse, at whose concerts we are privileged to be a listener; his wife is Faustina Bordoni, whose voice is no longer what it was, although she sings with perfect taste. Now, again, we kneel in ecstasy before a Titian in the recesses of some obscure convent, or injure our eyes in a vain attempt to make out the half-obliterated frescoes by Giorgione in the Fondaco dei Tedeschi. Nor do we ever breakfast until we have placed a dozen paintings by Tintoretto and at least two ceilings by Paul Veronese on our conscience. Then the Square of Saint Mark attracts us, and we walk in the Broglio among the councillors and lawyers, Turks, Greeks, Dalmatians, vendors of food, boatmen, marionettes, and preaching friars. It is from this point that one sees at its best the combination

of earth and sea, of gondolas and shops, of vessels and churches, and people of all nationalities arriving and departing every moment. Finally we step into a gondola and glide along to the residence of old Marshal Schulemburg, where we sit for upwards of an hour, "buvant le vin de Canarie et faisant grande chère allemande, en nous laissant raconter tous les maux qu'avait donnés au vieux tacticien ce démon incarné de Charles Douze."

On the following morning we leave Venice by the post *en route* for Rome by easy stages. We make but a short halt at Bologna and Padua, and pause only at Siena, where the Chevalier Perfetti, a professional improvisatore, recites to us a fine impromptu poem upon the subject of the Aurora Borealis in rhymed octaves. The road is infamous, and we meet with a series of adventures, pleasant and unpleasant. At last, however, having travelled four hundred and thirteen miles in varying stages of discomfort, we cross the Tiber and the Ponte Molle.

It was from Rome that the majority of de Brosses' letters were addressed. For he was fortunate enough to visit the city at a stirring moment, when the election of a Pontiff was in progress. Clement XII., blind since the beginning of his reign, was *in articulo mortis* at the date of his arrival.

"I have just returned," writes de Brosses next day, "from the Pontifical Palace, where I saw a sad image of human grandeur. All the rooms were open and deserted, and I passed through them without seeing a cat, until I reached the chamber of the Pope whose corpse lay upon a bed, watched by four Jesuits, who were reciting or pretending to recite their prayers."

Of the subsequent proceedings—the funeral obsequies, the interregnum, and the Conclave—he gives us a lengthy and detailed description. Cardinal Camerlingo ruled throughout the interim.

"He has the right during several days to coin money in his name and to his profit. He has just sent word to the Director of the Bank that if, in the space of three days, he does not issue an important sum of money, he will have him hanged. The Director will not fail to obey, as the terrible Camerlingo is well known to keep his word."

The whole town was in a ferment, the Vatican in the hands of hundreds of workmen, rushing in and out of its only entrance like a swarm of bees. Inside the great rooms little wooden two-storied buildings were being hurriedly run up to accommodate the cardinals—a miniature city in a palace. "The cardinals are crowded into these erections, like herrings in a barrel, without air or light, and obliged

to burn candles at midday ; the atmosphere is horrible, and the cells are alive with vermin." Sentries were posted along the corridors at night to prevent the prelates from communicating with each other. Outside the Vatican the Swiss Guards were stationed.

And, meanwhile, laments de Brosses, "the town is terribly dull, as there is now no longer Pope or cardinal in it, and neither opera nor assemblies."

The party left Rome before the deliberations of the Conclave were completed. On the eve of their departure they dined with no less distinguished a personage than the King of England, better known as the Chevalier of St. George, and at that time resident in Rome. De Brosses describes him in unflattering terms :—

"The Pretender is easily recognised for a Stuart ; he has it written in his face. He is tall and thin, and resembles the portraits of his father, James the Second, very closely, and also the late Marshal Berwick, his natural brother, only that the Marshal had a sad and severe expression, whereas the Pretender's is not only sad but silly. He is an ultra *dévot*, and his mornings are passed in prayer at the grave of his wife in the Church of the SS. Apostoli. As to his intellect, I am unable to judge, but his appearance is not in his favour."

With him were his two sons, Prince Charles Edward and the Duke of York, "both narrow-minded and less intelligent than princes of their years should be."

The exiles were treated in Rome with all the consideration due to their exalted rank. Outside the palace stood a guard of Papal troops, and an escort invariably accompanied the royal carriage. The fullest ceremonial was observed within the household. "When the King enters the dining-room, the young princes, before taking their seats, kneel down and ask his benediction." Etiquette required that no one should drink until the King had done so. "I thought," naïvely adds de Brosses, "that I should die of thirst on one occasion when his Majesty had for a long time forgotten to drink."

De Brosses excels in little touches of this kind. Above all things he is a student of men and manners, a keen and humorous observer, with a rarely equalled faculty of imparting his impressions. It may be well to quote a passage from the letters *in extenso* by way of illustration of his style when he is writing in his favourite and lightest vein ; a passage which cannot but lose much of its native grace in the rude process of translation :—

"Every year on the festival of St. Louis, December 18, the French Ambassador at Rome celebrates the anniversary of that conversion by a very sumptuous banquet. This dinner is not one of the least

curious of the sights to be seen here. We sat down, five hundred and fifty in number, at a table shaped liked a horseshoe. There were seven or eight cardinals present, as well as all the principal Frenchmen and foreigners of distinction in Rome, and a great number of Roman nobles, especially those favourable to France. The Duc de St. Aignan assures me that this dinner cost him eight hundred pounds. Well ! We were requested not to give up our plates and dishes to any but those in the ducal livery. The pillage that takes place is incredible. The soup had scarcely been removed before we were importuned by a horde of strange waiters to give them provisions for their masters. One especially singled me out, probably thinking that I looked the greatest idiot in the company. I made him a present of a turkey, a chicken, a slice of sturgeon, a partridge, some roedcer, several tongues, and a ham ; but he always returned. 'Yet,' said I to him, 'the table is equally well garnished elsewhere; why come always back to me? Besides, your master is quite able to procure for himself all that he may require. Never have I seen any one eat so much as he is doing.' Detroy, who was sitting near, said quietly : 'You must be very simple to think he asks all this for his master ; it is for himself.' And, looking round, I saw on all sides things being carried off in the pockets and napkins of these gentlemen. The Ambassador told me that he was annually pillaged on these occasions to the tune of from twenty-five to thirty pieces of silver plate. At dessert there was a general scramble, and hardly anything was left."

In this sort of writing, de Brosse, perhaps, is at his best. It is only, indeed, when in presence of pure Nature that he fails to fulfil our expectations. Rousseau had not yet discovered Nature, and, unlike our modern travellers, de Brosse is left untouched by landscape. The one piece of scenery which he dwells on *con amore* is that which lies between Vicenza and Padua, a distance of but twenty miles. And his description of it is in keeping with his character. The roadside is planted with shrubs cut in quincunxes, and in chess-board patterns. "Il n'y a point de décoration d'opéra plus belle ni mieux ornée qu'une pareille campagne." Even the Alps did not appeal to him, and, although he must have traversed them more than once, there is no mention of them in the letters. Again, to take another instance, the sad majestic grandeur of the Roman Campagna merely draws from him the following reflection : "Il fallait que Romulus fût ivre quand il songea à bâtir une ville dans un terrain aussi laid."

But it is useless to search for accounts of landscape scenery in

any of the letters of de Brosse. His genius cannot truthfully be said to have displayed itself in that particular direction. In his own peculiar province, on the other hand, few persons would deny him grace. Read the daily story of his life at Venice, with its concluding homesick touch of sadness :

"I tell you frankly that one of the great drawbacks of being in Venice is, when the evening comes, not to have with one dear Poupelines, big Blancey, honest Quintin, Maleteste and Bévy, Dame Cortois, those excellent little ladies De Montot and De Bourbonne ; in fact, all our little set, to talk, with elbows on the table, of a thousand other things besides St. Mark's and that eternal Broglio. You must expect, when on your travels, to satisfy the eyes but to leave the heart empty—to get as much amusement and novelty as possible, but no social happiness. You live among those who care as little for you as you do for them ; and, however amiable they may appear, it is difficult to feel much interest in people whom it is improbable that you will ever meet again."

With these words, then, let us take leave of Charles de Brosse. "Une petite tête gaie, ironique, et satirique, perdue dans l'immensité d'une forêt de cheveux, qui l'offusque." That was how Diderot described him. His personality shines out on every page of his delightful letters to the final sentence of them all. "With what delight shall I see all my friends again after a year's absence and those charming little ladies, Bourbonne, Montot, and Fontelli ! Oh ! *che gusto* to see them all again, and to talk of the Capitol with those we love !"

ALBERT LOUIS COTTON.

EAST LONDON IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

LONDONERS of the present generation are so accustomed to regard the eastern outskirts of their ancient city as a district of factories and slums, that the fact that this neighbourhood has been the home of many of England's most notable men, and the scene of many an historic incident, is too often overlooked.

Whitechapel, Stepney, Poplar, Bromley, Bow, Mile End, and the adjoining East End parishes, no longer form the favourite sylvan sporting grounds of the good citizens of London. In fact, as long ago as the year 1292, Richard de Gravesend, Bishop of London, sought permission to enclose his woods at Stepney, but upon protest from the representatives from the London wards that "time out of mind they have been used to chase and to hunt within the woods aforesaid, and without, hares, foxes, rabbits, and other beasts, where and when they might please," the Bishop's petition was refused.¹

It was in the rural district of Bethnal Green (then part of Stepney) that the episcopal palace of the Bishops of London formerly stood, and Stow records that in the year 1299 Edward I. held parliament at Stepney, in the house of Lord Mayor Walleis.

In the salubrious neighbourhood of Whitechapel, Cromwell, Earl of Essex, in the reign of Henry VIII. had his country house,² and various historical documents show that between the thirteenth and the eighteenth centuries a host of knights and civic dignitaries—including titled members of the great families of Wentworth, Howard, and Vere—resided in the country lying between Aldgate Pump and Bow Bridge. Few parish churches can claim to harbour so much aristocratic dust as those of Stepney and Bromley-by-Bow, which now, alas! stand shadowed in a forest of smoke-vomiting factory chimneys and stunted residences designed in London's gloomiest style.

But even when in the height of its popularity as a rural retreat,

¹ Riley's "Memorials."

² Pennant.

East London was of interest, as it is to-day, on account of its arts and industries. And pre-eminent among its crafts stands that of shipbuilding. Out of the familiar black mud of the East London banks of the Lea and the Thames there have arisen, century after century, in continuous succession, ships that have fought in England's bloodiest battles, ships that have carried British explorers to the furthestmost corners of the earth, ships which have borne to distant lands the pioneers of British colonisation, and a mighty multitude of ships which have largely aided in building London's reputation as the largest trading centre in the world.

It is probable that King Alfred, the founder of the British navy, launched some of his ships from the river banks of East London, for it was in the Lea that he stranded and captured the Danish fleet, and along the Lea and the Thames that the Danish invaders were often to be found.

It is recorded that James I., in 1603, launched from Blackwall the East India Company's ship *Trades Increase*, a vessel of 1,200 tons; and long before this date we know that this district had been a shipbuilding centre. Again, some three hundred years (1898) after the visit of King James we again find royal personages visiting the district for the purpose of launching a ship—this time the great battleship *Albion*, a worthy modern representative of the East End shipbuilding craft. True, shipbuilding is not now so extensively carried on here as once it was; but while such firms as Yarrow & Co. and the Thames Ironworks and Shipbuilding Company remain, East London handicraft will be found strongly in evidence in every quarter of the globe. It is not, therefore, surprising, in view of its nautical connection, to find a great number of seamen of all ranks mentioned on the tombstones and in the registers of old East London churches.

Next in importance to shipbuilding, the bread-making industry should perhaps be placed, for a large number of ancient London records refer to bakers of East London. Thus in 1310 we find the following Bow bakeresses accused of selling halfpenny loaves deficient in weight:—Sarra Foting, Christina Terrice, Godiyeva Foting, Matilda de Bolingtone, Christina Prichet, Isabella Sperling, Alice Pegges, Johanna de Cauntebrigge, and Isabella Pouveste.¹ One wonders why the husbands were not summoned. In a similar case, in 1316, when Agnes Foting's bread was seized it was "adjudged that her bread should be forfeited and given to the prisoners in Neugate, because her husband did not come to avow [own] the bread." Are

¹ Riley's "Memorials,"

we to assume that in the absence of the husbands the bread was merely forfeited without the infliction of a fine?

An indication of the importance of the bread-making business is also found in an enactment of the reign of Henry III. to the effect that "every cart of Bremble [Bromley-by-Bow] or Stevenhethe [Stepney] that comes into the City with bread shall pay each day one halfpenny."

Mention is frequently made in old records of the mills on the Lea near Bow Bridge, and from the following petition mentioned by Riley it is evident that in the fourteenth century fulling was carried on at some of these mills. In the year 1376 a petition concerning the fullers of Old Ford and Stratford is presented praying "that it may please your very benign Lordships that the said hurers [makers of shaggy fur caps] shall not be allowed from henceforth to full in the said mills."

Of life in East London during the seventeenth century John Evelyn, Samuel Pepys, and Daniel Defoe each give us glimpses. In 1662, John Evelyn with the Duke of York visits an East India vessel lying at Blackwall where "they gave us Canarie that had been carried to and brought from the Indies, and which was indeede incomparably good." In 1664, Pepys records that he went with his wife "to take the ayre, it being very warm and pleasant, to Bowe and Old Ford," while a writer in the year 1600 affirms that "many holde that Mile-End is no walke without a recreation at Stratford Bow with creame and cakes."

Although history does not record many martial scenes in East London, many imposing pageants have undoubtedly passed along the great road leading from Essex to London, and the record in the Acts of the Privy Council of the mobilisation of over five thousand footmen from the various shires at Bow on July 29, 1588, is not without interest.

A few of the more striking incidents of the earlier history of East London, such as the burning of fifteen so-called heretics at Bow in 1556, are familiar to every one, but scattered among various State papers, parish registers, and private collections there are a host of references to East London districts, incidents, and inhabitants, which if carefully gathered together would form a most valuable aid to the compilation of a complete history of the manners and customs of the people of London in bygone days. No description of the life of the people within the city can be complete which neglects the influence exerted by the people and country lying upon the eastern outskirts of the town.

HAROLD F. HILLS.

LOVE'S COUNTER-SPELL.

"THERE is no outline too odd, no form too *bizarre*, for Nature. She has no orthodox and arbitrary angles. How fantastic is her pencilling the shapes wrought on frosty window-panes bear out, where ferns and palms and spear-like grasses grow in silvery profusion. For the license of her colouring behold the clouds banked in the pathway of the sunken sun, or floating where the afterglow lends a transitory splendour. Could one but interpret her fantasies worthily, originality must follow, and with originality—success." So spoke, or rather ruminated, Raymond Vandelt, the young painter, as he stood before his last work lying fresh from his brush upon the easel, giving it those finishing touches so dear to the artistic soul. It was a forest glade; the time, evening. All around it, rooted in fern and bracken and brake, stood great trees, the patches of sunset light on their trunks glowing like flame in contrast with the surrounding shadows; while in the foreground, instinct with life and animation and movement, was seen the flying form of the "Spectre Huntsman," as booted and spurred, with horn in hand, he urged on his yelling pack. A glance round the studio would have sufficed to indicate to a connoisseur the original genius of its occupant, who might have been animated by turns with the fancy of a Fuseli, a Blake, or a Martin. Here Manfred pondered among the ruins of Imperial Rome; there Vathek and his paramour were descending by the light of torches the subterranean staircase that led to the radiant Hall of Eblis; while an entire side of the studio was taken up by a series of sketches from Hoffman's tales—Hoffman the writer, whose weird genius was dominated by a love of the musical art. But, as may readily be perceived, Vandelt's talent was not one which would appeal to the ordinary workaday world. The fantastic side of Nature may be appreciated by a select few; to the majority it must ever remain an enigma and a puzzle, as well as those who seek to expound it. So whether our artist, giving free rein to his fancy, realised his own dreams on canvas, or whether he sought inspiration from some neglected masterpiece, such as

"Rasselas," or "The Castle of Otranto," the result was still the same—he grew poorer and poorer. For while the neighbouring farmers and landowners of the town in which he dwelt would have readily purchased stereotyped portraits of their wives and children, of their homesteads, horses, and dogs, the strange weird beauty inseparable from his Gothic castles and demon-haunted glens not merely failed to excite their admiration, but even called up in its place a feeling of discomfort and aversion. But no amount of failure appeared able to daunt Vandelt, or wean him from the artistic theories to which he steadily adhered; and it was not till the actual necessities of life began to fail, and his stock of canvases and colours was becoming exhausted without hope of replenishment, that he awoke to the fact that poverty was upon him, and all the troubles that come in its train. Things were thus going from bad to worse, and on this particular evening on which our tale opens, having put the finishing touches to his picture, it was with a heavy heart that he locked up his studio and set off to talk matters over with one Lucius Salvini, an acquaintance who lived in a street close at hand. Now this Lucius, although styling himself "Dealer in China and Curios," might, had he been so minded, have termed himself retailer in many things besides. For not merely did old helmets gleam from the summits of the huge oak chests stacked along the floor of his abode, and rapiers and two-edged swords cross as if in mortal combat on its walls; but dried alligators and queer reptiles with long tails and longer names dangled from its roof; while occasionally, where one least expected it, in some dusky corner there grinned, as if in mockery of its strange surroundings—the *human skull*. And if the contents of the dwelling were heterogeneous, not less so, according to popular belief, were the capabilities of its possessor. He was credited, among other things, with cabalistic propensities, and with dabbling in astronomy and arts little known to man. His specifics of all kinds were said to be infallible, and it would have been difficult to find an ailment for which he would not have brewed a decoction.

Yet preposterous as were many of the tales circulated on his behalf they rested, as rumours so often do, upon a solid substratum of fact. Not that the love-philtres, medicines, and cordials he dispensed so liberally to the surrounding peasants were of greater efficacy than the usual run of such restoratives; but the man himself had a gift, than which no more subtle or mysterious can be said to exist. As a mesmerist he was of unequalled power. Several times, indeed, when he had turned his black and sparkling eyes upon the

artist, the latter had been conscious that he was in contact with an indomitable and inflexible will, dormant only because the necessity for its exertion had never arisen. This knowledge, however, had so far troubled him but little, finding as he did a counter-fascination in the Italian's racy and brilliant conversation, and especially in his vivid descriptions of his native land, of its pines, and ruins, and cascades, and the strange sad beauty of the Roman Campagna seen under the sloping rays of the sun. It was, therefore, with but slight—if any—misgivings, that he stopped before the door of the Italian's abode, knocked, and was admitted. As soon as his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness that prevailed within, which the smoky light of an oil lamp did little to dispel, he perceived his friend sitting in a high-backed chair. He was a man of some thirty-five years, tall and well formed, to whom an aquiline nose, aided by the swarthy complexion of his race, gave a distinctly Jewish cast. Seen thus in this semi-obscurity, surrounded by his grim paraphernalia, an ignorant or superstitious person would have had little difficulty in believing himself in the presence of an intriguer with the powers of darkness. As a matter of fact, however, he was engaged neither on horoscope, nor crystal, nor incantation; the only cabalistic signs engrossing his attention being those afforded by the debit and credit of an enormous ledger. And in the earnest perusal of this last is given the clue to the leading phase of his character. Money to hold, store, and accumulate, was the mainspring of his existence; and he followed the yellow god with an unswerving and unprincipled tenacity.

Woe be to the luckless wight who stood between him and the object of his affections, or who appeared in any other capacity, where this was concerned, than that of a docile tool ready to his hand! There was no deed he would not have perpetrated however dark, no action he would not have committed however atrocious, if foiled on this point. When, therefore, he heard of our friend's difficulties, of his unsold pictures and threatening debts, we fear the idea of befriending him assumed a very subordinate place in his reflections. Was not the artist's dilemma capable of being turned to his own advantage? That morning only he had chanced to overhear the rich goldsmith Orpont, who lived at the great house in the market-place, inquiring for a drawing-master for his daughter *Arachnée*. He had long wished for an excuse to introduce himself to this worthy, reputed to be the *Midas* of the district, and the present occasion seemed extremely suitable.

So he told his visitor he would use his influence to obtain him

a post, but that whatever remuneration he was paid for it (here he gave a grin to which one of his own skulls would have offered but a feeble counterpart), he, Salvini, should expect a third at least to be handed to him as negotiator in the artist's interests.

To this the latter, only too pleased to hear of any opening, readily assented, and they took leave of one another with mutual satisfaction. The very next morning found Salvini ushered into the sanctum of Monsieur Orpont, and he was soon busily engaged in explaining to that potentate—for no other word can surely convey an idea of his august presence—his reasons for thus intruding upon his home and privacy.

There was, indeed, something too awe-inspiring and portentous about the goldsmith to allow any one to lightly accost him on an every-day topic. Whether his dignity was abstractly derived from the fact that he filled the offices of alderman and town councillor, or whether it was merely personal, and due to the mighty bundle of seals and charms that flashed and sparkled at his portly waistcoat, we will not pretend to decide, but that *it* was there, few who luxuriated in his acquaintance would dare to deny. He listened, however, graciously enough while Salvini expatiated upon the artist's qualifications, punctuating them here and there with an approving grunt, and in the end testified his willingness to give him a trial. Thus ended, or rather was ending, their interview, when the door opening gave the Italian a momentary glimpse of the prospective pupil, who, seeing her father engaged with a stranger, blushed and withdrew.

But this transitory glance, swift as it was, showed him that the fair intruder had been long known to him by sight though not by name. He had known her as one of the prettiest girls of the neighbourhood whom he had often secretly admired as she rode past his door on her favourite Andalusian pony; and his hot Italian blood coursed like fire through his veins when he thought of the drawing-master as a rival—above all to her dowry. But gnash his teeth as he might, the mischief, if such it was, was a *fait accompli*. He had himself installed his *protégé* just where he should have least wished to see him, and he found himself dismissed from the "audience chamber" with a dignified wave of the hand.

* * * * *

There stood within a few miles of the Norman city in which our artist resided, a ruined abbey. In summer the wild rose and honeysuckle conspired to cover the traces of decay on its old grey walls, and the tall trees that overshadowed it filled its aisles with the pleasant murmur of their leaves. Moss and lichen muffled the

pavement worn by monkish feet, and ate into the inscriptions of the altar-tombs left mouldering in its transept ; while the fluttering visit of some passing bird, or shadow cast by drifting cloud or moving branch, was the sole invasion on its solitude. Yet beautiful as the spot was in its retirement and repose it enjoyed an evil reputation. For the last abbot that throve within its walls indulged in orgies of so outrageous a character that the locality fairly rang with his fame. After a career of joviality that would have been a credit to a bushranger or freebooter, his culminating point was the abduction of a young woman from a neighbouring farm, which, coupled with the fact that his predecessors in office had been themselves playfully disposed, finally "brought down the house."

The neighbouring peasants rose *en masse*, and without waiting for papal edict or legal decree they unfrocked "his holiness" and unroofed his domain. Since then, whether owing to the sacrilege of the peasants or the relaxations of their pastors, a blight and a curse hung upon it. Strange sounds, they affirmed, were often borne across its meadows on the evening breeze. The wayfarer at that hour would tell of jovial refrains, of fragments of drinking songs interspersed with shouts of unhallowed laughter ; and there was not a cottager in the district who would have lingered in it after night-fall, for then the abbot appeared, and the spell of his curse was on whoever saw him. Yet here it was, laughing at all such rumours, Arachnée and Vandelt often repaired to sketch ; and here it was, undeterred by prognostications and omens, they plighted their troth ; for the Italian's forebodings had come to pass. By easy stages the intimacy of pupil and teacher had ripened into friendship ; from friendship it had mellowed into affection ; and then, the germ dreaded by Salvini having fairly taken root, it blossomed into the goodly all-sheltering tree of love. Henceforth all seemed to smile. Monsieur Orpont's wrath at his daughter's marrying a mere artist was soon appeased.

She was of age ; and the undulations of his mighty waistcoat, that heaved like a troubled sea on first hearing the news, slowly subsided as she coaxingly drew from him his consent, and a blessing like a funeral oration. The day for the wedding was fixed ; the guests even were bidden to attend, when chance appeared to favour the Italian in a certain diabolical plan. It was then the depth of winter, and a winter stiff with frost and snow. It might have been a spirit of girlish wilfulness, it might have been a mere freak of fancy, that prompted Arachnée to ask her lover to paint her a little picture of the moonlit abbey with the snow upon the ground.

Moonlight upon snow ! Of all the effects difficult to transfer to canvas that was the most difficult. Generations of painters had tried it but never yet succeeded. Facile as Vandelt's brush was in depicting the weird and grotesque, he would have recoiled before such an experiment. But Salvini, the spurned, the rejected, was standing by; and the laugh with which he greeted the unfortunate artist's reluctance to accept the commission was an incentive too powerful to be overcome. That very night, in spite of drifting clouds and an icy wind, Vandelt might have been seen crossing the bridge that led from the city to the abbey fields.

A mere moving black spot upon the sheeted waste he disappeared within the yawning portals of the ruin. Arrived there, he waited, hoping that the clouds which were then crowding in ragged and uneven masses across the sky would finally disperse. Little else was to be seen save the outlines of rounded pillar and sweeping arch stretching away in long perspective, with intervals, here and there, of cavernous darkness. As he stood thus in the gloom and obscurity, debating as to the propriety of retracing his steps, he thought he distinguished a rustling sound that resolved itself into a muffled and catlike footstep, which appeared to cross the building diagonally at the further end. This fancy did not appear altogether groundless when he recollected that a doorway at that extremity was on the opposite side to a window whose lower part, or brickwork, had crumbled sufficiently to admit a person stepping over. But all such fancies and ideas were dissipated by the full moon suddenly bursting from the clouds that had so long enshrouded her, and filling every corner of the vast edifice with her mysterious light. Sheathed in purest drapery, the effigies of abbots, priests, and mailed knight, that slept so peacefully upon their altar-tombs, lay sparkling in its rays. The ivy, that crept and wound over wall and pillar, glistened ice-incrusted, or, where the snow had driven broadcast, stirred shivering in the night air as if coated with brilliants. As one who had cast off the cerements of the grave and put on bridal attire, the abbey stood transfigured, while Vandelt, seating himself upon a fallen pillar, and seizing his brush, was soon intent upon his task. Not so engrossed, however, was he as to fail to notice a certain shadow thrown across the floor of the nave some distance below a neighbouring column. This shadow had the outline of the human form, and, like that cast upon the dial of Time, was slowly moving in his direction. For a moment, as he watched it, he called to mind in all their dread significance the tales and legends told of the building in which he was—tales which had grown

about it like the ivy that grappled its old walls. Could it be that that abbot of evil fame intended to give him a "sitting," having heard of his penchant for the ghostly in art? Just then a light veil of clouds came scudding across the sky, and with their advent the figure vanished. Smiling at his own credulity, he was turning his attention to the drawing upon his knee, when the walls again whitened in the moonlight, the shadow had become substance, and Salvini was bending over him. As he *felt*, rather than saw, the glare of those black eyeballs, he strove to rise, but, numbed with cold, his limbs refused their office. He would have spoken, but the words died upon his tongue. Instinctively, he felt he was passing under the dominion of a power against which his physical strength and vigour wrestled in vain—a power, too, that was binding him down as with clamps of steel and iron. Then it was he noted that the other's countenance was no longer the same as in the days of their friendship and intimacy. Hatred and ferocity were writ deep in its every line, and kindled the dark eyes till they burnt as with living fire. Suddenly raising himself to his full height without turning his eyes from the fixing orbs of his victim, the Italian "passed" his arms above him; then, slowly lowering them, pronounced, in a tone that thrilled in every fibre of the listener, the words: "Sleep! and wake no more." Once again Vandelt struggled with flagging energies against that sinister command; then, yielding, sank obedient. He was fast subsiding into a deathlike lethargy, and the Italian, having nearly accomplished his purpose, was about to leave the frost and cold to finish the remainder, when a voice was heard, low, sweet, and silvery, but that found its way to the sleeper's ears, where the blast of a trumpet would have failed. He stirred, at first dazed and stupefied; then, as memory awoke, half raised himself, and turned in the direction whence it came. Another influence was at hand; a counter-charm, more subtle than any at Salvini's disposal, had been uttered, and, was dispersing his machinations like chaff before the wind. The accents heard were those of Arachnée, who, curious to see if her wish was capable of fulfilment, had stolen down to the abbey, and, a terrified witness of the fascination exercised by Salvini, now called upon her lover to rise and come away; and, weak woman though she was, she broke the spell. For when the Italian, with a snarl like a baffled wolf, retreated, Vandelt rose, and, staggering towards her, told of his release from the thralldom of Mesmer by the all-conquering power of Love.

GRAF EBERHARD DER GREINER.

“Wenn Gott nicht wäre, so müsste Eberhard Gott seyn.”

Old Württemberg Saying.

IN the happy holiday time very many English travellers visit that pleasant land which stretches between the Neckar and the Rhine ; and no visit to South Germany is complete without some stay in cheerful, friendly, picturesque, and stately Stuttgart, one of the most charming capital cities in dear old Germany. The place is full of memories of Schiller, and of greater Goethe, of Uhland, and of Jean Paul. The Schlossplatz is delightful with its statues and its well-kept gardens. Opposite to the modern palace is the well-proportioned and graceful Königsbau, stately with its row of columns and its white façade. To the left is the Königin Olgaubau, and the Court Theatre ; while the place contains the old picturesque Schloss of Stuttgart, and the much more modern palace now inhabited by the royal family of Württemberg. The visitor is reminded of the sad youth of Schiller, and in the Stifts Strasse he will find the ideally suitable old quaint house in which both Schiller and Goethe resided. There is much to see and to enjoy in Stuttgart. Certain quarters of it are rich in old German houses.

Nearly every old city has, however, its own special hero, and the hero of Stuttgart, and of all Württemberg, is Count Eberhard der Greiner, otherwise termed Eberhard im Bart, or the old Rauschebart. In the first “Rondel” we are struck by a colossal monument of Eberhard im Bart ; and in the courtyard of the fine old Schloss, distinctive with its grand round corner towers and its stately galleries, we find an idealised equestrian statue, by Hofer, of the glorious old warrior Rauschebart, who still rides his battle-horse and waves his mighty sword. In the long suite of rooms in the new palace you find a grandiose series of frescoes, by Gegenbauer, which represent such memorable events and actions in the life of the Greiner as lend themselves to wall decorations. Stuttgart is full of monumental memorials of the great Swabian Count and Duke, who was both warrior and ruler. His face, his figure, and his fame are impressed upon the loving memory of all the region round, and

Eberhard is worthily sung by Schiller and by Uhland. It therefore seems well worth while to attempt to give to English visitors to Swabia some picture of the hero Duke, and some sketch of the body, form, and pressure of the times and scenes in which the renowned Rauschebart lived and moved and had his being. Hence this essay.

As we contemplate the great plain of Swabia and South Germany in the fifteenth century, we see countless little figures, consisting of Kaiser, kings, dukes, counts, bishops, knights, and pawns, moving restlessly about, engaged in ceaseless intrigues and in constant warfare. Sometimes the objects and meaning of these struggles and warrings are obscure to us, but, mainly, each duke, count, knight, strove for the extension of his territory and for the increase of his power and possessions. Hence so many of these struggles are mere battles of kites and of crows; but Kaiser, and nobles, and imperial cities, and sword brotherhoods of confederated nobles push and strive for advantage and for gain, and fight without a national aim or an unselfish ideal. Eberhard the Greiner—that is, “the quarrelsome”—stands nobly above the mass of his contemporary competitors, and was actuated by the genius of a born ruler, by love for his land and people, and by loyal respect for the true interests of the Empire. He was a patriot, and served his country and his time by growing always in power, used for right purposes, and by acting with an honesty and sagacity which equalled his policy and his prowess. Thackeray sings in fine lines of Canute :

King Canute was weary-hearted ; he had reigned for years a score,
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more.

But this description, fully applicable to the majority of the fierce, intriguing, restless nobles of South Germany in the fifteenth century, does not fairly apply to our Eberhard im Bart, who was actuated by motives above the mere desire for personal aggrandisement. He makes no friend who never made a foe, and Eberhard had, naturally, many enemies, who regarded him with envy and with hatred; but he fully enjoyed the love of his people and the confidence of Kaisers, while he commanded the respect of all good men in Germany. He stood rather above the mean tangles and sordid ambitions of his land and time. The reader who should care to search out the authorities for the life and deeds of the Rauschebart can get sufficient information from and may be referred to—

1. Christian Friedrich Sattler's (“Herzogl. Württemberg. Geheimden Archivarii”) “Geschichte des Herzogthums Württemberg unter

der Regierung der Graven. Tübingen : drukts und verleges Georg Heinrich Reiss, 1767." This is a lengthy dryasdust work, pitiless in detail, deficient in index, wanting in proportion, tough and confused, interminable in length, but is important in respect that it is laboriously based upon the oldest chroniclers. It consists of four thick quarto volumes, and is voluminous rather than luminous. It is, as Carlyle would say of it, not cosmic but chaotic. "You dwell in endless regions of the superficial, of the nugatory." "Truth is, this (Prussian) Dryasdust, otherwise an honest fellow and not afraid of labour, excels all other Dryasdusts yet known. . . . He writes big books, wanting in almost every quality, and does not even give an index to them." Those who care to verify Carlyle's criticisms may make a trial of honest, but insight-wanting, Sattler.

2. "Geschichte Württembergs," von Paul Friedrich Stälin. Gotha: Andreas Perthes. Two moderate-sized volumes.

3. "Württembergische Neujahresblätter. Eberhard im Bart," von Gustav Bossert. Stuttgart, 1884. Verlag von D. Gundert.

4. "Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie." Band V. Leipzig: Verlag von Duncker und Humblot, 1877.

I hope that the reader (if any) who may follow me through these works will find due enjoyment in the laborious, painful task. It is noticeable how great a stress is always laid upon the beard of our Count Eberhard. Large and long that beard was, but yet it hardly rivals the beard of Barbarossa, the Rothbart, or of the Emperor Friedrich der Erste (1152-1190), the mystic monarch who "still sleeps the sleep that waits for waking 'neath Salzburg's sacred hill." Karl der Grosse (768-814) was also distinguished, as indeed were some of the other Kaisers, for dignity and amplitude of beard. This virile ornament is characteristic of the German race.

The term Rauschebart is said in the Württemberg Chronik of 1480 to be derived from *rüssen*, *rügen*, *rauschen*, and means probably a yellowish-red or rush-coloured beard..

Georg von Chingen (1508) says of our Eberhard "den man hiess den Gryner, oder den Russenbart"—he who was called the "quarrelsome," or "rush beard." When the countship or earldom of Württemberg passed to the Swabian line, the first representative of the new dynasty was, in 1265, Ulrich I., *mit dem Daumen*, a ruler distinguished, if for nothing else, for a monstrous thumb on one hand. His descendants in the fifteenth century were Ludwig the Elder (1412-1450) and Ulrich V., called the "Well-beloved" (1413-1480). Ludwig the Elder married, in 1434, Mechthilde, daughter of Ludwig, Pfalzgrafen b. Rhein, a learned, good, benevolent lady, who in 1445

became the mother of Eberhard im Bart. Ulrich V. was three times married: (1) to Margarete, daughter of Adolf, Duke of Cleve; (2) to Elizabeth, daughter of Heinrich, Herzog von Bayern Landshut; and (3) to Margarete, daughter of Amadeus VIII., Herzog von Savoyen. Ulrich V. became the father of Eberhard the Younger, born 1447, and therefore two years younger than his great cousin, Eberhard im Bart, who was called the Elder. Ulrich V. was amiable, but a painful, ineffectual Count. Ludwig the Elder died 1450, when his son Eberhard der Greiner was five years old, and his uncle Ulrich became guardian of his great nephew. Eberhard the Younger married in 1524 Elizabeth, daughter of Markgraf Albrecht von Brandenburg; and Heinrich, second son of Ulrich V., married (1) another Elizabeth, daughter of the Grafen von Zweibrücken; and (2) Eva, daughter of Johannis, Grafen von Salm. These two sons of Ulrich were badly brought up, and gave great trouble to their father and to their renowned cousin.

Eberhard im Bart had, however, an elder brother, named Ludwig, who died 1457, and left his brother heir to the countship. It is characteristic that uncle Ulrich, who was not a warrior, was fond of war; while nephew Eberhard, who was a *Haudegen*, a man of the sword, and a *berühmter Kriegerheld*, a renowned war-hero, always avoided war so far as he could, but entered upon it courageously and successfully when war seemed to him necessary. The great Count was said to have *nie rein Wasser weggeschütt*, that is, never to have neglected a fair advantage. He was, in the earlier years of his reign, in a sense self-interested, but it turned out in the long run that his interests were the interests of many. Eberhard was badly educated. His mother, who was a granddaughter of Pope Felix, after the death of her first husband married—probably needing a powerful protector—Herzog Albrecht von Oesterreich, and she seems not to have cared for the boyhood or youth of her great son. She knew Latin, but Eberhard never learned it. Uncle Ulrich was the boy's guardian, but he was so occupied with futile reigning that he neglected his noble ward. Eberhard was placed under tutors, but he soon mastered his masters, and his uncle had no influence over the wild and wilful youth. He learned eagerly all knightly exercises—could back a fiery steed, could wield the lance, and sway the sword, and wind the horn—but gave no time to learning or scholarship. He became impatient of his uncle's rule, and claimed to govern at fourteen. When he attained to power, the "Well-beloved," whom Eberhard little loved, became gradually almost a sleeping partner in the cares of government and in the dignity of

rule. Eberhard's brother Ludwig had died in 1457, and for a time Ulrich and Eberhard reigned in dual power. His youth, though wild and lawless, was full of fiery promise ; but, like our Henry V., he turned from follies and wild days to more earnest studies and to purposeful life. He got a sort of training which was not altogether a bad preparation for his future life of fighting, feuds, and struggles. He had, in his lawless dissolute days, two bastard sons, Ludwig and Hans, who were legitimatised by Kaiser Friedrich in 1484, and for whom their father provided suitably and generously. The elder received the lordship of Sulz, with the title of Herrn von Greiffenstein, while the other son was endowed with the Herrschaft Karpfen. Neither of them made any mark in life.

But the time came when Eberhard, anxious for the succession, determined to marry, and his choice fell upon Barbara of Mantua. Her dowry consisted of the city of Königshoven, of the castles of Irmalshausen, Sternberg, Rotenstein, Steinach, and the half of cities and castles Schweinfurt, Munrichstatt, and Wildberg. On account of chronic quarrels with the bishops of Würzburg, Eberhard sold all his wife's dowry, for 50,000 gulden, to Bishop Albrecht. The nuptials of Eberhard and of Barbara were celebrated with great pomp, and between husband and wife there always existed a healthy human relation and affection. The days of the wild Prince were over. The Countess, afterwards Duchess, became in her later years so grossly stout as to be unwieldy ; but for this Eberhard cannot be blamed. The pair had two children, one a boy, named Ulrich, and the other a girl, called Sophia. Ulrich, the younger, married Elizabeth, daughter of King Ludwig IV., and widow of Can Martino della Scala, Lord of Verona. The bride was fair and rich. Sophia married Herzog Johann von Lothringen. At these weddings there were splendid festivities and joustings, and Eberhard might well be satisfied with the matches made by his children. The succession seemed to be assured, and happiness appeared to be secured. Eberhard was born in the castle of Urach, but he now transferred his residence and the seat of his government to Stuttgart. Eberhard, as Graf, first won a reputation for valour ; the recognition of his wisdom came more slowly and later. Twins are often nearly of an age, but in that century and country prowess attracted notice before policy won regard. "Eberhard war ohnehin muthig, und hatte sich den Ruhm der Tapferkeit beyzeiten erworben." He early gained the glory and fame won by distinguished courage and military capacity.

Eberhard was a man of iron, as it was necessary to be in his

day if a man wanted to come to anything or to get any good thing done. He was held to be ambitious, and probably was so in the sense of an able man conscious of his fitness for rule and governance. His Bavarian enemies accused him of conspiring to become Kaiser, yet I find no evidence of any effort on Eberhard's part to attain to the imperial dignity ; but he would have made a good Kaiser, full of rectitude, patriotism, force, and would have been a strong opponent of the policy—mainly baleful, and often sordid—of the Papacy.

In Graf Eberhard's stormy life of prowess and of policy occurred many of those adventures which distinguish him as a hero of romance : knightly adventures which have attracted so strongly the fresco painter and the poet, and delighted so greatly that exquisite master of ballad song, Uhland. Impelled by the same motive which actuates so many men of our own day, Eberhard went to Wildbad to get health by means of taking its waters. He must have gone to Wildbad in some temporary lull in his perpetual warrings, and he went accompanied by his son Ulrich, but without any armed force. He little thought that on such a visit he should risk liberty and even life.

Graf Eberhard had had serious quarrels with the Graven Wilhelm and Wolf von Eberstein, and also with that most turbulent noble, Wolf von Wunnenstein, who was a robber knight, a notorious disturber of the public peace, and had made himself, by his violence and rapacity, the terror of all the surrounding country. He had instituted a sword confederacy of lawless nobles which was known as the *Schlegel-Gesellschaft*, and the members of this fierce faction were known as *die Schlegeler*, or *Martin's Vögel*. When these lawless marauders found that their dreaded enemy, Graf Eberhard, was quietly residing in Wildbad without any force to back him, they conceived the idea of seizing his person and holding the Count to heavy ransom ; nor would they have hesitated to take his life. They surrounded Wildbad, which was a very small city, and would no doubt have succeeded in carrying out their plan or plans but for an honest cowherd, who warned Eberhard of his danger, and offered to conduct the Count by a secret way, through forest and over hill, to a place of safety. All this the cowherd succeeded in effecting prosperously ; but when the confederacy found that the stately bird had flown, they gave way to such furious rage that they were led to grievously maltreat the inhabitants of Wildbad, and even to lay waste the unfortunate little city. Eberhard was solemnly and justly enraged ; nor was he a man who could be wronged with impunity.

He declared war against the Graf von Eberstein and his accomplices, and obtained leave to march against his foes with the imperial banner displayed.

Graf Ludwig von Oetingen placed von Eberstein under the ban of the Empire, and confiscated all the property of the gang of unknighly robbers to the Kaiser's use. Eberhard proceeded with his usual warlike energy, and seized all the castles, fortresses, and cities of his dastardly enemies; and he succeeded in obtaining ample satisfaction for the attempt upon his liberty and life. The Kaiser supported Eberhard, but the Pfalzgraf Ruprecht sided with von Eberstein and his robber friends, who lived by plunder, extortion, cruelty. The war gradually subsided into a sort of peace, embittered by a long-smouldering, rankling feud. It was not safe to injure or insult the terrible Greiner. Some years later Eberhard and von Wunnenstein met again, and the meeting was characteristic.

Eberhard, by order of the Emperor, was reducing to obedience a recalcitrant Free city, and found to his astonishment his old foe, Wolf v. Wunnenstein, the "creeping wolf," fighting actively with the Rauschebart, and helped by a good plump of spears. After the fight, which Eberhard had won, he, full of that courtesy which is the beautiful side of benevolence, addressed his thanks to that "good sword," his own former enemy, and generously begged von Wunnenstein to ride home with him, in the hope of founding peace between them. The mocking Wolf replied: "I did not fight with you out of love for you, but out of hatred to the imperial cities. Between us, all remains as of old;" and with a malicious grin the discourteous Wolf refused the invitation of the noble Count, turned his horse, and rode away.

As Eberhard neared Stuttgart, a peasant brought him the news that, during the night, Wolf and his riders had harried a part of Eberhard's territory, and had driven off many flocks and herds.

Eberhard laughed in his beard. Said he: "*Das Wölfein holt sich Kochfleisch; das ist des Wölfeins Art*—The little wolf, acting after his kind, has carried home meat to cook."

The first impression made by the news was to stir Eberhard's sense of humour; but his energetic, resourceful mind would soon devise some practical plan for a suitable recompense for the treachery of the ignoble *Wölfein*. The good fortune of the Rauschebart sometimes deserted him. We see in one of the palace frescoes the two dark figures of Eberhard and Ulrich standing out against the burning, leaping background of the ferocious flames which lit up the reddened sky, and were fed by a castle of theirs which was being

ragingly consumed by ruthless fire. Of the personality of Eberhard's son Ulrich it is difficult to find any satisfactory picture. No chronicler has even attempted to define his physical or mental presence.

But upon this unhappy Ulrich fell a great misfortune and a sore disgrace. There was war between the Kaiser and some of the imperial cities ; and the loyal Eberhard strongly supported the cause of the Kaiser. Eberhard was selected to besiege Ulm and Reutlingen. He elected to attack Ulm, and left it to Ulrich to subdue Reutlingen ; but the son was guilty of a great and fatal error in tactics. He was opposed to a powerful army in the field, and neglected to cover the rear of his force. While Ulrich was fighting the army in his front, all the armed men and burghers of Reutlingen sallied out of the city and attacked Ulrich in the rear. He was thus hemmed in by two separate forces, and the result was an overwhelming defeat. Many of Ulrich's knights and nobles were killed, and Ulrich himself was badly wounded. He fled from the field, and took refuge in Schloss Achalm. There is, by the way, a very singular piece of etymology in connection with the name of this castle. A noble knight was attacked by an assassin. As the victim felt the murderous steel, he began to cry out : "*Ach, Allmächtiger !—O Almighty God !*" but he never got beyond "*Ach, Alm—* ;" and this intercepted cry was condensed into the name of Achalm.

Cured of his wound, and able to return home, Ulrich had to face his stern and indignant father, who had been wholly successful with Ulm, and was angry, with a soldier's anger, at the loss of Reutlingen, and the death of so many knights and nobles of his following.

Eberhard the victorious and Ulrich the defeated met at dinner, but the father held that his son was unworthy to sit at table with him, and, taking out his dagger, he cut in two the tablecloth between his son and himself ; and this disgrace was the punishment awarded by the Rauschebart to his defeated son. But the distress and shame of the old warrior were, perhaps, even greater than those of the humiliated only son.

Ulrich, eager to redeem the honour which he had lost at Reutlingen, fought desperately and was killed at the battle of Weyl or Töffingen. When the news was brought to Eberhard, then in the full fury of fight, he said : " He is only one man. Fight on !"—and the warrior father avenged his only son, and gained a glorious victory ; but the bereaved parent spent the whole night alone with the body of the dear dead son, who had died with all his wounds in front, and who was heir to the titles and possessions of the greatest

of the South German counts. "Did the Rauschebart weep that night?" asks Uhland; but to that question no man can give an answer. Eberhard was thus left without a son as heir to his glories and his fame.

Of course, in the annals of the reign of Eberhard we frequently find mention made of Mömpelgard, which was one of his chief possessions, and gave him a second title; and we remember that the "three cozen-germans" who robbed the "Merry Wives" host of the "Garter" of his horses, effected the theft by representing that they were retainers of the Count of Mömpelgard, who was erroneously supposed to be then, in Elizabeth's time, on a visit to our Court. The motto of the Greiner was "Attempto," and this moral pretence became him well. It is impossible, within the limits of such an essay, to give any full account of all the frays and feuds and forays, of all the battles, sieges, fortunes which make up a career so full, so active, so distinguished, and we can only touch upon leading events and characteristic adventures; but these alone will present some not wholly inadequate portraiture of the life and times of the great unresting Greiner. In certain qualities Eberhard bore some resemblance to Götz von Berlichingen, and to our kingmaker, Warwick. This "restless, much-managing, wide-warring" Count had of course sometimes reverses of fortune. For instance, he was defeated by Pfalzgraf Ruprecht at Stadt Schorndorf. Civil war was then carried on barbarously in South Germany, and many villages were utterly destroyed by Ruprecht, who exterminated them so thoroughly that the very names of the places were lost to human memory.¹ Partly out of policy, but also partly out of respect for his character and abilities, Eberhard im Bart was liked and favoured by Kaisers, and even by some Popes; yet Eberhard never feared either Kaiser or Pope, and we find in the frescoes on the palace of Stuttgart records of the great and puissant Count defying an Emperor and denouncing a Pope. During the "Interregnum," which began in 1254 and lasted for nineteen years, Germany had three rival Kaisers at one and the same time, and Europe saw three Popes who were simultaneous infallibilities. The Kaiser ordered Eberhard to punish rebellious Esslingen, and the dutiful Count exacted from that city a fine of 60,000 gulden for the Kaiser and 40,000 gulden for himself. The Kaiser was so well pleased with his great vassal that he made Eberhard Landvogt (warden or governor) of twenty-four imperial cities.

¹ The Bishop of Würzburg, in a vindictive foray, wasted and burnt a whole territory, and entirely destroyed all crops, mills, vines, and corn, leaving ruin and misery as the piteous results of his destructive track.

Eberhard probably ruled them more stringently than a remote Kaiser would or could have done ; and then came complaints to the Kaiser, and slight abrasions between Count and Kaiser, differences which were soon overcome and the Count restored to full favour. Meanwhile the Rauschebart was always increasing and growing, and waxed with every year richer and more powerful. He towered above all the rivals who pursued similar objects under the same conditions of sword and brain. One of Eberhard's objects was the commonweal and national prosperity—of course as he understood prosperity. He was a strong man who could rule, and who dared not lie.

He was never accused of falsehood, of cruelty, or of treachery. He seems to have been very fond of tournaments, and was a brilliant champion in the tilt-yard. At a joyous passage of arms in Ansbach Eberhard found himself opposed, with sharp lances, to his dire foe, Graf Hans von Waldburg-Sonnenberg. They ran their course, and Eberhard unhorsed his antagonist. He then leapt from his horse, drew his sword, and would have killed his foeman had he not been interrupted. He felt the fight to be a duel. Graf Hans must, we may well believe, have acted very badly so to incense the chivalrous Greiner.

He had great trouble with the nuns of a convent of which he was patron. The ladies led an openly scandalous life, and Eberhard tried to reform them by importing good women. The good were, however, grievously maltreated by the evil, and it cost Eberhard years of effort to reduce the convent to order and to decency. With his strong sense of right, he was "*den Guten ein Hort, den Bösen ein Tort*"—a shelter for the good, a scourge for the evil." He had an ancestor in 1392 who also bore the epithet of Greiner. This ancestor might be quarrelsome, but never succeeded in subliming his quarrels to the height attained by our Graf. Eberhard was an ardent advocate of reform in the Church. He lived in the time when, in Germany, all honest and able men were touched by the ideas which later found their exponent in Martin Luther. The Church of Rome had only one really dangerous enemy, and that dangerous enemy was the Church of Rome itself. As Lea says: "Had not the Reformation come, the culture of Europe would inevitably have been atheistic, or devoted to sublimated deism scarce distinguishable from atheism."¹ Eberhard was a diligent student of the New Testament. He loved the society of learned men, and got them to make translations for him. He was greatly attached to his secretary,

¹ The Reformation was, in fact, a return from the Church of Rome to Christianity.

the celebrated Johann Reuchlin. Eberhard im Bart was a great traveller, if we make due allowance for his country and his time.

In 1468 Eberhard, accompanied by a splendid following of forty knights and nobles, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He reached Venice, and saw the Doge wed the Adriatic. On June 28 he was in Jaffa, and on July 8 made his entry into Jerusalem. He returned by way of Naples and of Rome, in which latter city he visited Pope Paul II. After six months of travel Eberhard, on November 24, re-entered Würtemberg, and resumed the government.

When in Palestine, Eberhard der Rauschebart plucked a sprig of white-thorn, which he attached to his helmet. He wore this sprig in battle and in storm, brought it safely home, and planted it in his own garden in the Schloss. It grew to be a tree, and, in his latter days, the much-travelled warrior sat under the shade of his white-thorn and dreamed of the olden time and of the far land to which his adventurous voyaging had led him. He also brought home the seeds of cedar trees.

One of the Count's great services to his Würtemberg was the foundation of the University of Tübingen, and he thought it necessary again to visit Rome, this time in order to obtain the Papal approval of his scheme. The infamous Sixtus gave Eberhard the Golden Rose, and, at length, permission to found his University, though it is probable the Count had to pay for such a concession. Eberhard visited Lorenzo de' Medici, and saw the future Leo X., then a boy of seven. Rome had been in the habit of sending favourite priests to Germany, who were put into lucrative places in disregard of the rights of others or of the feelings of the people. These nominees had been treated rather roughly by the indignant people, and had been exposed for long hours on the roofs of the churches. Sixtus complained, and blamed Eberhard, who replied roughly that if he could not rule matters in his own land "his people would hold him to be a bastard." There was another old sore between Swabia and the Papacy. When Boniface IX., of the impoverished house of Tomacelli, was elected Pope, he was naturally very desirous of serving his family, which was poor, and he hit upon the idea of imposing a tax upon all German monasteries and some cities. This new aspect of infallibility did not please the monks, and they excused themselves, and evaded a tax designed only to support nepotism. They were supported by their then Count, and the Pope was justly angry. He even threatened, if the monasteries would not contribute, to reform their scandalous lives. This painful dispute had left bad blood between Rome and Swabia.

On September 1, 1480, Ulrich, the uncle of Eberhard, who had long retired from the cares of government, died, and on August 22, 1482, his good mother, the kind and learned Mechtilde, died at Heidelberg. The Emperor Maximilian was a great ally, and an even greater admirer, of the noble and loyal Eberhard. The Kaiser conferred upon the Greiner the much-coveted order of the Golden Flece, and, in recognition of the Count's worth, wisdom, valour, and patriotism, Maximilian, in 1495, made him a Duke—the first Duke of Württemberg.

The scene was Worms. On the open space between the St. Martin's and Carmelite churches, on a kind of scaffold, the imperial throne was erected, and on that throne sat Maximilian, the overlord of Germany. Three counts rode up to the throne to present Eberhard to the Emperor, and then, amid the blare of trumpets and attended by a thousand horsemen, the great Graf rode up, dismounted, and knelt before his august sovereign. Eberhard took the oaths, and arose a duke, and he well deserved his imperial reward. He was termed the "glory of German rulers."

Eberhard was greatly loved by his own people. It was a popular saying in Württemberg: "If God did not exist, then Eberhard would be God." When certain of the nobles at the Emperor's Court were boasting of their splendours and great possessions, the Greiner simply said that "everywhere in his own land he could sleep safely in a field or in the lap of any one of his people." That was *his* boast. Made a duke, he revised all laws, police, taxes, in his own domains; judging his people according unto right; keeping the simple folk by their right, and punishing the wrongdoer. He was not to enjoy his dukedom very long. In the winter of 1495-6 he became seriously ill. He showed himself brave, patient, and pious; willing to live, but not afraid to die. There was so much for such a man to do, and his work was never finished. He made his will; called together his councillors, and impressed upon them their duty towards his people. He comforted his sorrowing wife, and then, sitting upright in his bed, prayed in a firm voice: "Creator of heaven and of earth, my God, give me to know if there be any man that has been unjustly dealt with by my government, in order that I may recompense that man; and if this proposal should not satisfy Thee, here hast Thou, merciful Creator, my body which shall be the sacrifice if Thou shalt chose to punish it for ever." He then took the sacrament, and died, February 24, 1496, at Tübingen.

He was buried first at Einsiedeln, but in 1537 the remains were removed to the Stiftskirche in Tübingen. He was only about fifty

years of age, and had ruled for twenty-three years. He was not old, but had fought and worked so much that he was older than the mere number of his years.

In 1498, Kaiser Maximilian, standing by the tomb of his great vassal, said: "Here lies a prince who had not his peer for capacity and virtue in the whole Roman Empire."

Eberhard was not a demigod. He was conditioned by his land and time, and he strove to serve and to make the best of them; but he stood above the contemporaries who strove with or against him for more or less similar objects. He may at first have struggled ambitiously for his own worldly success; but he needed that success in order that he might show in riper years how to help Germany and to save Swabia. Position and power afforded him the means of acting rightly. He that rules well must serve men.

Stälin expresses some doubt as to whether any portrait of the Greiner were painted by a contemporary; but Sattler, who expresses no such doubt, gives a portrait which would seem, from internal evidence, to be genuine. The old *Haudegen* is fitly depicted sheathed in his iron panoply, with helmet on head, with the gauntleted right hand supporting the hilt of the heavy sword worn and used in the days of plate armour. The great greying beard throws a hirsute shadow on the mirror of the steel breastplate and chain neck-piece. The face is not lovely—is not even handsome. It is a rugged face, strongly lined, deeply furrowed with many cares, with many labours, with many thoughts. You recognise in it valour, sagacity, honesty; and, if you look long enough, you will detect even tenderness beneath all those sterner qualities which you would naturally look for in the lineaments of the Greiner. His eyes could rest with infinite affection upon wife or child, though they would gleam fiercely enough when he glared upon his foe.

In the Napoleonic wars Würtemberg sided with France, and in consequence, in 1805, Napoleon raised the duchy to the dignity of a kingdom, Bavaria being similarly honoured. From decaying Rome, Germany borrowed the idea of the Cæsar and of the Holy Roman Empire. When the Frankish kings died out, the imperial dignity fell upon the German kings, and there was great rivalry between the candidates for the *Kaiser Krone*; but the Overlord had not an easy task in ruling so large a land, or in exacting obedience from the multitude of often selfish German potentates. The Kaiser had to rely mainly upon the support of the good and loyal nobles who, like Eberhard, were patriotic and public-spirited.

Eberhard was no tyrant. He loved his country and his people;

and his public actions generally are worthy of all remembrance. Perhaps this little sketch—brief and imperfect as it may be—will explain why the true and trusted Count, brave without boasting, wise without guile, is still loved and honoured by people and by poet, who regard with love and with respect the career and the credit of the great and still memorable old Rauschebart.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

WHARFEDALE REVISITED.

WE are so anxious to see and hear new things that we seldom go back to a place, however beautiful, unless called thither by voices other than merely holiday ones. Wharfedale is replaced by Wensleydale, Wensleydale by the Wye or by the Lakes ; so that, by the time Scotland, Ireland, and Switzerland have been enjoyed, many years perhaps have elapsed before our early haunts are seen again.

During the last thirty years, history, which stamped such deep prints of its steps in Wharfedale in the undying names of Fairfax, Lambert, and others in the past, has not been left without its solemn touches of record. We look in vain for the name among living statesmen of William Edward Forster dwelling in Burley by the river's side. At Bolton we see the ever sad memorial to Lord Frederick Cavendish, sad, but growing daily more sacred through the softening influence of his and his leader's spirit on the sister isle.

Among lesser names we miss the Baineses, of Leeds—Edward and Frederick—so many of whose family have also passed away. Dr. Macleod, of Ben Rhydding, too, has gone, with his cheery laugh ; but the establishment still flourishes, and the district is becoming sprinkled with pleasant homesteads along the valley side. In this district a movement distinctly socialistic has taken place in the purchase by the District Council of the Lord of the Manor's rights. So that when we see the warning flag, and are stopped by a friendly keeper on the heights because the guns are out, the feeling of irritation is distinctly less acute than it used to be in the earlier days.

The glorious heather flushes still the same ; the bogs, through the dryness of the present season, can be generally crossed. Golf is a recent visitor, but very active, though, as one of the golfers put it, business interferes with it somewhat. The competition in districts claiming to contain the best course will soon become very acute.

There are sheep on the moors, but the profession of shepherd seems to be merged in that of farmer more than it used to be. Meeting one of the farmers who, before his jet-black hair had become grey, used to be something of a celebrity if not a terror among his "curs" on the moor, we asked him how things were faring. He told us, "Nicely, weem got awmost maister o' the land naow."

The most important change in the valley is the line which has been carried by the Midland Company from Ilkley to Skipton. The anxious question arises, Has it spoiled the valley? The joint line (Midland and North Eastern) from Otley to Ilkley has been so well placed along the side of the valley, and among the trees, that it is scarcely in evidence at all except at the stations. The extension to Skipton had a more difficult task to get through the town without ruining one part of it or another. On the whole, this task has been got through creditably, and Addingham has no doubt found the new visitor a very great convenience. But the critical point, of course, was Bolton, and here we have nothing but praise for the arrangements. Keeping well along the hill above Robscar the line runs at some distance from Bolton Bridge, and the station is situated on the Skipton Road a quarter of an hour's walk from "The Devonshire Arms." From the Priory the line is invisible, and the wonderful hollow in the hills is as sacredly secluded as formerly, and looks, if possible, more beautiful than it ever did before. It does sound rather trying to hear the names of Bolton Bridge and the ancient Embsay called out as stations on the line which has a Kentish Town upon its system; but the Midland Railway has respected a hallowed landscape, and has done nothing worse than take more lovers of it thither. The Duke of Devonshire—the late Duke, alas! has gone—is in sympathy with his father's policy, and with the railway too, for we noted a new footbridge placed just below the stepping-stones, which will enable thousands to make the circuit of the Valley of Desolation from the left bank of the stream at the Priory.

We were sad to see so many stalwart men of the old days walking with one stick or two; we saw our own increasing age in the grey hairs of many who were young with us; but the glorious landscape of Turner, Girtin, and Cox seemed to have grown younger than ever, more beautiful, more sweet. Can we wonder that the people build their houses on its slopes? can we expect railway companies to make a compact with the recluse to keep the people out? It is this contact with the beautiful they need. It is this love of nature which will help them to do right.

A PLEA FOR A VICTORIAN CODE.

THE legal history of almost every nation records the existence of periods when the improvement of its laws receives an unusual share of attention. Nor is it difficult to account for this. Imperfection being written on everything human, the best system of law has its original faults and defects ; and as the customs and habits of society are continually changing under the hands of the great innovator, Time, corresponding changes in law are demanded to meet them. But it very often happens that the needful alterations in the laws of a country are long postponed in consequence of wars or internal commotions, or are impeded by prejudices, interests, or other political or social causes ; until, when at length the accumulated evils from delay have grown beyond endurance, so that reform can be deferred no longer, it is found that the legislative work of several generations must be crowded into one. Through such a period it may be said that England has been passing for more than half a century, during which many and great improvements have been effected in her legal system, though the work of reformation is still far from complete. Englishmen, as a rule, are not very ready to admit that any of their institutions are otherwise than they should be, and have particularly resented any abuse of their law, which they have been brought up to regard as a model of enlightened wisdom. It has now, however, come to be generally admitted that, whatever its inward worth, English Law is, at any rate, wanting in the graces of outward order, and that simplicity and method cannot fairly be counted among its many merits. An Englishman cannot read a book on English Law without being forced to admit that the utter want of system which he finds there adds considerably to the labour of mastering its contents. For many years now there has been growing in the nation at large the desire for something more than piecemeal amendment. People look with dismay on the vast accumulation of Statutes, Reports, and Treatises. They tremble when they calculate at what rate these are increasing every year. They cry out for something to be done to stay the evil, and the cry generally is for a code.

The most celebrated system of jurisprudence known to the world—the Roman Law—begins, as it ends, with a code. From the commencement to the close of its history the expositors of Roman Law consistently employed language which implied that the body of their system rested on the Twelve Decemviral Tables, and therefore on a basis of written law. “The lavish praises bestowed,” says Sanders, in his ‘Introduction to the Institutes of Justinian,’ “on the laws of the Twelve Tables by the later writers of Rome, and the story of the deputation sent to learn the laws of Greece, would give us an idea of a very different body of laws from that which these Tables actually presented. We should expect to find a systematic exposition of Roman public and private law as it existed in the times previous to the Gallic invasion. We should naturally think that there was something new and original in a legislation which Cicero considers as almost the perfection of human wisdom. The fragments of the Twelve Tables which remain to us show how erroneous are these conceptions of their contents. These Tables contained, for the most part, short enunciations of those points of law which the conduct of the affairs of daily life required to be settled and publicly announced. The law had existed before, but in a floating, vague, traditionary shape, only some very few laws having been engraved on tablets and publicly displayed. The Twelve Tables left to the decision of the magistrate, and the interpretation of those skilled in law, the application and exposition of these principles; they also left many parts of the customary law wholly untouched on. But what the exigencies of the time required deciding, they decided, and they laid a firm foundation on which the structure of private law would rest for the future.” The principal agencies, by means of which the law, as propounded by the Twelve Tables, was developed and expanded, were (1) Interpretation by the *Juris Consulti*, (2) Equity by the Prætor, and (3) Legislation. It is to the Roman Emperor Justinian that we are indebted for having handed down to us in the form of a code the greatest system of jurisprudence known to the world. The Twelve Tables had by means of the above-named agencies grown to such an enormous bulk during the space of a thousand years that Justinian determined to codify and digest the whole of the Roman Law. Justinian would never have been distinguished from among the long list of Eastern Emperors had it not been for the victories of his generals and the legislation to which he gave his name. But his principal claim to be remembered by posterity is his having directed the execution of an undertaking which gave to Roman Law a form that fitted it to

descend to the modern world. Justinian, in the year A.D. 528, issued instructions for the compilation of a code. The task was entrusted to ten commissioners, who completed their labours in the following year, and, in the month of April, A.D. 529, the Emperor gave it his sanction. In the December of the following year seventeen commissioners were instructed to make a selection from the writings of the elder jurists, which should comprehend all that was most valuable in them, and should form a compendious exposition of the law. The commissioners performed their task in the short space of three years, and on December 30, A.D. 533, the Emperor gave to the result of their labours the force of law. This compilation, termed *Digesta* or *Pandectæ* from its comprehensive character, was divided into fifty books. Justinian also ordered that an elementary law-book should be compiled for the use of students. This, like the Digest, became law on December 30, A.D. 533, and is called the *Institutes*. There were still some points which had been debated by the old jurists, and to which the legislation of Justinian as yet furnished no answer. To decide these points Justinian published the *Quinquaginta Decisiones*; and, as the code of A.D. 529 was a very imperfect work, he determined to revise that code and to incorporate therein the *Quinquaginta Decisiones*. This new code, called the *Codex repetita prælectionis*, received the force of law in December A.D. 534. This is the code we now have; the former one having been carefully suppressed, and no trace of it remaining. Justinian announced in the code that any legislative reforms he might at any future time see fit to make should be published in the form of *Novellæ Constitutiones*. Many such *Novellæ* were afterwards published; the first in January A.D. 535, and the last in November A.D. 564.

The Civil Law of Rome is superior to all other existing laws in wisdom, justice, candour, and equity, in the decision of disputes between man and man. This law has reached countries which were never subdued by the Roman eagles; and it now exists among those nations which have long since thrown off the power that first imposed it. And it is to this fountain of knowledge that the greatest statesmen in all ages have not thought it beneath their dignity and honour to acknowledge themselves indebted for the great assistance it has given them in all the affairs of their administration. On the Civil Law of Rome was founded, during the Middle Ages, the Canon Law of the Church of Rome. From a humble beginning the Canon Law grew into a mighty system. In course of time it asserted its right to stand beside the Civil Law as a second great body of jurisprudence. Near the end of the fifth

century a great collection of conciliar resolutions and papal letters was made by Dionysius Exiguus, a monk of Rome. It circulated widely, and was from time to time enlarged and revised. Then out of the darkness of the ninth century there looms a book which was to control the history of mankind for many years to come—a new edition of this ecclesiastical literature, into which had been secretly inserted sixty decretals ascribed to the popes of the first four centuries. The forger called himself “Isidorus Mercator.” Isidore’s forgeries were received as genuine, and ampler collections were made from time to time. But the fame of earlier labourers was eclipsed by that of Gratian, a monk of Bologna, that city which was the centre of the new Roman jurisprudence. His work was published between the years 1139 and 1142, and was called “Concordantia Discordantium Canonum,” but soon became known as the “Decretum Gratiani,” or more simply the “Decretum.” It is a great law-book, and the spirit which animated its author was not that of a theologian, nor that of an ecclesiastical ruler, but that of a lawyer. The “Decretum” soon became an authoritative text-book, and the Canonists seldom went behind it. It never became enacted law; but the Canonists had for it rather that reverence which English lawyers have paid to Coke upon Littleton than that utter submission which is due to every clause of a statute. From time to time compilations of the subsequent decretals were made; but they were all set aside by a grand collection published by Gregory IX. about A.D. 1234. It was an authoritative statute-book; all the decretals of a general import that had not been received into it were thereby repealed, and every sentence and every rubric that it contained was law. In 1298 Boniface VIII. added to these the “Liber Sextus,” a collection of those decretals issued since the Gregorian codification, which were to be in force for the future. Another collection of decretals, known as “The Clementines” (having been collected by Clement V.), was added in A.D. 1317. To these ought to be added “The Extravagants” of John XXII. in A.D. 1500, and of some of the bishops of Rome, whose authors or collectors are unknown. We thus see that the Popes of Rome did the same in the Church as Justinian did in the Empire.

The Roman Law and the Canon Law form the basis of nearly all the systems of law of the countries of Europe. The Common Law of England, however, has borrowed less than any other state in Christendom from the jurisprudence of ancient and modern Rome, and yet for more than three centuries England was governed by the Roman Law, from the time of Claudius to that of Honorius.

during which time some of the most eminent Roman lawyers, as Papinian, Paul, and Ulpian, whose opinions and decisions are collected in the body of the Roman Law, sat in the seat of judgment in this nation. England assimilated less of the Canon Law than other countries of Europe, or than she might have adopted with advantage. It was not that the English people considered the Canon Law inferior to their own, but their struggles against appeals to Rome and other claims of ecclesiastical jurisdiction roused the spirit of the nation, and they stoutly stood up for their Common Law, cumbrous and even barbarous in some respects as it was, not because they thought their own perfect, but because they were resolved to manage their own affairs after their own fashion.

These two great systems of law—the Civil Law of Rome and the Canon Law of the Church of Rome—have been dealt with at some length because they are the greatest systems of law ever published, and have been the means of influencing to a very great extent the whole civilised world. The Common Law of the United States of America is founded on the English Common Law, and therefore, like England, is not indebted to such a large extent to the jurisprudence of ancient or modern Rome. And it is a remarkable fact that most of the nations of Europe have reduced their law to a code, while England and America, which have not acknowledged the Roman Law, have not reduced their law to a code. A few States of America, it must be acknowledged, have codified their law, but not the greater number of them.

From the earliest times it has been the desire of every people, as it advanced in civilisation, to have one simple rule of right, that the virtuous citizen might clearly know his rights, and be able to vindicate them; and that the vicious might have a plain and ever-present warning, and prompt retribution if he neglected it. And it has been the peculiar glory of great monarchs to leave their subjects in possession of laws better, and better known, than they enjoyed before. The Code of Justinian is to this day a text-book in every law school of Europe, and has exercised a more powerful influence on modern civilisation than almost any other human work. And the blessings conferred on their subjects by Napoleon the Great, Catherine of Russia, Frederick of Prussia, and other kings and princes of Europe through the introduction of new codes, or liberal plans of law reform, will be remembered with gratitude when all their conquests and material grandeur are forgotten.

The need of a compact system of Statute Law was early felt in England. We find the following words in the remains of King

Edward VI.: "I would wish, when time shall serve, that the superfluous and tedious statutes were brought into one sum together, and made more plain and short, to the intent that men might better understand them, which thing shall much help to advance the profit of the commonwealth." Lord Coke represents many statutes in his time as antiquated, and as snares to entangle the subject withal. He proposed their revision, and that "one plain and perspicuous law should be made, that every subject might know what Acts were in force, and what repealed, in part or in whole, and clearly see how to obey them." Lord Bacon, too, treats of the subject with great skill in his proposal for amending the laws of England, and his offer to the King of a Digest. Before this Sir Nicholas Bacon, the Lord Keeper, had drawn up a plan for "reducing, ordering, and printing the Statutes of the Realm;" and during the reign of Elizabeth the subject had often been under consideration. King James I. recommended the matter to Parliament, and spoke very wisely about it. During the Protectorate three successive committees, in which are found the names of Cromwell and Hale, were appointed for the arrangement and consolidation of the Statute Law. But the undertaking was probably frustrated by the opposition of the lawyers, at that time averse to such a project, because, most of them being secret partisans of the Stuarts, they thought, as Napoleon very shrewdly thought, that nothing would be more likely to reconcile the nation to a new régime, and make a restoration impossible, than a complete revision of the old laws. After the Restoration a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed on the subject, including Finch, afterwards Lord Keeper, Mr. Serjeant Maynard, and Mr. Prynne. But they, too, left the work unbegun. No further notice is found of the subject, except reports to the House of Lords in 1796 and 1803, till in 1816 that House came to two resolutions, declaring the expediency of arranging the Statute-Book under distinct heads, and that a person learned in the law, with clerks, &c., should be appointed for the purpose, and the Commons concurred. Even Lord Eldon approved of the proposed measure. The evil was universally admitted, but still no remedy was applied. The writings of various liberal philosophers of our own and of foreign countries, and, among others those of Jeremy Bentham, had already exercised a large influence on a small band of powerful minds, some of which were to lead the battle of law reform. Unpractical and unwieldy as Bentham's writings are, Romilly and Brougham were the first to acknowledge their importance. The achievements of Lord Brougham and other law reformers have changed the face of English Law since Bentham

drew up his plans and his codes and Romilly wrote his article in the *Edinburgh Review*. A number of obsolete statutes have been repealed, and considerable progress has been made in the work of consolidation.

The chief reason why England never until quite recently made any serious attempt at codification is suggested by her early history. The Normans brought over with them the feudal system already matured, and bearing the ripe fruits of law and order. Norman precedents were applicable to new English cases, while the Civil Law of the Romans supplied any additional rules that might be required. The policy of Anglo-Norman jurists consequently was not to codify or contract, but to expand, develop, and add to existing customs. The Napoleonic codes were a necessity to a people who had abrogated almost all preceding laws and usages. A regard for precedent indicates a spirit the reverse of that of the codifier. In England, therefore, where precedent was always more or less observed in fact, there were no codifying tendencies, at least so far as wholesale legislation *de novo* was concerned. Abridgments or treatises were in vogue, but these were of a juridical rather than of a legislative character. They were compiled by persons who enjoyed authority by reason either of office or of their general juristical status. Their function was to draw from the inexhaustible stores of feudal and civil law just so much as would serve for immediate use, and thus to cite precedents rather than to adopt the rôle of the reforming legislator. Their province was thus the very reverse of what would be the duty of a codifier at the present day. His great aim should be to diminish the bulk of the whole body of the law. But in a State where the jural frame is not yet weighed down by bulk and age the chief object of a jurist ought to be to expand and develop the nascent ramifications of doctrine, and so to provide as many new precedents as possible. He would thus act the part of a decemvir or a Solon, and would strive to promote the repletion of the jural system instead of reducing it.

No one will deny that the law under which we live to-day is imperfect and obscure. The question whether we can make it less imperfect and less obscure is perhaps the most vital which a community can be called upon to discuss. The laity have an idea that something is wanting to the proper administration of justice, but they do not clearly see where the defect lies. The knowledge of the law is confined to a particular class; it is the interest of that class that it should be so confined; they keep the law scattered through thousands of books, where nobody can find it but themselves, they

tell the laity that from its very nature it must be so scattered, and the laity believe them. This condition of things will last for ever, unless the people take the matter in their own hands. The lawyers as a body have never begun a reform of the law, and they never will. How then is the defective state of the law to be remedied? Codification is the suggested remedy. What then is meant by codification? Surely not that which many lawyers imagine it to be, a body of enactments intended to govern every transaction in human affairs, present and future, seen and unforeseen, universal, unchangeable, and exclusive. That could never be. By codification is meant the reduction to a positive code of those general principles of the Common Law, and of the expansions, exceptions, qualifications, and minor deductions, which have already, by judicial decisions or otherwise, been engrafted on them and are now capable of distinct enumeration. There is no controversy as to the fact that the Common Law is difficult to determine; it involves research; it involves expense; and, after time and money have been spent, it is often necessary to admit that no rule exactly covers the case in hand. The lovers of unwritten law contend that codification will only increase the difficulty by adding to existing uncertainties uncertainty as to the meaning of the code. Experience teaches that this is a mistake. If the code is a bad one, then the difficulties will be increased. But if it is a good code, reference to preceding legislation can be practically eliminated altogether. As a matter of fact, reference to the law as it existed before the French Code is practically unknown in French practice. It may occasionally arise, but that so seldom as not to be worth noticing when considering this subject. During the first half-century that the Civil Code was in operation in France, members of the bar were in the habit of referring constantly to the *Travaux Préparatoires*—that is to say, the discussions of the Conseil d'Etat upon the code when it was in process of compilation. But to-day the thirty-seven volumes that were indispensable to the lawyer sixty years ago remain unused. Most of the ambiguities of the code have now been settled by the courts, and there is seldom occasion for going behind their decisions. From an immemorial period in the English Law the doctrine of the authoritative force of Judicial Precedent has been part of it, a feature which is peculiar to the English and American systems of law. The doctrine as established is shortly this, that a decision by a court of competent jurisdiction of a point of law, lying so squarely in the pathway of judicial judgment that the case could not have been adjudged without deciding it, is not only binding upon the parties to

the cause in judgment, but the point so decided becomes, reversed or overruled, not merely *evidence* of what the law cases, but *the very law itself*, which the courts are bound and apply, not only to cases precisely like the one which determined, but also to those which, however different in their or special circumstances, stand upon the same principle. In continental Europe a judicial decision has no such authoritative force in any other case, whether in the same or any other court. The decided cases embody the learning, wisdom, and experience of the judges, often men of great intellectual powers, who during a long period have made the law the subject of lifelong and profound study. The value of the reports to the lawyer and the judge is incalculable. It is a mine of wealth possessed by none but the English-speaking race. They are capable of being made valuable to the legislator as to the lawyer, since the unimpaired light of the experience of many generations of men shines forth from them to make out and illumine the legislator's pathway.

The lovers of the Common Law claim that uncertainty is a vice but a virtue, because it enables a good judge to stand by previous decisions which constitute the law so as to fit the present or equitable case. This merit (if it can be called such) of uncertainty seems more than compensated by the fact that if a good judge can use it to work equity, a bad judge can use it to work wrong. A judge of ordinary ability, having no certain rule to direct him, is likely to decide wrongly as rightly. The balance is in favour of the bad working of this elastic principle. But even if there is a balance in favour of its good working in special cases, it is a doubtful whether it would compensate for the incalculable results from the fact that this uncertainty makes it impossible for individuals so to conduct their life or their business as to guard against unconscious violation of the law on the one hand, and incurring of unknown liabilities and responsibilities on the other. It is said it is dangerous, and therefore unadvisable, to attempt to digest the Common Law, because its provisions are indefinitely and nowhere distinctly laid down. "Were it true," said Lord Brougham, "that such is the condition of the Common Law, it would be to imagine a more powerful reason for defining and deciding principles by positive enactment." To the expert the discovery of the rule of law which governs any given human relation is a matter of difficulty, involving much labour and research, and in most cases it would be worse than useless for a layman to attempt the task. After reading a hundred pages on the subject

probably told that if one set of decisions be reconcilable with another, and if Lord Westbury in one case can be held as concurring with Lord Brougham in another, and if a certain statute be susceptible of such and such an interpretation (though some authorities hold that it is repealed by implication, by a subsequent statute), then the rule would rather seem to be as follows, and may perhaps be stated thus: wearied and disgusted and bewildered he is obliged after all to go to his solicitor, who recommends him to consult counsel; and the end of it all very likely is that he is either badly advised or involved in litigation, and, in any case, the result is almost certain to be disastrous. The uncertainty of our Common Law has been multiplied by that arising from yearly enacted and yearly amended statutes. Its elasticity has disappeared to a great extent in the mass of iron rivets that have been driven through it, and through one another, and the only gifts brought of late years to our once precious Common Law consist in a few more mazes added to the labyrinth in which it is concealed, and a few more riddles added to its already Delphic utterances. Our present system is worse than either entirely unwritten law or entirely written law. It is only by legislative enactment that whatever evils exist in our present system can be eliminated. Common Law has no preponderating advantages over written law. Uncertainty is the only merit as yet discovered in it, and that turns out to be not a merit but a serious fault. Written law has great advantages over unwritten law—viz. certainty and facility of determination.

It is often urged that the English judiciary law is incapable of codification. But is this true? All case-made law, to be justly entitled to the name Law, must contain rules or principles which can be applied to the solution of future cases. If it does not contain such rules or principles, then it is no law at all, but only a chaotic mass of arbitrary opinions. As such their sole value stops with the cases decided, and they are unworthy of preservation for further use. If, however, the decisions of the courts contain rules or principles capable of serving as guides in the determination of future cases, can such rules or principles, along with all settled *exception* qualifications, be expressed in no other form for future than in judicial opinions? The confusion is made *no* usual mode of legislation, which is generally irregular and *fit* The legislation generally does not attempt a *systematic* or complete revision of the law on a given subject. It *pre* that the Common Law is certain and known. Some *ch* deemed necessary. That is made by a statute often *crude*

imperfectly worded. The statute is then expounded by the courts as the occasion arises. If the statute as interpreted (as is often the case) falls short of, or goes beyond, or fails to meet the desired end, another and often several additional enactments are passed. And so the work of amendment and re-amendment and of judicial interpretation "goes on till we have a series of statutes, which, to an uninitiated observer, might seem to deal with their whole subject, but are really mere islands scattered in an ocean of case law." And thus of necessity the law on any given point has to be deduced as the result of a laborious inquiry into the Common Law, and a study of the legislation and of decisions under different statutes. "An ideal code," said Sir James Stephen ("Hist. Cr. Law," iii. 300), "ought to be drawn by a Bacon and settled by a Coke." But we may wait for ever if we wait for an ideal code, or wait to combine such qualifications in any given commission to execute the work.

No process of codification, however completely it may gather up the existing law, can prevent the growth of Common Law in the future. The spontaneous growth of that portion of law which we call the "Common Law" is perhaps slightly affected by a code, although it is one of the most frequent objections brought against codification that it will not provide for new wants and new contingencies. Experience, however, shows that these gaps will continue to be filled by the Common Law according to the process which has been so admirably described by Sir William Erle ("The Law relating to Trade Unions," p. 48): "Life multiplies, proximity increases, and each man would become a nuisance to his neighbour in respect (among manifold other matters) of air and water, labour and capital, production and distribution, if a perpetual process of adjustment was not in constant action. This adjustment is effected by the principles of the common law. . . . These principles are applied first in the concrete ; gradually they grow into rules of wider application, and words grow appropriate for their expression, and the judiciary men and legislative men adopt them." This spontaneous growth of law did not cease in Rome because of the Twelve Tables. It was not stopped in Europe by the universal acceptance of the Code of Justinian and those of the Roman Pontiffs. It has not been stopped in France by the stringent provisions of the Code Napoléon. It has not died out in India because of the codes of the Indian Council. Nor will it die out in England if the English people codify their laws.

A code can never be a reading-made-easy for the crowd. As every section in the code would be of equal authority, no layman by

reading one part only could be sure that his induction was sufficiently copious. A code would not do away with the necessity of lawyers ; it has not done away with them in those countries where codes have been adopted. But it would certainly explain to the layman the ordinary rules of law relating to business and daily life which are now scattered in a vast number of law books. On all points of law arising in business or daily life, of an unusual character, the layman would still have to consult his lawyer. A code could never be drawn up which would in so many words exactly state the law applicable to every case that might arise. To draw inferences from the rules of law laid down in the code and apply them to the particular case would be the work of one skilled in the law. Professor Thering, in his "*Geist des römischen Rechts*," says, by long training lawyers acquire a special faculty of comprehension, also a special skill in dealing with legal notions, the habit of transferring their conceptions without an effort from the abstract to the concrete, and the capacity to seize at a glance the true bearings of every legal question. These are the qualities which make up a complete lawyer. They are all fostered and developed by legal education, and it is the possession of these qualities which distinguishes the lawyer from the layman. Professor Thering also reminds us that an accomplished lawyer is not a man merely versed in the laws of his own country, he is a master of the principles of his art. The true lawyers of every age and of every country speak a language which they all alike understand. To the layman it is unintelligible even when applied to the laws of his own country. The Professor is of opinion (p. 315) that there is a far wider difference between the most learned layman and an ordinary lawyer than there is between an English lawyer and a lawyer of ancient Rome. There is the same manipulation of forms, the same circuitous and symbolical method of procedure. The lawyer's mode of thought will always remain a puzzle to laymen. Where the lawyer sees distinctions the layman sees none. Transactions which the layman keeps carefully apart the lawyer lumps together under one head. And this is neither caprice nor a slavish adherence to antique notions. The views of the lawyer are the result of a rigorous logic, they are necessary and universal. Professor Thering points out (p. 317) that the reproaches of technicality and over-refinement so frequently brought against them, even by laymen of education and influence, are, if not altogether unfounded, at least misconceived. The heaviest charge is thought to have been brought against law when it is alleged that law is opposed to common sense. The natural

inference, people say, is so and so ; how can any other inference be right? What is this natural inference but a mere first appearance, and, as first appearances generally are, a deceptive one? What is knowledge but a getting rid of primary misconceptions? What do information and inquiry lead to but a modification of preconceived views, sometimes to a complete contradiction of them? If this be so in all other sciences, why not in law? Why not say that the earth stands still and the sun moves round it because our eyes tell us so, or that the air is imponderable because we do not feel its weight? But we are warned against supposing that this means that law is not founded on common sense. Far from it. Law is the accumulated common sense of many generations, and is not to be set aside at the caprice of an individual. Law is the treasury of rules which the human intellect, taught by experience and sharpened by practice, has given us for our use. No pursuit is so simple as not to have its technical rules, which are nothing more than an accumulation of common sense.

Codification, if confided to proper hands, ought to reconcile conflicting decisions and conflicting legal enactments, it ought to eliminate ambiguities. A good code should contain and express, in a plain simple form, the rules and principles of the law which have been sanctioned by jurists and improved in judicial opinions. A code should not deal with the details of administration and practice. All such details should be left free and flexible, and should vary with the circumstances of the particular case. A code should settle thousands of old questions, not create thousands of new ones. It should simplify, not complicate. A great forest of obsolete and technical forms which now operate only to embarrass, delay, or defeat justice, should be cut down with the unsparing axe of reform. A code should enumerate and declare rather than define. For definitions are limitations, and human wisdom is rarely far-seeing enough to make a single definition which shall not exclude some matter of importance. The codifier should ever keep in mind the maxim that the mention of one thing is the exclusion of others not enumerated or saved, and the most perfect code that can be written to-day would require changes or additions to meet the wants of succeeding generations. The codifier should also bear in mind the maxim that "no one ever means just what he says, because such is the imperfection of language that no one can ever say just what he means." He who thinks it easy to codify the law on any subject may reflect on the fact that, though a promissory note or bill of exchange is a very simple thing written on a small slip of paper, the

relations and conflicts of interest growing out of it have given rise to many thousands of adjudications. The Statute of Frauds, again, a short Act, is said to have been drawn by an able hand, yet volumes would be required to contain the adjudged cases that have risen upon it. The labour involved in codification is so vast, and the objections to be overcome are so great, that unless the work is done in divisions or branches of the law it will probably never be undertaken at all. Many modern English statutes are so comprehensive as very nearly to realise the practicable purpose of a code on the subjects that are dealt with.

The work of codifying ought to be entrusted to a board of competent commissioners, not appointed by parliamentary or private interest, devoting their whole time and bestowing their zealous and undivided energies in perfecting so great a work. They have to abrogate the obsolete, to declare the doubtful, to supply omissions, to correct defects, and to furnish a framework suited to the habits of the age in which we live, and the daily growing exigencies of a society rapidly advancing in population and civilisation. They have to execute the great work without haste or negligence, with a due recollection of the past and foresight of the future, with a due respect for the claims of usage on the one side, and improvement and uniformity on the other. The work should be entrusted to specialists in their different subjects, and finally revised by the whole body of commissioners. When submitted to the legislature, the code should be either enacted or returned to the commissioners with objections and suggestions. It should not be tampered with in the legislature. When satisfactory it should be enacted in a complete and harmonious form. The commission should never be allowed to excuse the imperfections of the code by saying that if the legislature had not distorted and confused it, it would have been more satisfactory. But we must not form unreasonable expectations of the benefits to be derived from codification, no matter how well it may be performed. It is not possible, and therefore not desirable, to attempt to make any enactment so comprehensive as to embrace all cases or combinations of fact which will arise, nor is it possible to make statutes so clear and precise as to avoid the necessity of judicial interpretation and construction. That a code can never be complete or perfect, but must be susceptible of improvement and amendment, may be assumed from the purposes of its enactment and the subject-matter to which it relates. The positive laws of a nation must keep step with the progress and development of its people. A change in their condition and wants may call for a change

in their laws. Hence a convenient and simple method of incorporating all needful changes and amendments into the body of the law, without resulting in contradictions and inconsistencies, ought to be provided for in every well-conceived code. Within proper limits the doctrine of Judicial Precedent is reasonable and highly convenient, if not necessary. Its influence has probably pervaded every system of law, even where it has been expressly attempted to exclude it. The French Code prohibits judicial legislation, and under it judicial decisions do not constitute an authoritative rule for other judges in the sense of our doctrine of Judicial Precedent. And the same thing is true, theoretically, of the contemporary continental codes. The Prussian and Austrian Codes went so far at first as to forbid a judge from referring to the opinion of a law writer or to previous judicial judgments, and the Prussian Code expressly directed him to base his decisions upon the statutes and the general principles of the *Landrecht*. But this was afterwards modified in both countries, so that at the present time the decisions of the Supreme Court are regularly published, and there can be no doubt that they exercise a weighty influence upon inferior judges, whether they are absolutely binding on them as precedents or not. The sound conclusion would seem to be that "the law itself should be reduced, so far as possible, to the form of a statute," not with the expectation that the work of judicial interpretation will be no longer necessary, but with a view to reduce the necessity of judicial legislation and of judicial interpretation to the narrowest possible limits, and to remove as far as may be the existing uncertainty of the law.

The leading principles of the Civil Law of Germany are comprised within the so-called "*Corpus Juris Civilis* for Germany and Austria," a compilation consisting of two moderate volumes. The concise and lucid, although in many respects defective, "*Code Napoléon*" can be carried about in the pocket, and hardly less portable are the more carefully drawn codes of Holland, Italy, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. Superior in some respects to all of these are our own Indian codes, of which Macaulay was the illustrious originator, and which, together with various miscellaneous laws, are comprised in two volumes of moderate size. Of these volumes about 120 pages only are occupied with mercantile law, while Sir James F. Stephen's code of the law of evidence occupies no more than 40 pages. None of these codes that have been mentioned are so complete and perfect as to leave no room for dispute or litigation; but their language is generally clear and unambiguous, and the Indian codes afford the great additional

advantage of illustrations, so that any man of ordinary intelligence may apply the rules they lay down to the special circumstances of his own case. In these codes a Frenchman, a German, and even a Hindu will in all ordinary cases find in a few simple words the rule which the Englishman vainly seeks to discover in his law-book, and even from his legal adviser. The fact is that, as a rule, we are utterly and hopelessly ignorant of the law under which we live, and, as Sir Henry Maine tells us, we have only to cross the Channel to be convinced that even the humbler orders on the Continent have a fair practical knowledge of the law which regulates their everyday life.

What a grand thing then it would be, and what a splendid memorial of the longest and most illustrious reign of our noble Sovereign, if the law of England was reduced to a code! As the Roman Emperor Justinian is remembered to this day for his having given to Roman law a form that fitted it to descend to the modern world, as Napoleon and other great monarchs are remembered to this day for having given to their people a better form of law, so, if a codification of the law of England was begun in the reign of Victoria, her name would be handed down to posterity as having conferred on the English people a greater and more lasting blessing than any sovereign that has sat upon the English throne since the English people became a nation.

J. E. R. STEPHENS.

A FIN DE SIÈCLE PILGRIMAGE.

THE once famous "Pattern" or Patron, that occupies so prominent a place in Irish stories and guide books, with its combination of devotion and merriment, its tents and refreshment booths, partly fair, partly frolic, though in profession wholly penance, is now very nearly a thing of the past, or, if it lingers on, it is only in some remote corner of the south or west, and reduced to less than a tithe of its former proportions. The majority of them have, however, died a natural death or been suppressed, within the memory of persons not yet much beyond middle age.

There is one institution, nevertheless, which, although banned by a Pope, crushed, and, as it for a brief space imagined, rooted out by the English Government, has maintained its vitality for at least a thousand years, and it may be, as some suppose, for even longer, and seems to-day to be almost as vigorous as ever. This is the celebrated Purgatory of St. Patrick upon an island in Lough Derg, in the county of Donegal. To it something like three thousand pilgrims resort every summer, to spend three days and nights in a series of very rigid penances and devotions. It is possible that, being on an island of very limited extent, the ecclesiastics have been able to exercise a much stricter control and supervision than would have been possible upon the mainland, and so have been able to preserve an exclusively religious character for the whole of the proceedings.

Although the Great Northern Railway Company of Ireland advertise cheap tickets over their line during the period from the first of June to the fifteenth of August, throughout which the pilgrimages last, we were not able to meet with any one who had been in the island, and indeed until recently shared the impression, held probably by most, that Lough Derg pilgrimages had long ago become a matter of ancient history. It was, therefore, with no little degree of curiosity that on a pleasant morning towards the end of July three pilgrims, who in that line must certainly confess themselves amateurs, started from a northern city to see

with their own eyes that which Mr. Baring-Gould sets down as one of the "curious myths of the middle ages." Further discussion as to the history, real or mythical, of the Purgatory may be reserved for a later page, for when we started on our quest our knowledge was limited to little more than that there was a cave or vault in the island which was said to have been used by some St. Patrick, either the founder of Irish Christianity, or another and later of the same name, as a place of prayer and penance, which in the middle ages was visited by pilgrims, who, after a suitable penitential preparation, remained in the cave for twenty-four hours and sometimes saw visions of the purgatorial fires; also, that the island now visited was said not to be the site of the true and original Purgatory.

The morning was a pleasant one. A strong gale had been succeeded by a cool north breeze, with a grey sky broken into patches of blue, the safest kind of weather for travelling in rainy Ireland, and as we sped on in the train the hay harvest, here always late, was in full swing, the grass either lying in swathes or, where the hay-seed was to be saved, carefully set up in "stooks," like corn. Our fellow travellers were of the usual type—farmers going to a local fair, drovers with sticks, inseparable from most lines of Irish railway, and here and there a fisherman with rod and line. At nearly every town we passed the most conspicuous objects generally were a large Catholic church, with the spire often unfinished, and the "poor man's palace," the workhouse, in monotonous grey stone.

We alighted from the train at the picturesque village of Pettigo, and here we were amused to find that our pilgrimage was taken for granted the moment it was known that we were bound for the lake, about four miles distant. While waiting at the "Red Lion" for the car to be got ready, we found that the lemonade, ordered in all innocence, was regarded with grave suspicion by two young women fellow pilgrims who were "fasting," notwithstanding the assurance of the waiting-maid that we were fasting also, and the beverage was permissible. We were soon packed, three on each side, a rather tight fit for the small country car. As we left Pettigo behind the aspect soon grew wilder, and more adapted for saintly residence, more correctly perhaps saintly security; for the times when Irish sainthood was in the making were troublous days, and the early saints generally selected wild and inaccessible places, and often islands, in which to build their tiny stone-roofed oratories and their beehive-shaped stone cells, where they could in comparative, but only comparative, safety gather around them a group of devotees like-minded with themselves. As the aspect of the country changed,

the meadow-sweet and ox-eyed daisies of the lowlands gave place to purple heather, foxglove, and tormentilla, the hard mountain fern, and wind-pinched thorn bushes, and here and there patches of bog fringed with tufts of white bog cotton. Other indications of the increasing wildness of the district were not wanting. A fellow pilgrim, a stout comfortable middle-aged woman from a more flourishing region, remarked, "There was not a baste to be seen." Upon our observing the stacks of turf by the roadside, and asking, did the scattered inhabitants ever burn coal? she exclaimed, "How could they pay for it? sure there was no crops." We learned afterwards that the landlord had most of the country in his own hands for sheep-raising, the only small farms being several in the valley bottoms. After several miles of gradual ascent the ground began to dip, and we beheld the lake, its ripples reflecting the blue sky overhead, stretched before us in ultramarine, a purple patch against the warm brown of the heather-clad hills. These, almost bare and rocky enough to be called mountains, with one solitary shepherd's house in the distance, encircle the lake. During our railway journey we had passed multitudes of lily- and reed-margined ponds and meres, but this is a true glacier lake, formed just where the huge dome of ice that once covered central Ulster, pressing out westward, met with obstruction between the site of the lake and the sea, and the resistance must have caused enough additional pressure to hollow out what is now Lough Derg, which, as the numerous islands show, is not in many places very deep.

The road, made not long ago almost entirely for the use of pilgrims, terminates upon the margin of the lake, where is a small car shed and ticket office. The car is a modern innovation, for in former days the pilgrim tramped the rough and miry ways fasting and barefoot. At the office we each obtained for the sum of eightpence a return ferry ticket to the Station Island, almost a mile distant. The lake is about six miles long by four broad, and is studded with small islands, some very pretty ones rocky and wooded, others flat and bare, while here and there a naked rock peeps above the surface of the waves. As we neared the Station Island we could see that it was a mere small rocky hummock, with no more space than is sufficient for two little chapels, a hospice, and several lodging-houses, with just enough rocky space between for the pilgrims to perform their stations upon. We were soon landed, but were scarcely prepared for the sight that met our eyes when we looked about us. Persons of every age and either sex, including two or three who might be called children, all barefooted, and the men bareheaded, except a few older ones who were pro-

tected by a handkerchief—for though fine the north wind blew very keen—all of a thoroughly respectable class and well dressed, for there did not appear a beggar or an abjectly poor person among them, were every one engaged in acts of devotion. The set, introspected look upon their faces was perhaps the first thing that struck the bystander ; they seemed like a procession of sleep-walkers in broad daylight, as each, with a rosary in his or her hands, passed by upon their rounds. Some were making the circuit of St. Patrick's Chapel along a stony track which has to be traversed twenty-one times during the day ; others were kneeling at St. Patrick's Cross. Upon the narrow rocky space between the two chapels, the hospice, and the lake are the five penitential cells or "Beds," each a small circle of stones with a little cross planted in the centre. The four smaller ones are dedicated to two male and two female saints, St. Bridgid, St. Brendan, St. Catherine, and St. Columba. The larger "Bed" may almost be described as two, an inner and an outer, dedicated to Saints Dabheoc and Molaise, the former specially connected with Lough Derg, and the latter with Devenish, in Lough Erne. Circuits have to be made round the outside of all these, also round the inside, and prayers made kneeling at each entrance. Then to the water's edge, standing and kneeling upon which more prayers are to be repeated. Another visit to St. Patrick's Cross and Chapel completes the station. Three of these "stations" or circuits have to be performed during the day. The performance of these three stations involves the repetition of two hundred and seventy-six Paters, the same number of Aves, and ninety Creeds, besides a number of repetitions of other portions of the Rosary. In addition to the foregoing exercises, according to the printed instructions issued, "the pilgrim assists each day at Morning Prayer, Mass, Meditation, Visit to the Blessed Sacrament, Evening Prayer, Sermon, and Benediction, with the Blessed Sacrament." The original cell or cave known as the Purgatory was so small and otherwise unsatisfactory that the Prior of the island in 1782 had it closed up, and the chapel known as St. Patrick's built. Into this chapel as the typical Purgatory, or "Prison" as it is now called, the pilgrim enters on the evening of the first day of his visit, and here spends the night without sleep in prayer and fasting. All of the foregoing, except the night vigil in the chapel, is repeated on the second and third days of the pilgrimage.

Upon a stone in the wall of St. Patrick's Chapel is a small incised Maltese cross, called St. Bridgid's, and one of the most impressive acts of the "station" is when the pilgrim, having first kissed the cross, places himself with his back to it, and, extending

his arms in attitude as if crucified, three times renounces "the World, the Flesh, and the Devil." In olden times the pilgrim during his sojourn upon the island was restricted to the penitential fare of one meal each day, of dry bread, with the water of the lake for drink. Now, the diet consists of one daily meal of oaten bread and plain black tea without milk, conducive certainly to a becoming wakefulness of mind and body.

The bulk of the pilgrims are accommodated in the hospice, which has a large dormitory for each sex, in addition to a few small separate rooms. There are also two or three smaller lodging-houses. The chapels are both extremely plain. St. Patrick's is a T-shaped building, and, a very curious arrangement, the entrance door opens beside the altar at the top of the T. At the end of each arm of the T is a small gallery, and the walls and ceiling are covered with plain whitewash. St. Mary's Chapel, which is used for the everyday services of the church, is a plain oblong structure, with but little more show than St. Patrick's.

At the time of our visit there may have been altogether nearly a hundred upon the island, of whom two-thirds were actively making the round of their stations, while the others were either resting upon the narrow strip of grass which forms the only soft or green spot upon the island, or were engaged upon their one frugal meal.

Everything that now goes on here, the demeanour of the pilgrims, the stations, the chapel services, the austere diet, even the few moments of relaxation, all are marked with an air of penitential devotion. It is religion, as true and intense as—indeed, in some aspects even more so than—a Salvation Army demonstration or a "Gospel Mission" of the so-called Evangelical type. Being upon an island ecclesiastical control is strict, and all distractions of a worldly nature can be, and are, rigidly excluded. To this must be in no little measure attributed the continued vitality of the services.

In passing the doors of the hospice we had more than once seen through the open door pilgrims at their refreshment, and by the courtesy of the attendants we were enabled to enter and partake of excellent tea, with the best of butter and oaten bread. While at this we got into conversation with a pilgrim who had just finished her stations for the day and was engaged upon her own more frugal meal. She was the wife of a farmer from the county Londonderry. One of our party had resided long in Italy, and they were soon deep in conversation upon the old Italian saints, and had much to say about that prince of poor good men, St. Francis of

Assisi, and his wandering friars, the mediæval prototypes of the modern Salvation Army.

We learnt here so much of the "Saint's Island" and its attractions, and the interest attaching to it as being generally received as the site of the original Purgatory, that we were glad to find an expedition setting out for a visit to it. The island lies about two miles to the westward, and was formerly connected with the mainland by a causeway and wooden bridge, of which only slight traces now remain. Entering a very capacious ferry-boat, we found ourselves in company with nearly fifty pilgrims, all, except a pleasant-looking priest and ourselves, barefooted and bareheaded. As we rowed over the water the young men of the company, doubtless under a natural feeling of temporary relief from the tension of their penances, beguiled the time by singing the patriotic songs of their native island, and at intervals, by the solicitation of the priest, some of the girls sang Catholic hymns such as "Mary, Queen of Heaven," and others. On landing upon the island we hurried over the long grass, with its roofs in spongy moss, for the grove of ancient thorns whose solemn shade marks the site of the old Augustinian monastery which was established here early in the twelfth century, and under whose auspices the pilgrimages to the Purgatory were so long maintained. Of their buildings nothing now remains but some moss-grown heaps of stone, hardly to be distinguished amid the long grass and tall nettles that cover all.

Upon the northern shore of the island is a rock known as the "Wishing Chair," and here many of the pilgrims, circling round it, with one foot in the water of the lake, pick up a stone and, placing it upon the rock, breathe a pious wish in faith that it may be granted. Judging, however, from the merriment exhibited by some of the wishers, one may be inclined to doubt if this faith on their part was very strong. Nothing can exceed the venerable appearance of the gnarled and twisted thorns upon this site. The long grey beard of moss that depends from every branch is eloquent of a long-forgotten past: we have seen nothing like it except upon one or two old churches of the ninth or tenth century. Although the canons regular of St. Augustine date only from about or soon after 1126, there is every reason to believe that centuries before that the site was occupied by an establishment of ecclesiastics of the early Irish Church. There are still to be seen some remains of a cashel, or circular enclosure, of earthwork and stones, such as many of these establishments, in imitation of the Irish stone or earthen forts, were enclosed with as a protection. This in itself is a strong argument

for its great antiquity, but equally so is the tradition that links the place with the name of St. Patrick. Even if the evidence in favour of the presence here of the founder of Irish Christianity may be somewhat imperfect, there is yet the testimony that an abbot named Patrick presided over an establishment here in the ninth century, and also that another saint, Dabheoc, dwelt in or about the lake very early in the seventh century. His name is still honoured in connection with the religious observances upon the adjacent island, and on that island is still preserved a rude stone cross of the earliest Irish type, which antiquaries suppose to have been the monumental cross over his grave. His stone "chair" is still shown on a hillside upon the mainland overlooking the lake, and nearly opposite to this island.

The commonly received opinion has been that this larger or "Saint's Island" was the site of the original Purgatory, but that, owing to its proximity to the mainland and the consequent difficulty of supervision, it was from motives of convenience transferred, in comparatively recent times, to the smaller Station Island, which, lying much further from the shore, was more easily kept under control. How any doubt could now exist as to the true site may be more easily understood when we have looked a little more into its history. In the middle ages it was clearly a place of much fame and of great resort. The story of the knight Owen, who had served as a crusader under King Stephen, and who had probably plunged deep into the wild life of that wild time, served to spread the repute of this place throughout Europe. He is said to have come hither on pilgrimage in 1153. After fifteen days of fasting and prayer, a great extension upon the three days' penance of the present time, he attended Mass and partook of the Holy Communion. He was then received by a procession of monks robed in white, who accompanied him to the mouth of the cave, in which he was met by fifteen religious men. After these had prepared and warned him of what was to follow, he was left to himself, when he found himself surrounded by demons, for was not this the entrance to the place of darkness itself? By the demons he was conducted to one place of torment after another, and as he was cast into each was bidden to abandon hope, for "All hope abandon ye who enter here." He who forgot the warnings he had received, or whose faith failed him, was for ever lost; the name of Jesus alone (not Patrick or another) could save, and as Owen called upon this blessed name he found himself lifted from each place of misery, only to be thrust into another. Finally, he was conducted to a bridge, high, narrow, and slippery, which overhung a torrent of boiling sulphur, while on each side the demons hovered

round to tempt or drag him down. The sacred name once more saved him, and, the bridge crossed, he came to Paradise. But Paradise is only for those who have put off mortality, and after a brief glimpse he was returned to the cave, where the monks received him and told him many of the coming events of his life. He left, doubtless, if not a sadder, at least a soberer and wiser man for the remainder of his days. Henry of Saltrey, an English monk, gives this narrative, and moreover states that he had conversed with Florentianus, in whose bishopric the Purgatory was, who said, "Truly, brother, that place is within my bishopricke, and many perish in that purgatory, and those who perchance return, do, by reason of the extreme torments they have endured, ever look pale and languid." This narrative was translated into several European languages. There are several other accounts extant which bear so great a similarity to this one that it seems hard to believe they are not versions of the same story. Several other pilgrims of note are recorded as having braved the dangers of the Purgatory. In 1357 a Malatesta of Rimini, and Niccolò de Beccaria of Ferrara, visited the place. In 1396 Ramon Viscount de Perellos also came to Ireland with intent to visit it. The Viceroy warned him of the danger, but without daunting his courage. The Archbishop of Genoa in 1292 gives a most circumstantial account of the visit of one Nicholas, a nobleman, to the place. The preliminaries are much like those of Owen. After several terrifying sights and sounds the demons say to him, "Do you imagine you have escaped our hands? By no means; but now your afflictions and torments shall commence in real earnest." A great and devouring fire appears; on his refusal to submit he is cast into this, but the name of Jesus extinguishes the fire. At length, being conducted to another place, he sees men burning alive, and scourged by demons with red-hot lashes of iron which cut to the very entrails; they cried out with pain, "Spare us! spare us!" but the demons only scourged them the more piteously. Others he sees whose limbs serpents were devouring, and whose entrails were being drawn out by fiery hooks of iron. As Nicholas would not yield to their suggestions he was cast into the same fire and torments, but the name of Jesus liberates him. Then he is taken to another place, where he sees large pools of boiling metal, in which some had one foot, others both, some were knee deep, others to the breast, neck, or eyes. Witnessing all these torments he invoked the name of God, and passed safely on to a wide pit with horrible smoke and stench. The demons here said to him, "The place which you now behold is Hell in which our master Beelzebub dwells, and into this abyss we shall

cast you if you do not yield to us, and after you have been cast into it you cannot find any means of escape." He was cast in and filled with such vehement torture that he almost forgot to call on the name of God. After a moment's reflection he formed the name of Jesus in his breast, as he was unable to utter it with his lips, and so escaped. His remaining experiences were much the same as Owen's. However we are to account for these narratives, whether they were monkish inventions to bring custom, or what, there were no doubt many irregularities, and at the end of the fifteenth century a Dutch monk who had come hither on the pilgrimage complained to Pope Alexander VI. that he had been imposed upon and overcharged by the monks. It would almost look as if he had been disappointed in not meeting with any of the terrifying experiences which he had expected ; possibly the sight of a good honest devil would have satisfied him. The notorious Pope Alexander, however, in 1497 ordered the suppression of the Purgatory, but his edict does not appear to have had much effect, and, like the King's writ, ran but feebly in Ireland, for the place seems to have been visited by a French knight in 1516. Father Campion, in 1570, describes the Purgatory as on the present Station Island. Can the site have been changed after the Papal edict of suppression ?

Peter Lombard also, Archbishop of Armagh in 1600, describes it as being under guardianship of the Augustinians, but that two of their number resided upon Station Island by turns to superintend the devotions. But in 1632 the Protestant Government in Dublin resolved to make a clean sweep of the place. Sir W. Stewart reported that he found 471 persons upon the island, "doing such fooleries as is not to be imagined could be done amongst Christians." The same year Bishop James Spottiswoode, in whose diocese the Purgatory was, received orders to destroy everything. The Bishop's report is interesting reading. He complains bitterly that, of the sheriffs who were ordered to assist him, he of Donegal did not turn up at all, and the sheriff of Fermanagh with only one serving man. In consequence of this lack of assistance he says, "I was forced on a rainy day on a bleake place without any shelter for horse or man three hours before we could have the Boate. The winde in the meantime did rise, and there was none could take in hand to guide the Boate through dangerous rocks lying between the maine and the island. Again we were certified that we might be hardly put to it for fault of victualls, if we took them not in with ourselves ; for the windes would sometimes blow ten days together so strong that no Boate would venture out or in. Notwithstanding all

which discouragements I adventured to go in without victuals, and stayed on the island till the service was done." Upon the Saint's Island the monks were driven away and the buildings levelled with the ground; upon the Station Island the buildings, we have no means of knowing what or how many, were levelled, and the cave or Purgatory was dismantled. The Bishop calls it "a poor beggarly hole . . . such as husbandmen make to keep a few hogs from the rain." This would appear to confirm other accounts, that the cave was little more than a shallow excavation with some sort of a roof over it. In fact, owing to the level the cave could have been of no extent or depth, otherwise it would have been full of water. He says, "The country people expected that St. Patrick would have wrought some miracle, but thanks be to God, none of my company received any other harm than the bad ways, broken cawsies, and the dangers going in a little Boate." One can well imagine the worthy Bishop shivering upon the shore, with the rain driving as it so well can in that inclement corner of Ireland, waiting for the "Boate," possibly a skin-covered coracle, sustained only by a sense of righteous iconoclastic zeal, while the country people stood round expecting the Divine judgment upon what to them seemed only the very extreme of sacrilege.

High-handed measures of this kind generally fail, and there was no exception here. The pilgrimages were soon resumed. The Purgatory is described in the eighteenth century as being 22 feet long, 2 feet 1 inch wide, and 3 feet high, and into this, once during their stay upon the island, all the pilgrims had to squeeze. As during the season of about ten weeks these numbered many thousands, the crushing and disorder must have been immense, and it is no wonder that in 1780 the Prior of the island should have had the cave filled up and the vigil transferred to St. Patrick's Chapel, which was built the same year. From this time we may probably date the improved and purified ceremonial as it at present exists. There is a good deal to favour the commonly received presumption that after the Papal suppression in 1497 the site of the Purgatory was transferred from the Saint's Island to the smaller and less accessible Station Island where we find it during the next century. On the other hand if the opinion of Mr. Wakeman, an antiquarian of repute, whose knowledge of the district is unrivalled, be as sound as it certainly is plausible, that the present saints' "Beds" are really the sites of beehive-shaped cells, it would point to an antiquity for the relics Station Island fully equal to those upon the other, and the present may well be the true Purgatory after all. Canon O'Connor, who is

written an interesting book upon the Purgatory, seems to favour this theory, and it does less violence to our powers of belief than the suggestion that the monks of the sixteenth century, for but little apparent reason, manufactured a spurious shrine and succeeded in imposing their trick upon the world.

One melancholy catastrophe is recorded in connection with the passage across to the island. On Sunday, July 12, 1795, the ferryman named Johnston, said to have been a Protestant, allowed ninety-three passengers to be crowded into the boat. One of the boatmen, Mac-Teague, is reported to have been drunk, and in the middle of the passage the boat went down in ten feet of water. Of all on board only three were saved. One story told in the district is that a certain man, one of the pilgrims on board, had been for many years on bad terms with his mother-in-law, a condition of things not usually considered surprising. Unknown to him in the crowd the old woman was also on board, and when the boat sank she clung to him imploring him to save her. Being a good swimmer he was able to do so, and the happy result was, as it should be, a reconciliation. Our row back from the Saint's Island in the soft evening sunlight forms a particularly pleasant memory. One serious-faced man, whose heart was clearly in his task, sang with a fine voice the Pilgrim's Farewell to Lough Derg.

St. Patrick was its founder,
 At Heaven's express command,
 To cleanse away the sinful stains
 Of his own loved Ireland.

 He blessed with sweet devotion
 This penitential isle :
 He chose as its director
 St. Dabheoc, without guile ;
 While hosts of saints and hermits here
 True happiness did find,
 By leaving home and worldly joys
 And kindred all behind.

 Until life's days have passed away,
 With pleasure shall I dwell
 On the happy days I passed with you,
 Lough Derg, fare thee well.

As a specimen of poetic hymnology it may not rank very high, but sung under the circumstances in which we heard it, with the ripple of the sun-lighted waters all around us, it left an impression of chastened solemnity which formed a fit ending to a day of such unique experience as ours had been. Arrived again at Station Island

our transfer to a smaller ferry-boat for the mainland was soon accomplished. We had left behind our travelling companions of the morning, busily engaged upon their round of devotions, and looking forward to their night vigil of prayer and fasting in St. Patrick's Chapel. Their place on the car was taken by a resident of the district, and the horsey conversation between him and the driver was a striking contrast to the scenes our day had been spent among. We resumed the train again at Pettigo, *en route* for the popular watering-place of Bundoran. As we neared the western coast we saw behind the mountains of Donegal and Slieve League—that monument reared by Nature to Columba, the noblest of the Irish saints—the sunset of the year, a revelation of azure, purple, green, and gold, beyond the powers of a Turner and a Ruskin combined to convey one tithe of its burning splendour to the senses of another. It seemed to a not unsympathetic Protestant a type of the evening of an ancient and historic faith, with its fifteen centuries dying out slowly beside a western sea, before the revolution of a great world that can never, for a moment even, stand still.

F. W. LOCKWOOD.

INDIAN TREATIES.

WHEN Rupert's Land was transferred to Canada, one of the gravest questions of the day was the maintenance of friendly relations with the Indian tribes inhabiting that vast territory. The Hudson's Bay Company, Canada's predecessors in this sovereignty, had held, for many long years, their goodwill; but on their sway coming to an end the Indian mind was perplexed, not only by the events of 1869-70 in the Red River region, but also by the irruption of white settlers and traders. In Manitoba white settlers took possession of the soil, and made for themselves homes; and as time went on steamboats were placed on the inland waters, surveyors passed through their hunting-grounds, and the "speaking wires" (as the Indians called the telegraph) were set up here and there. No wonder that a chief of the Plain Crees, looking up at the strange curved lines crossing his sky, exclaimed to his people, "We have done foolishly to allow that wire to be put there before the Government obtained our leave to do so. There is a white chief at Red River and that wire speaks to him, and if we do anything wrong he will stretch out a long arm and catch hold of us before we can hide ourselves."

The Government of Canada, however, anticipating the probabilities of such a state of affairs, resolved that formal alliances should be formed with the Indian tribes at the same time as Canadian rule was formally established on the Plains. It was in 1870 that the Parliament of Canada created the machinery of the Province of Manitoba and of the North-West Territories, and in the following year the first of the seven Indian treaties, whereby the Indian titles (by prior occupation) to all the land within the Fertile Belt were extinguished, was entered upon and diplomatically completed.

There were three precedents for these treaties:—

1. A treaty made between the Earl of Selkirk and a number of Crees and Saulteaux, whereby the Indian title to a parcel of land on the Red and Assiniboine Rivers was formally extinguished. The Indians were made to comprehend the depth of the land they were

surrendering by being told that it was the greatest distance at which the daylight under a belly of a horse standing on the level prairie could be seen. And the consideration for the surrender was the payment annually to each nation of one hundred pounds of good merchantable tobacco.

2. The "Robinson Treaties," made in 1850 by the Hon. W. B. Robinson, of Toronto, with the Indians of the shores and islands of Lakes Superior and Huron. A special feature of this sequence of treaties was the adjustment of claims preferred by the Indians to receive the amount paid to the Government for the sale of mining locations. The total number of Indians affected was 2,662, to whom an indemnity of £4,000 and an annuity of about £1,000 were granted.

3. The treaty made with Indians dwelling on Great Manitoulin Island in Lake Huron, by the Hon. W. M. McDougall in 1862, whereby their title to a large portion of land suitable for settlement was extinguished.

At the time Treaty No. 1 was carried through in 1871, the Indian population with which the Dominion authorities desired to deal was distributed as follows :—

(a) The Ojibewas, Chippeways (or Saulteaux as they now call themselves), were numerous both in Kee-wa-tin and the Province, and a few were to be found in the Territories. These Indians migrated from the older Provinces of Quebec and Ontario at the beginning of the century.

(b) The Crees inhabited the North-West Territories for the most part. They were known as Plain, Wood, and Swampy Crees, according to the nature of the region they lived in. The Swampies resided in Kee-wa-tin and parts of Manitoba.

(c) The Black Feet nation inhabited the slopes of the Rockies and the most westerly portion of the Prairies.

(d) A few Chippewyans or Northerners still dwelt in the more northerly districts of the Territories.

(e) The nation of the Assiniboines or Stonies (exceedingly powerful and numerous in Verandrye's days and in the earlier years of the century) were but few in number, and only to be found in the Territories.

(f) The Sioux in the Dominion at that time were refugees from the United States, having taken refuge there in 1862-3 after the massacre of the whites by Indians in Minnesota. Though on several occasions the United States authorities offered these refugees protection and absolution for past offences, they could not be per-

suaded to return, and they remained in parts of Manitoba and Assiniboia, where the settlers found their help very useful in grain-cutting, making fence-rails, and ploughing. They also hunted, trapped, and fished at certain seasons. After the settlement of the Saulteaux, their hereditary enemies, these bands were granted reserves on the Assiniboine River in 1874. Another band received a reserve at Turtle Mountains in 1876. In 1877, after the annihilation of Custer's command, Sitting Bull and his Sioux warriors entered Canadian territory. These refugees were followed by numerous other bands, until between five and six thousand American Indians were living in the Canadian North-West. There were suggestions that reserves should be granted to these people, but they were never seriously entertained by the authorities, and the surrender to the U.S. authorities in 1881, at Fort Burford, of Sitting Bull and his followers, finally settled a difficult and somewhat ominous problem.

The Seven Treaties made from 1871 to 1877, as the tide of immigration spread along the Fertile Belt, provided for the following changes :—

1. The relinquishment, in all the vast region from Lake Superior to the foot of the Rockies, of all the right and title to the ownership of the lands covered by the Treaties, saving and except certain reservations for their own use. And, in return for such relinquishment,

2. Permission to the Indians to hunt over the ceded territory, and to fish in the waters thereof, excepting such portions of the territory as pass from the Crown into the occupation of individuals from time to time.

3. The perpetual payment of annuities of \$5 per head to every Indian—man, woman, or child. The payment of an annual salary of \$25 to each chief, and of \$15 to each councillor, or head man, of a chief, so that each of these became in a sense officers of the Crown ; and, in addition, official clothing for both chiefs and councillors, together with British flags and silver medals for the chiefs.

The gift of red coats and Union Jacks to the chiefs and councillors emphasised their position as officers of the Queen. Medals were given, as in the United States, in accordance with an ancient custom, and are much prized and cherished by the owners and their families. Indians often exhibit old medals, bearing the likeness of the King before the American War of Independence, which have passed down from hand to hand as heirlooms. It was considered

desirable, at the time of making these Treaties, to strengthen the hands of the chiefs and councillors whose tact and common sense had greatly helped on the negotiations, and to make them, as it were, partially-responsible state officials; to which end, having regard to the Indian love of display, no better means could have been devised than the presentation of these uniforms, flags, and medals.

4. The allotment of lands to the Indians, to be set aside as reserves for agricultural purposes, and not to be sold or alienated without their consent, and then only for their benefit; one "section," or 640 acres, being thus reserved for each family of five. The Canadian system of allotting reserves to one or more bands together in the localities where they had been in the habit of residing has proved far preferable to the United States system of locating whole tribes on huge reserves, which eventually excited the cupidity of their white neighbours, and were broken up often without even a show of legality. In several cases this breaking up of national reserves led to warfare, and in many others to widespread and bitter discontent. Even the most vagrant Indians of the North-West were strongly attached to the localities in which they and their fathers had been accustomed to pitch their camps from time to time, and, very wisely, the Canadian Government decided to cultivate this rudimentary sense of the meaning of the word "home" to the utmost extent of their power. Furthermore, the Canadian system of band-reserves was an application of the imperial maxim, *divide et impera*, not only because it diminished the strength for offence of the Indians, but also because it facilitated the instruction of them in the arts of peace. And, again, the fact of these reserves being located here and there among the settled areas of the North-West has enabled nearly all the Indian bands to obtain markets among the white colonists for surplus produce of any kind.

5. A very important feature was the presentation to all these bands of agricultural implements, oxen, cattle to be the nuclei of herds, and seed grain whenever required. Even at the time the Treaties were arranged many of the Indians were not unconscious of their destiny, and of the necessity of seeking part of their livelihood from the earth. Thus one of the Fort Pitt chiefs described to Governor Morris his efforts to get a little farming done: "I got a plough from Mr. Christie of the Company," said the old man; "I have no cattle. I put myself and my young men in front of it in the spring, and drag it through the ground. I have no hoes; I make them out of the roots of trees. Surely when the Great Mother" (*i.e.* the Queen) "hears of our needs she will come to our help."

This disposition has been encouraged in every possible way by the Canadian Government, and all the reserves in the North-West are now full of comfortable houses and "gardens" (as the Indians call their crop fields) of considerable extent.

6. Finally, provision has been made in every case for a school or schools, on the Reserves.

7. All the Treaties provide for the exclusion of spirits from the Reserves in accordance with the strongly expressed wishes of the chiefs, who helped to make them, and knew the weakness of their people.

In order to carry them out in detail, the area affected by these Treaties was divided into two superintendencies: that of Manitoba including Treaties 1, 2, 3, and 4; and that of the North-West Territories including Nos. 5, 6, and 7. Since then, year after year improvements have been made in the working of the scheme, and at the present time nearly all the officers of the Indian Department are men with a practical knowledge of the Indian character, who carry out their duties with tact and firmness. But for the unfortunate intrusion of the "spoils system" into Canadian politics, the exceptions to this rule would be still fewer; even as things are, however, the Canadian Indian is infinitely better governed than his brother in the United States.

During 1899 an eighth has been added to these seven Treaties, by which the Indian title to Athabasca and the Pearl River district has been extinguished. The provisions of this new Treaty are the same *mutatis mutandis* as those of No. 7, which I quote in full. In course of time no doubt, the Indians of the Yukon and Mackenzie Rivers will "take treaty" as wards and pensioners of the Great Mother, but the fact that the Far North is incapable of agricultural development renders that contingency remote, though not so remote as might at first thought appear. Already the moose and caribou, on which these poor people live, as well as the smaller animals, whose pelts pay for the only luxuries—tea, sugar, and tobacco—of their hard and cheerless lives, are disappearing before the advance of the white trader and miner, and the recent abolition of the old credit (the outward and visible sign of which is the use of a greenback instead of a "made beaver" as the unit of transactions) system of the Hudson's Bay Company, while it will improve the position of some, must depress that of the majority.

To these the future will bring enough for their humble needs; the possession, that is, of a small but perpetual annuity and the certainty of employment at a living wage in the mines of Yukon and—it may be—of Mackenzie.

ARTICLES OF A TREATY made and concluded this twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven, between Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, by her Commissioners, the Honourable David Laird, Lieutenant-Governor and Indian Superintendent of the North-West Territories, and James Farquharson McLeod, C.M.G., Commissioner of the North-West Mounted Police, of the one part, and the Blackfeet, Blood, Piegan, Sarcee, Stony, and other Indians, inhabitants of the territory north of the United States boundary line, east of the central range of the Rocky Mountains, and south and west of Treaties Numbers Six and Four, by their head chiefs and minor chiefs or Councillors, chosen as hereinafter mentioned, of the other part :

Whereas the Indians inhabiting the said territory have, pursuant to an appointment made by the said Commissioners, been convened at a meeting at the "Blackfeet Crossing" of the Bow River, to deliberate upon certain matters of interest to Her Most Gracious Majesty, of the one part, and the said Indians of the other ;

And whereas the said Indians have been informed by Her Majesty's Commissioners that it is the desire of Her Majesty to open up for settlement, and such other purposes as to Her Majesty may seem meet, a tract of country, bounded and described as hereinafter mentioned, and to obtain the consent thereto of her Indian subjects inhabiting the said tract, and to make a treaty and arrange with them so that there may be peace and goodwill between them and Her Majesty, and between them and Her Majesty's other subjects, and that her Indian people may know and feel assured of what allowance they are to count upon and receive from Her Majesty's bounty and benevolence ;

And whereas the Indians of the said tract, duly convened in council, and being requested by Her Majesty's Commissioners to present their head chiefs and minor chiefs and councillors, who shall be authorised, on their behalf, to conduct such negotiations and sign any treaty to be founded thereon, and to become responsible to Her Majesty for the faithful performance by their respective bands of such obligations as should be assumed by them, the Blackfeet, Blood, Piegan, and Sarcee Indians have therefore acknowledged for that purpose, the several head and minor chiefs, and the said Stony Indians, the chiefs and councillors who have subscribed hereto, that thereupon in open council the said Commis-

sioners received and acknowledged the head and minor chiefs and the chiefs and councillors presented for the purpose aforesaid ;

And whereas the said Commissioners have proceeded to negotiate a treaty with the said Indians ; and the same has been finally agreed upon and concluded as follows, that is to say, the Blackfeet, Blood, Piegan, Sarcee, Stony, and other Indians inhabiting the district hereinafter more fully described and defined, do hereby cede, release, surrender, and yield up to the Government of Canada for Her Majesty the Queen and her successors for ever, all their rights, titles, and privileges whatsoever to the lands included within the following limits, that is to say :

Commencing at a point on the international boundary due south of the western extremity of the Cypress Hills ; thence west along the said boundary to the central range of the Rocky Mountains, or to the boundary of the Province of British Columbia ; thence north-westerly along the said boundary to a point due west of the source of the main branch of the Red Deer River ; thence south-westerly and southerly following on the boundaries of the tracts ceded by the Treaties numbered Six and Four to the place of commencement ; and also all their rights, titles, and privileges whatsoever, to all other lands wherever situated in the North-West Territories, or in any other portion of the Dominion of Canada ;

To have and to hold the same to Her Majesty the Queen and her successors for ever ;

And Her Majesty the Queen hereby agrees with her said Indians, that they shall have right to pursue their vocations of hunting throughout the tract surrendered as heretofore described, subject to such regulations as may, from time to time, be made by the Government of the country, acting under the authority of Her Majesty ; and saving and excepting such tracts as may be required or taken up from time to time for settlement, mining, trading, or other purposes by her Government of Canada, or by any of Her Majesty's subjects duly authorised therefor by the said Government.

It is also agreed between Her Majesty and her said Indians that reserves shall be assigned them of sufficient area to allow one square mile for each family of five persons, or in that proportion for larger or smaller families, and that said reserves shall be located as follows, that is to say :—

First.—The reserves of the Blackfeet, Blood, and Sarcee bands of Indians, shall consist of a belt of land on the north side of the Bow and South Saskatchewan Rivers, of an average width of four miles along said rivers, down stream, commencing at a point on

the Bow River twenty miles north-westerly of the "Blackfoot crossing" thereof, and extending to the Red Deer River at its junction with the South Saskatchewan; also for the term of ten years, and no longer, from the date of the concluding of this treaty, when it shall cease to be a portion of said Indian reserves, as fully to all intents and purposes as if it had not at any time been included therein, and without any compensation to individual Indians for improvements of similar belt of land on the south side of the Bow and Saskatchewan Rivers of an average width of one mile along said rivers, down stream; commencing at the aforesaid point on the Bow River, and extending to a point one mile west of the coal seam on said river, about five miles below the said "Blackfoot crossing;" beginning again one mile east of the said coal seam and extending to the mouth of Maple Creek at its junction with the South Saskatchewan; and beginning again at the junction of the Bow River with the latter river, and extending on both sides of the South Saskatchewan in an average width on each side thereof of one mile, along said river against the stream, to the junction of the Little Bow River with the latter river, reserving to Her Majesty, as may now or hereafter be required by her for the use of her Indian and other subjects from all the reserves hereinbefore described, the right to navigate the above mentioned rivers, to land and receive fuel and cargoes on the shores and banks thereof, to build bridges and establish ferries thereon, to use the fords thereof and all the trails leading thereto, and to open such other roads through the said reserves as may appear to Her Majesty's Government of Canada necessary for the ordinary travel of her Indian and other subjects, due compensation being paid to individual Indians for improvements, when the same may be in any manner encroached upon by such roads.

Secondly: That the reserve of the Piegan band of Indians shall be on the Old Man's River, near the foot of the Porcupine Hills, at a place called "Crow's Creek."

And thirdly: The reserve of the Stony band of Indians shall be in the vicinity of Morleyville.

In view of the satisfaction of Her Majesty with the recent general good conduct of her said Indians, and in extinguishment of all their past claims, she hereby, through her Commissioners, agrees to make them a present payment of twelve dollars each in cash to each man, woman, and child of the families here represented.

Her Majesty also agrees that next year, and annually afterwards for ever, she will cause to be paid to the said Indians, in cash, at suitable places and dates, of which the said Indians shall be duly notified, to each

Chief, twenty-five dollars; each minor Chief or Councillor (not exceeding fifteen minor Chiefs to the Blackfeet and Blood Indians, and four to the Piegan and Sarcee bands, and five Councillors to the Stony Indian bands) fifteen dollars, and to every other Indian of whatever age five dollars; the same, unless there be some exceptional reason, to be paid to the heads of families for those belonging thereto.

Further, Her Majesty agrees that the sum of two thousand dollars shall hereafter every year be expended in the purchase of ammunition for distribution among the said Indians; provided that if at any future time ammunition become comparatively unnecessary for said Indians, her Government, with the consent of said Indians, or any of the bands thereof, may expend the proportion due to such band otherwise for their benefit.

Further, Her Majesty agrees that each head Chief and minor Chief, and each Chief and Councillor duly recognised as such, shall once in every three years, during the term of their office, receive a suitable suit of clothing, and head Chief and Stony Chief, in recognition of the closing of the treaty, a suitable medal and flag, and next year, or as soon as convenient, each head Chief, and minor Chief, and Stony Chief, shall receive a Winchester rifle.

Further, Her Majesty agrees to pay the salary of such teachers to instruct the children of said Indians as to her Government of Canada may seem advisable, when said Indians are settled on their reserves and shall desire teachers.

Further, Her Majesty agrees to supply each head and minor Chief, and each Stony Chief, for the use of their bands, ten axes, five handsaws, five augers, one grindstone, and the necessary files and whetstones.

And further, Her Majesty agrees that the said Indians shall be supplied as soon as convenient, after any band shall make the application therefor, with the following cattle for raising stock, that is to say: for every family of five persons and under, two cows; for every family of more than five persons and less than ten persons, three cows; for every family of over ten persons, four cows; and every head and minor Chief, and every Stony Chief, for the use of their bands, one bull; but if any band desire to cultivate the soil as well as raise stock, each family of such band shall receive one cow less than the above mentioned number, and in lieu thereof, when settled on their reserves and prepared to break up the soil, two hoes, one spade, one scythe, and two hay forks, and for every three families, one plough and one harrow, and for each band enough

potatoes, barley, oats, and wheat (if such seeds be suited for the locality of their reserves) to plant the land actually broken up. All the aforesaid articles to be given, once for all, for the encouragement of the practice of agriculture among the Indians.

And the undersigned Blackfeet, Blood, Piegan, and Sarcee head Chiefs and minor Chiefs, and Stony Chiefs and Councillors, on their own behalf, and on behalf of all other Indians inhabiting the tract within ceded do hereby solemnly promise and engage to strictly observe this treaty, and also to conduct and behave themselves as good and loyal subjects of Her Majesty the Queen. They promise and engage that they will, in all respects, obey and abide by the law, that they will maintain peace and good order between each other, and between themselves and other tribes of Indians, and between themselves and others of Her Majesty's subjects, whether Indians, half-breeds, or whites, now inhabiting, or hereafter to inhabit, any part of the said ceded tract; and that they will not molest the person or property of any inhabitant of such ceded tract, or the property of Her Majesty the Queen, or interfere with or trouble any person passing or travelling through the said tract or any part thereof, and that they will assist the officers of Her Majesty in bringing to justice and punishment any Indian offending against the stipulations of this treaty, or infringing the laws in force in the country so ceded.

In witness whereof Her Majesty's said Commissioners, and the said Indian head and minor Chiefs, and Stony Chiefs, and Councillors have hereunto subscribed and set their hands, at the "Blackfoot crossing" of the Bow River, the day and year herein first above written.

(Signed) DAVID LAIRD,

Gov. of N.-W.T. and Special Indian
Commissioner.

JAMES F. MCLEOD,

Lieut.-Colonel, Com. N.-W.M.P. and Special
Indian Commissioner.

CHAPO-MEXICO (or CROWFOOT), his X mark,
Head Chief of the South Blackfeet.

MATOSE-APIW (or OLD SUN), his X mark,
Head Chief of the North Blackfeet.

STAMISCOTOCAR (or BULL HEAD), his X mark,
Head Chief of the Sarcees.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

MEKASTO (or RED CROW), his X mark,
Head Chief of the South Bloods.

SOTENAH (or RAINY CHIEF), his X mark,
Head Chief of the North Bloods.

SAKOYE-ACTAN (or HEAVY SHIELD), his X mark,
Head Chief of the Middle Blackfeet.

ZOATZE-TAPITAPIW (or SETTING ON AN EAGLE
TAIL), his X mark,
Head Chief of the North Piegiens.

NATOVE-ONISTORS (or MEDICINE CALF), his X
mark.

POKAPIW-OTOLAN (or BAD HEAD), his X mark.

TAKOYE-STANIX (or FIEND BULL), his X mark.

AKKA-TITCHIPIMIW-OTAS (or MANY SPOTTED
HORSES), his X mark.

ATTISTAH-MACAN (or RUNNING HABIT), his X
mark.

PITAH-PEKIS (or EAGLE RIB), his X mark.

And thirty-eight other names.

E. B. OSBORN

TABLE TALK.

LUXURY IN BOOK-COLLECTING.

SPEAKING to me once of the catalogue of books of a departed friend which were about to be sold by auction, the late Dr. Percy, the famous author of "Metallurgy," himself an indefatigable collector of books and prints, expressed surprise, not unmingled with disapprobation, at the number of editions of the same work with which the deceased had burdened his shelves. The utterance of one whom I regarded as a sage gave me pause. His remarks had a personal application of which he was unaware. I was myself, and am still, an offender, if offence there be, in the same direction. I *like* several editions of the same book, if it is a good one, and I venture to ask the book-lovers among my readers—and for their own sakes I hope they are all book-lovers—whether I am wrong. To those who, having read or skimmed a book, throw it away, as I have somewhere read was the custom with the first Napoleon, I have nothing to say. I cannot even get near the mind of the man who, except through poverty, obtains from a circulating library any books except novels or works too costly or extensive for private shelves. I am for once addressing those to whom books are friends, who would have a library if they could afford space and money, and who would no sooner think of returning to the circulating library Lamb's Letters or Keats's Poems than they would of boarding out their children or of sending their best friend, when he visited their village or town, to stay at the public-house, while they had a room vacant.

IN PRAISE OF BOOKS.

IF some of the observations I make seem extravagant or futile to a portion of my readers, I am sorry. To me the gossip of certain men concerning books is the quintessence of delight; and though I cannot claim to edify or to charm like a Russell Lowell or an Austin Dobson, I hope that there are readers who, when they have not the pick of companionship, will not despise a chat concerning matters of interest with a man of average intelligence. To me, books in every shape and of almost every kind appeal. With Charles in "The Elder Brother" of Fletcher I would say:

Give me leave

To enjoy myself; the place that does contain

My books, the best companions, is to me

A glorious court, where hourly I converse

With the old sages and philosophers.

I wish I dare quote more from this fine play. An eloquent and a profoundly interesting book might indeed be made from the praises of books that have been said or sung by our great ones. I am not sure that something of the kind has not been done and that I have not the work somewhere, if I could lay hands upon it, on my own overburdened shelves. My theory concerning books is that every work worth reading and studying—mind, I don't say skimming—is worth possessing. Did any real student of literature, except one so poor as to be compelled, like Erasmus, to read by moonlight in order to save the expense of a candle, ever read Shakespeare in a borrowed volume? How many people have perused "*Atalanta in Calydon*" or "*Poems and Ballads*" in a library copy? I except, of course, the poor; and my sympathies go out to one compelled to read a work of the class in the British Museum, or even, it may be—such things have been known—to peruse it by instalments, surreptitiously and affrightedly, at a book-stall.

FINE EDITIONS.

I WILL admit the reasonableness of those—and they include some of the greatest minds—who, so long as they have a book at all, don't care for the edition. Such are readers, but scarcely book-lovers. There are, moreover, book-lovers who are not readers; collectors who, with Sir Benjamin Backbite, love "a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin." Coxcomb though he be, Sir Benjamin is justified in his preferences. In fact, the argument is reasonable enough that, so long as you have in a fairly convenient shape, and with clear and legible print, all that a man has written, you may well be content. Still, beauty goes for much, and sentiment for something. The sense of possession even is in its way respectable. Who would not feel some enjoyment in reading, say, Herrick's "*Hesperides*" in an original edition which the poet's own eyes may have contemplated? At any rate, I may own my strength or my weakness: I have all the first Miltons on which I have been able to lay my hands, and I would not willingly part with one of them. There they are, the first, second, and third "*Paradise Lost*;" the 1673 "*Poems, &c.*"—the second edition—I have not the first, which is beyond my reach; the first "*Paradise Regained*" and "*Samson Agonistes*." Of course, I do not habitually read in these precious volumes: for that I have Mr. Beeching's delightful reprint;¹ just as if I had a fine First Folio Shakespeare—which I have not—I should turn as now I do on my "whirligig" book-shelves to Booth's facsimile reprint, which is ever at my hand, and every whit as trustworthy as the original.

THE ONE-VOLUME EDITION.

WHILE prizing, for various reasons, a first edition of any work of extreme interest, beauty, or value—and few of such are without some important readings excluded from subsequent texts; while admitting the claims of the best and most richly annotated

¹ Oxford, Clarendon Press.

edition ; and while not being without a sort of tenderness for the superbly illustrated editions—I come back to the cheap one-volume edition, and am willing to concede that it is, for some purposes, the best. Chief of all it is such for purpose of immediate reference, and next for convenience of carriage. I have just, for instance, come into possession of a one-volume edition of Molière, issued from the Clarendon Press. It is a most legibly printed work, with the best and most authoritative of texts. Look at the advantage of such a book when, as Sir Peter Teazle says, “you want to find anything in a hurry.” A long time is taken in going through a dozen volumes of Molière in search of, say, “Don Juan ou le Festin de Pierre,” when to find it in the one-volume edition is the work of an instant. As regards the advantage of portability, let me suppose a man going on a journey and unable to burden himself with more than one book. The work in question can be slipped into handbag, knapsack, or even a tolerably large coat-pocket, and carried with very slight addition to weight, and the bearer is provided, if he knows French—as who now does not?—with a month’s perpetual amusement or solace. Whether his holiday consists of a walking tour through Welsh hills, a trip by steamer and cariole to Norwegian fiords, or an exploration of the cataracts of the Nile, dull hours will certainly arrive—hours when the rain renders the earth sodden and the crag inaccessible, and when the best company, if such be accessible, palls—when the tobacco-pouch is haply empty, and delight itself is scarcely delightful. For such an occasion the one-volume edition is a preservative—a stream in the desert which will not soon run dry.

MOLIÈRE.

I HAVE spoken of Molière’s works as an ideal companion for a journey. In so doing I am not awarding them an unjust preference over other works. A volume of Shakespeare contains naturally many times the amount of nutriment. But whereas we, all of us, are more or less familiar with the plots, characters, and even the very language of Shakespeare, there are few of us who are equally well read in Molière. I read recently that not more than a score passages in Molière had become proverbially accepted, and of these one at least belongs to *Cyrano de Bergerac*. I wonder, however, how many of my readers could without reference tell me at once who was *Chrysale*, who *Béralde*, and who *Ériphile*. To ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred, accordingly, most of Molière’s plays would come with a freshness such as is not to be expected in the case of Shakespeare. All of them moreover bristle with observation, with wit, and with satire, and there are some of them which are permeated by “the still sad music of humanity.” Anything but a mere jester is Molière. Few of us have had a keener experience of sorrow and suffering ; and when the great actor and dramatist died all but on the stage, there is little doubt that rest came to a sufficiently “perturbed spirit.” Great man as he is, however, Molière, like his prototype Rabelais, was more

inclined to laugh and sneer at human infirmities than to feel the divine pity which is the attribute of the greatest men.

SHAKESPEARE AND MOLIERE.

IT repays the reader who is fond of such enjoyments to contrast the female characters of Shakespeare with those of Molière. The task is at once pleasant and edifying, and I am sorry that I have not space to attempt it. I can only indicate where I should wish to prove. The charge that has been occasionally brought against Shakespeare is that some of his sweetest characters are less beings of flesh and blood than abstractions, types of all the virtues. Mind, I am myself bringing no such arraignment. It would, however, be difficult, I suppose, in the real world to find innocence such as is depicted in Miranda, meekness and long-suffering such as we find in Desdemona, or filial love such as is illustrated in Cordelia. Beatrice, on the other hand, and Juliet are essentially human, and Shakespeare has given us besides Lady Macbeth, Gertrude, and Cressida, and has been credited with showing us Tamora. Against Molière, on the other hand, it is now charged that his women are too real, too human—too nude, in fact. They are, of course, models of purity beside the abandoned creatures of our Restoration comedy. They are, nevertheless, delivered to the instincts of their sex, and are not of those whom a man of modern days could easily love or would ever dream of marrying. They are, it has been said, “kneaded of caprice, artifice, and egotism.” I leave further illustration to another time, possibly to other pens; but I will just ask the admirer of Molière to compare for a moment the innocence of Agnès in “*L’École des Femmes*” with that of Miranda in “*The Tempest*.” There is all the distance between earth and heaven.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JUNE 1900.

MISPRISION OF FELONY.

By A. WERNER.

THIS happened years ago, when West Australia was still a penal colony. And in those days—as in other penal colonies—grim things happened there sometimes.

Lethbridge—Lieutenant Lethbridge he was then—was stationed at Fremantle, a man under authority, having soldiers, that is to say, a detachment of the mounted police, under him. He hated the place, and no wonder, if you knew all about it; but since he was there and couldn't help himself, he did his duty as well as he knew how, and generally made the best of things. He was not a genius, nor in any way remarkable, only an honest, kindly Englishman, who hated with his whole soul whatever was base, or cruel, or unclean, and had learnt from Arnold—he was an old Rugby boy—to believe in God, and not be ashamed to say so.

Now it happened that a man escaped from the chain-gang at Rockingham, and had to be tracked down and caught. They had nearly captured him once already in the bush on the Upper Avon-River; but he fought like a madman, killed two men outright, wounded the sergeant in command of the party, and got away at last. And Lethbridge found himself detailed to take command of a fresh party—a sergeant, six troopers, and a native tracker—and follow up the poor, desperate wretch till they found him.

They did not succeed. They marched many a weary mile through bush and swamp, and at last into the open scrub, which is the thirst country. The tracker ran away, tired of a prolonged and apparently unprofitable job, and not one of the party had the slightest idea where they were. The ground was loose sand, the weird grey shade-

less clumps of thorns and cactus-like growths that dotted it here and there were one exactly like the other. A man might wander there till Doomsday, if his strength lasted. Lethbridge gave up, for the moment, all hope of the game they were stalking, and only tried to find water. None of them knew in what direction to look; there might be none for miles and miles, their only chance was to go back the way they had come, or, failing that, to keep to the westward which must, in the end, bring them back to the forest-country.

They camped at night in the scrub. The supply in their water skins had been exhausted long before. Their horses were suffering cruelly, and three could be got no farther. Lethbridge saw there was nothing for it but to shoot the poor brutes. And then they went on—struggling along as well as they could, between an iron earth and a brazen sky. About the middle of the afternoon the sergeant, Waite, dropped in his tracks; he had grumbled continuously from the time that the tracker's desertion had been discovered; and, in spite of all warnings, recklessly drunk up his water while it lasted. He was a coarse, brutal man, whom Lethbridge had never liked, but one could not have been human and not pity him now. But it was not all pity that sent a chill to Lethbridge's heart, as he knelt beside him and found that he could not rise; it was the feeling that this was the beginning of the end. But it would not do to give in; and, at any rate, he would not be the man to do it.

"Two of you try to carry him," he said.

But the sergeant was a heavy man, and already it was as much as they could do to keep on their feet. They relieved each other every few minutes; but even so it was desperately slow work.

"I'll tell you what, men, this won't do. Two of us had better stay with him, and the rest must push on and get help. We can't leave him alone, and you see there's no chance for us if we all keep together."

He did not say, "I will go on," and they noticed it. He was the sort of captain who always said, "Come;" never "Go."

They looked at each other in silence.

"Shall we draw lots?"

One of the men stepped forward.

"I'll stay with the sergeant, please sir."

Lethbridge nodded. There was a pause, and another man took his place beside the first.

"Very good—it's a risk, you know; but then, so it is for the rest of us. We'll blaze trees as we go along, and then, if it should be all

over before we come back to you, you fellows can follow." But it was little hope either side had of ever meeting again.

None of them quite knew how the rest of that day passed. It was near sunset when Lethbridge, staggering, rather than walking at the head of the little column, with his horse's bridle over his arm, began to think that his brain was wandering, for he seemed to see, moving among the lengthening shadows of the bushes far ahead, the shadowy figure of a man.

He was straining his eyesight to see whether it were indeed an illusion, when the man behind him saw it too, and uttered a cry. Then they sent up a feeble shout, all together. There was no mistake, the man was coming towards them.

He was bareheaded and barefooted, dressed partly in rags and partly in a nondescript garment of skins. His face was burnt to a ruddy copper colour, and his hair bleached to a whitey-brown by sun and wind; but he looked at them out of grey, kindly Irish eyes, and smiled, with the strange calm of those who are much alone in the wilderness.

A ragged white man—alone in the bush—was, as a rule, a suspicious character in those parts. But Lethbridge was in no mood for asking questions. He had even an uncanny feeling about this man—a reluctance to address him. There seemed a sort of incongruity in speaking to him in English, or indeed any known human language.

But presently the man opened his lips, and there issued from them in unmistakable brogue, "Is it lost yez are?"

"We are," said Lethbridge, "and if you know where there's any water within reach of this place——"

"It's over there. I'll take ye there before the sun goes down 'Tis not a great deal, but maybe 'twill do yez." His eye ran rather doubtfully over the five men and three horses.

"There are three men behind—we had to leave them this morning. I said we'd go back for them if we found water."

Hope seemed to put fresh life into the aching limbs and leaden feet. Even the horses seemed to understand, and pricked up their languid ears, as they eagerly sniffed the air. The sunburnt man walked silently by Lethbridge's side.

"Do you know the way to——"

"I could put yez into the track by to-morrow evening, if ye camped to-night and started in the morning."

"But we must go back for those men, and take them water. Will it last, do you think?"

"I couldn't say." And he relapsed into silence.

The sun had just dipped when they stood beside the muddy pool that was just then the most precious thing in the world to them. Three of the men flung themselves down and drank recklessly; the other two waited to fill their pannikins, and one—the youngest of the troop, who had borne up bravely all day, and followed at Lethbridge's heels like a dog—came up and offered his to his leader before touching a drop himself.

"Thank you, lad." Lethbridge drained it at a draught. "Make haste and get some for yourself. But don't drink too fast, whatever you do. And, I say—you—Davies—Miller—stop the horses a bit, the poor beasts will kill themselves."

Soon the camp fire was blazing, and preparations for the night were being made. The stranger stepped aside into the bush, and soon returned with an opossum—which he had killed and hidden not long before—and handed it to the men. Lethbridge stood apart, looking uneasily at the climbing moon and jaded horses, and thinking of the men left behind. Suddenly a voice at his elbow seemed to echo his thoughts.

"Where was it you'd be after leaving those three?"

Lethbridge explained, adding, "I don't see what we're to do. Not one of the men's fit to go another step, and the horses are worse, if anything; and if we wait till to-morrow. . . . It may be too late, even now."

"I'll go," said the man quietly. "If ye'll lend me one or two of them water-skins —"

"Nonsense!" said Lethbridge sharply. But he looked into the man's face, and saw that he meant it. And then they argued it out. He knew the bush, he said, and could get on best alone, unencumbered by any wearied men, who would need to be shown the way. Somehow, it never entered Lethbridge's head to mistrust him. I suppose it would have made little difference. He was their only chance. Lethbridge decided to let him go, and the lad Mason volunteered, and even entreated to go too. He was fresher than the rest, perhaps because, being a trained athlete, he had been better able to resist the temptations of thirst; he had had less walking, too, as his horse had held out longer, and he declared that he felt quite equal to the effort. So the two took up the two freshly-filled water-skins, and started.

Lethbridge and the rest slept dreamily till dawn. Then they rekindled the fire, and hung the billy on it, and waited—but there was no sign of he absent. The sun climbed higher, and still they

waited. Already the despondency of inaction was beginning to show itself, when a faint shout was heard, and presently there appeared Mason and the two troopers, dragging rather than leading a worn-out horse between them.

They told their story incoherently, bit by bit. Waite had strayed away from them—had begun to go off his head, they thought—and they had utterly failed to find him. The stranger had come to them with the water before moonset, had put them on the right track by means of the blazed trees, and other marks which he had himself made in coming along, and had remained behind to look for Waite.

The hours wore on, and they did not come. It seemed only too likely that both had perished, and Lethbridge found his thoughts dwelling with a great fascination on that calm face with the kindly grey eyes. Miller's voice awoke him from a reverie.

"He's murdered Waite, that's what it is. That fellow's an old lag, take my word for it. What else does he go wandering about the bush for in that way?"

"It would have given him less trouble if he hadn't shown us the water," said Lethbridge, with some contempt.

"I reckon it's Waite he wants," said Miller. "Waite used to be a warder at the convict depôt before he joined the force. My word! they did love him there!"

"I don't see why the man should be an escaped convict at all," said Lethbridge—and even as he spoke one part of his mind was wondering why Miller's words irritated him so. "He might be—— Hark! Isn't that a shout?"

They listened, and thought they heard it again, faint and wavering.

"Answer now—all together. . . . No, it's no use going out to meet them. We don't know which way they're coming, and the sun will be down presently. Our best chance is to stay here, and keep together. . . . Now shout again!"

They kept on shouting from time to time, and the answering voice came slowly nearer. The darkness was on them before they saw a man, bending under a heavy burden, pass out of the black shadows into the open space about the fire. Davies and Miller ran up to him, lifted the sergeant's helpless body from his back, and lowered it gently to the ground.

"He's not dead!" the man panted—"at least, I think not. The other horse—is done for!"

"Why, my man," said Lethbridge kindly, "you've nearly killed yourself!" He passed his arm around the bushman, who swayed on his feet, and leaned heavily against him for a moment.

then looked apologetically in his face and tried to speak—thickly and heavily, like a drunken man.

"Don't worry yourself!" said Lethbridge. "Now—lie down on this blanket—let me get the saddle under your head—so!" Then he turned aside to the other men, who were busying themselves with Waite.

"How is he?"

"Coming to, I think, sir."

"That's right. Go on bathing his head and face, and pour a little brandy down his throat, if you can." He filled a pannikin with water, and poured some spirit into it out of his own pocket-flask before handing the latter to Davies.

"Try and drink this," he said, coming back to the man he had left. He slipped his arm gently under the shoulders and raised the head, so that he could hold the draught to the parched lips. "Here, my poor fellow!"

The man drank—with some murmured words of thanks, so faint and broken that they went to Lethbridge's heart. He raised him in his arms and bent over him, so close that his burning cheek almost touched the haggard face, and said, in a fierce, shamefaced whisper,

"You . . . you've saved us all . . . and . . . God bless you!"

The sergeant came to in due course—was dosed with brandy and extract of beef, then fed on more solid victuals, and finally rolled up in a blanket, and left to sleep the sleep of the just. The other man, too, dropped off to sleep after awhile, holding Lethbridge's hand, and Lethbridge sat and watched him with a strange tumult surging through his brain. He dozed now and then and dreamed strange dreams, and then roused himself with a start, and remained awake for what seemed weary hours and hours. Then, all of a sudden, as he thought, he looked up, and saw by the dying firelight, the sergeant bending over the sleeping man beside him.

"What are you doing?" he asked in a sharp whisper.

Waite raised himself noiselessly, and came closer to Lethbridge.

"Captain!" he said, in a low voice trembling with excitement—"We may get it yet!"

"Get what?"

"We've lost the other one—but—if this is the man I think, there's two hundred pounds reward out for him. I've got the description here, but it isn't light enough."

He had laid his hand on his captain's arm in his agitation, but Lethbridge shook it off, and recoiled from him in disgust.

"Hang it, man! don't you know he saved your life?"

"Didn't you guess *who* he was, sir? I did, the minute I set eyes on him."

Lethbridge seldom swore, but he did it then.

"I don't want to know who he is. He's not the man we're after, and that's enough for me. Why, there isn't one of us would have the chance of getting back alive but for him. And as for *you*! Do you know it's nearly cost him his own life? Do you think you're worth *that*?"

Waite shrank away in silence. He could not see Lethbridge's face clearly, but the tone cowed him. In the heat of passion the young man had spoken louder than he meant. He felt a hand touch his—the man was sitting up and looking at him.

"Do you know——?" came a faint whisper in the stillness.

"Hush! Don't tell me anything. I don't *want* to know."

There was a low sob in the dark, and Lethbridge felt his hand lifted and pressed to the man's lips.

"Come, now!" he said gently—"don't!" Then after a pause, "Whoever you may be, you're a noble fellow. I'll never forget. Do you feel better now? Go to sleep again. That's what I'm going to do."

And he did, after strolling over to inspect Waite, who had coiled himself up once more, and was snoring—perhaps dreaming of the £200 reward.

He kept his word, and marched with them all next day, leaving them within easy reach of a lumber-camp, whence they could get guides to the nearest township. He walked by Lethbridge's stirrup, and they talked now and then—of things which concerned neither the captain of police nor the escaped political prisoner as such—but both of them as human souls who found the world beautiful. And, late in the afternoon, the time came to part. They were ahead of the rest, in the winding bush trail—out of sight of all but one, and he was Mason, who never wondered at anything his captain said or did.

The sunburnt man stood still and raised his hand.

"You can find your way from here," he said. "If you go as far as that dead tree you'll see a stream; and if you follow that stream down you'll find the camp." He stopped—and then, without looking up at Lethbridge he laid his hand a little timidly on the horse's mane, and said, "Good-bye!"

Lethbridge slipped the reins over his arm, and put his two hands on the man's shoulders and looked into his face.

"Good-bye. I can't say what I want. . . . God bless you !"

"Amen ! and that same to you ! I'll never see you again."

"I don't know that. I believe we shall meet—somewhere."

"Ah ! God grant it ! Where you'll not be police captain, nor I ——"

"Never mind. Good-bye—till then !"

And so the forest swallowed him up without a trace, save a print or two of his bare feet on the leaf mould. And Lethbridge rode on like one in a dream. When, later on, Waite approached the subject, he fiercely bade him hold his tongue.

The same advice, in substance, was given some months later, by a certain officer to whom the sergeant tentatively revealed the story in the hope of working injury to a man he had never loved. That officer said he didn't want to hear anything about it ; but supposing a man had acted as Waite represented Lethbridge to have done—why, it was the only way a gentleman could act under the circumstances. And if he, Waite, knew what was good for him, he had better make up his mind that he had dreamed the whole thing.

Which, it is to be supposed, Waite did, for nothing more was ever heard of the matter.

THE PLAY-BILL:

ITS GROWTH AND EVOLUTION.

THE play-bill is a most fascinating subject—one but little known or inquired into. The passage in Elia's delightful retrospect is very familiar, and happily describes the wonderful magic of the play-bill as a memory-stirrer. It is more potent in this way than scents even. An old glove, a little shoe, and still more an old play-bill found in a drawer—such are potent evokers of old memories, but who has described this like Elia?

"The casual sight of an old play-bill," he says, "which I picked up the other day—I know not by what chance it was preserved so long—tempts me to call to mind a few of the players who made the principal figure in it. There is something very touching in these old remembrances. They make us think how we *once* used to read a play-bill; not as now, peradventure, singling out a favourite performer and casting a negligent eye over the rest; but spelling out every name down to the very mutes and servants of the scene, when it was a matter of no small moment to us whether Whitfield or Packer took the part of Fabian. 'Orsino by Mr. Barrymore'—what a full Shakespearean sound it carries! How fresh to memory arise the image and the manner of the gentler actor!" Here is the philosophy of the matter, described with all the delicate touch of a master; and who has not felt something at least of the sort, even, or "smelt the orange peel," as he comes on some old bill?

Few seem to have carefully kept or put by their play-bills, save, of course, the "professional," who, travelling about much and to many theatres, naturally preserved his bills as records of the pieces in which he performed. Managers, too, have often had their bills filed and bound. But the destruction of play-bills must be wholesale. The very fragile nature of the tissue material, "silver paper" as it used to be called, made it serviceable for "curl-papers" when curls were in fashion. This suggests Sterne's pleasant story of his manuscript, which had disappeared at an inn and could

not be found "high or low." At last the maid of the house suddenly recollected she had used it for her "curl papers." "*Mon Dieu!* I have got all your MSS. *on my head*," and then proceeded to uncurl, dropping each paper into the author's hat.

Nothing, by the way, would be more difficult, even with the aid of money and influence, than to secure a full series of the play-bills of our day. It would require a regular agent at every theatre. If a playgoer kept all his play-bills he could only expect to have a few occasional ones from each play-house. A critic, however, can at least secure bills of every new play, and in this way can have a fairly full record. I myself, in such capacity, during fifteen or twenty years, accumulated a vast number of all sizes, shapes, and conditions, which I have preserved and bound up. But otherwise it is hard to conceive how it can be done. The British Museum is sadly if not wholly deficient in such things, and seems, moreover, to be quite uncurious in the matter. Yet one would fancy that play-bills were not merely necessary as evidence of the social taste, but essential to the history of the stage. I myself have been acting vicariously in its interests, for I believe, ultimately, "all roads lead to the Museum"—as well as to Rome—and, it is probable, possess the largest and most general collection to be found in England—I suppose some ten thousand or so in number. They include not only those of the Metropolitan theatres, but those of all the old "country" play-houses, which have even a greater interest, from the variety of the performances.

The real historian and dryasdust of the stage, though unrecognised save by shrewd explorers, is assuredly the Rev. John Genest. It is strange to find a divine so deeply engrossed in theatrical matters, but he seems to have taken to it as a regular antiquarian study and refuge from the pangs of an acute sickness. He was born in 1764, during the lifetime of Garrick, whom he may have seen, and died in 1839, at Bath, whither he had retired. His vast and ample work is as remarkable for its abundant details and judicial spirit of inquiry as for its scrupulous accuracy. My old friend Joseph Knight gives him this character, and no one could be better able to appreciate him, having himself the same love of theatrical accuracy: "it is a work of great labour and research, which forms the basis of his most exact knowledge concerning the stage. Few books of reference are equally trustworthy, the constant investigation to which it has been subjected having brought to light few errors, and none of grave importance." Genest was indeed the historian of the play-bills, these being to him what the Record Office is to the historical

writer. By the aid of these he checked and regulated all the information he received. The ordinary explorer will turn with complacency to the advertisement in the morning papers as satisfactory proof of the performance at night. But this was not enough for our Genest, who found it but insufficient evidence, as the play was frequently changed at night. This shows in what spirit this conscientious inquirer worked. One could imagine no drudgery more oppressive than these searches among play-bills, with the tedious copying of them out, which will be understood by any one who copies a play-bill. But he seems never to have flagged, and filled eight substantial volumes, stopping only at the year 1830. As he suffered from disease for some nine years before his death, it is clear that the work was suspended by his malady. I pass by his criticisms on both actors and plays, which are often acute, and his analyses of the plots of the plays, all of which he read carefully. His style is homely but earnest, and he often in a very amusing way "rates" other writers soundly—"So-and-so was very wrong to say, &c."—while he deals with players as though they were living. Every writer on the theatres knows well the worthy Genest, and has a real regard for him and his honest labours, not unmixed with envy and respectful wonder. He would even add up the number of times each performer played during the season.

It is most unfortunate that so very few of the earliest bills should have come down to us; for they would have been most curious and instructive documents. But, when we think of it, it is almost impossible that such should have survived. Once the play was over, their use was over; they were certain to be thrown away, or, if brought home, would be lost or torn up. Even now we can see the floor and seats of the pit and stalls strewn with these abandoned sheets of paper. In the old writers, such as Strype, there are several allusions to "the bill," and to "the players setting up their bills inviting to plays." Northcote says, about 1579, that "they use to set up their bills *upon posts* some time before, to admonish people to make resort to their theatres." The most curious proofs are the allusions in the Stationers' Hall records to certain privileges for "the *only impring* of all manner of Bills for plays." And in 1620 we find a patent to one Roger Ward for printing *on one side* "all bills for Plays, Pantomimes, and shows." From these notes we can gather what was the origin of the familiar "poster," that is, a bill affixed to any gate-post. In the country, even now, we see little notices of sales of hay, &c., affixed to the gate-posts of fields and enclosures. The description will be noted—

"*all manner* of Bills for plays," which shows that they were in various forms, large and small.

The late J. Payne Collier once spoke of a play-bill of remarkably early date, which he declared "was still extant, and I *believe* was sold among the books of the late Mr. Bindley." Grave suspicion has always attached to Mr. J. P. Collier's very "pat" discoveries, some of which, according to Mr. Hamilton, of the Museum—notably "The Corrector's Folio"—were most dubious. It was a strange coincidence that what he brought forward as having been discovered at Dulwich were proved on examination to have been tamperings. The belief that the bill was sold among the Bindley papers has the air of an attempt to impart a sort of authority to the paper. One so painfully accurate could readily have ascertained *had* it been among the Bindley papers, and so rare and curious a thing, if extant, would speak for itself. But it is plain that he had not seen the original, if it ever existed. And he says farther: "It was subsequently separately printed." But I am certain that this was a "faked" or made-up thing, which could be easily put together from old newspaper announcements, or from Downes's "*Roscus Anglicanus*," where the usual cant phrases are to be found. It ran:—

BY HIS MAJESTY'S COMPANY OF COMEDIANS,

At the new Theatre in Drury Lane

This day, being Thursday, April 8, 1663, will be acted

A Comedy called

"THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT."

THE KING	Mr. Winterset.
DEMETRIUS	Mr. Hart.
SELEVERA	Mr. Burt.
LEONTIUS	Major Mohun.
LIEUTENANT	Mr. Clare.
CELEÆ	Mrs. Marshall.

The Play will begin at three o'clock exactly.

Boxes 4/-. Pit 2/6. Middle Gallery 1/6. Upper Gallery, 1/-.

Here he wished to overthrow a theory of Malone's that the names of the performers were never given in the bills till the beginning of the eighteenth century. This, Collier says, is all wrong, and is disproved by this bill which he furnishes. But a writer in "*Notes and Queries*," who knew much about the matter, and whose suspicions as to Collier's "discoveries" were probably excited, went into the matter carefully, and pointed out, first, that the date of the year is given, it not being usual for the bill to bear a date till so late as

1765. Then April 8, 1663, did not fall upon a Thursday, but upon a Wednesday! This, too, was in Lent, when the play-houses were usually closed. Finally, turning to Pepys' Diary, which is so often strangely useful in settling such points, we read a month later: "May 8. Took my wife and Ashwell to the Theatre Royal, *being the second day of its being opened.*" Pepys therefore could not have gone there a month before. On the same occasion Pepys notes that Lacy acted the Lieutenant's part, which is here given to Clare. This change, he says, was made at the desire of the King. These obvious errors distinctly point to fabrication.

The Garrick Club is the possessor of two extraordinary and early rarities in the play-bill line. No one, I suspect, in the whole society but myself knows the uniqueness and value of these. They are hidden away in three huge volumes of "odds and ends," put together by one Nixon, an artist who flourished—or the reverse—at the beginning of the century. He kept carefully, and pasted in his volumes, every letter, paper, notice, or sketch that was connected with the great players he had known. And a most curious and interesting miscellany it is. His little thumb-nail sketches of Kemble and others are very striking. But to our bills.

One is a very important thing—a fragment of a poster, as it may be called—a "crown" or otherwise. It is about eighteen inches long by six or eight broad. It is decorated with some grand flamboyant ornaments—winged figures blowing trumpets, &c.—very free and spirited. Below it comes the announcement of the opening of the Opera-house in the Haymarket—Sir John Vanbrugh's—*circa* 1705. This is an extraordinarily early date for a play-bill, and it must be, as I said, the oldest in existence. There is no actual date given, but this can be supplied in the clearest way from outside. This relic is pasted carelessly into the stout volume; but it should be taken out, handsomely framed, and hung up. In the same volume is a small, even tiny bill, execrably and rudely printed on the commonest paper, and bearing date 1716.

These two bills are of singular interest. The next in age that I know of is in my own possession. This is one of the most curious and interesting of these records, and must be absolutely unique. It is the bill of Garrick's first appearance at Ipswich, under the feigned name of Lyddall. The bill of his last farewell appearance at Drury Lane is rare enough, so rare that it has been thought worth while to fabricate imitations. These, however, are easy of detection. There is also a reprint, not intended as an imitation, of his first appearance at Goodman's Fields, and even this is not to be procured now.

Genest says the original was in the possession of a gentleman of his day, but it is clear Genest had not seen it. It may have been that there was not such a thing at all; and I am inclined to believe the bill was simply a copy of the newspaper announcement; otherwise a facsimile of the type—old-faced letters, &c.—would have been attempted.

How this Lyddall bill came down to us and escaped the curls of some Ipswich spinster—sojourning, say, at the Great White Horse—is hard to conceive. For a moment I fancied that it might be a fabrication, but a minute inspection showed clearly that it was printed from type, and that it exhibited here and there notes of failure in the impression.

For the Benefit of
Mr. MARR and Miss Hippesley;
by a Company of Comedians
From the Theatres in LONDON.

At the Playhouse in TANKARD STREET

On *Tuesday* the 21st of July,
will be performed a *Comedy* call'd
The "INCONSTANT"
Or the "WAY to WIN HIM."

Young *Mirabel*, by Mr. GIFFARD; Captain *Duretête*, by Mr.
LYDDALL; *Bizarre*, by Miss HIPPESELEY.

At the end of the Second Act a
Pantomime Dance, call'd
The DRUNKEN PEASANT.

Peasant by Mr. YATES. Clown by Mr. VAUGHAN.
To which will be added a
New Dramatic *Satire*

(as it was performed last winter at the Theatre in Goodman's Fields
with great applause) called

"L E T H E"
or "ÆSOP in the SHADES."

Æsop by Mr. GIFFARD. Ventrebleu and Sir Roger Rakeit, by
Mr. LYDDALL. Mr. Wittling Rattle, Mr. MARR. Macboggin, Mr.
YATES. Scrape, the Attorney, Mr. PAGET. Mercury, Mrs.
DUNSTALL. Charon, Mr. DUNSTALL. Lady Rakeit, Mrs.
YATES. Mr. Thomas, Mr. CROFTS. Miss Lucy, Miss
HIPPESELEY.

That Scene being a Sequel to the "VIRGIN UNMASKED."

With an Epilogue by

Miss HIPPESEY,

To begin exactly at SEVEN o'clock.

Tickets to be had and places to be taken at Mr. Rook's, opposite to the Theatre.

The date is not furnished, but the performance was in 1741, about four months before the actor's appearance at Goodman's Fields. It will be noted that even thus early the actors could not refrain from the usual flourishing and self-laudation. They were "from the Theatres in London"; the piece was "as it was performed last winter at the Theatre in Goodman's Fields with great applause," which suggests the interesting question whether, as has been suspected, the young Garrick had not already appeared in his own play in Town—for the announcement is "as it was performed"—that is, by the same company. The taking two characters would also show a familiarity with the play, and it is not likely that a young beginner would be so venturesome as to burden himself with two parts unless he were perfectly at home on the stage, besides writing the piece itself.

Many have been puzzled or astonished at the dateless character of the early bills, and indeed the same omission is found recurring even in the most orderly series. The day of the week and month was furnished, as "This evening, Monday, Jan. 1," but the year was too great a strain. The meaning of which is that this was a diurnal or from day to day entry, and it assumed that no one wanted to be reminded of the year. The play-bill was assumed to live precariously, "for that night only"—by midnight it was dead, not worth preserving, while another came into being on the next night. Even now, strange to say, the bills are constantly found without date of year or night, an omission that will bring much trouble and confusion by-and-by.

The bill of that interesting occasion, Garrick's first appearance at Goodman's Fields, has a strange significance, for on that night depended his revival of "the general Gaiety of Nations," which was to last for nigh forty years. Garrick was really of French extraction—and of the best French stock.

At the Theatre in GOODMAN'S FIELDS,

This Day (Oct. 19, 1741),

Will be performed A CONCERT OF VOCAL AND
INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,

Divided into two parts.

Tickets at three, two, and one shilling. Places for the Boxes to be taken at the Fleece Tavern, near the Theatre.

N.B. Between the two Parts of the Concert will be presented an Historical Play called the

Life and Death of
KING RICHARD THE THIRD

Containing the distresses of King Henry 6th. The artful acquisition of the crown

By KING RICHARD.

The Murder of Young King Edward 5th and his Brother in the Tower, the landing of the Earl of Richmond, and the Death of King Richard in the memorable Battle of Bosworth Field, being the last that was fought between the Houses of York and Lancaster, with many other true Historical passages.

The Part of King Richard by a GENTLEMAN
(who never appeared on any stage);

King Henry, by Mr. Giffard; Richard, Mr. Marshall; Prince Edward, by Miss Hipplesley; Duke of York, Miss Naylor; Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Patterson; Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Blakes; Lord Stanley, Mr. Pagett; Oxford, Mr. Vaughan; Tressell, Mr. W. Gifford; Catesby, Mr. Marr; Ratcliff, Mrs. Crofts; Blount, Mr. Naylor; Tyrrel, Mr. Puttenham; Lord Mayor, Mr. Dunstall; The Queen, Mrs. Steel; Duchess of York, Mrs. Yates; and the part of Lady Anne, by Mrs. Giffard.

With

ENTERTAINMENTS OF DANCING

by Mons. Tromel, Madame Duvalt, and the two Masters and Miss Gramer.

To which will be added
a Ballad Opera

Called "THE VIRGIN UNMASKED."

The part of Lucy by
Miss HIPPLESLEY.

Both of which will be performed gratis by Persons for the occasion. The Concert will commence exactly at six o'clock.

This bill is remarkable not merely for its personal interest, but because it really suggests an important theatrical episode and many curious details. Indeed, one could almost by the aid of bills evolve the whole course of stage history. Thus it will be noted that the theatrical portion was "given gratis," and only the music charged

for. This was to baffle the crusade set up against unlicensed houses. As a device it was, of course, illusory and a derisive trick. There is a long, important history associated with this struggle. It will be seen that Garrick announces himself as "having never appeared on any stage"—an eccentric fiction. No doubt he could plead that it was not he but "Mr. Lyddall" who had previously performed. The ample description of the piece will be noted—"the *artful* acquisition of the crown, &c." Not a word of the musical performance and its two parts, likely enough no more than a couple of songs hurried over. The important "by" is only used in the case of the four leading performers. The boxes were to be taken at a tavern. No mention is made of the band, and the piece was described as "an historical play." It was, of course, Cibber's version. It was announced as for "this day," and began at the early hour of six. The Mrs. Yates was a famous actress of that name, and the only one of the company that advanced with Garrick.

In Garrick's own bills—when he came to be manager of Drury Lane—we could almost spell out the admirable sound sense, brilliancy, and correctness which distinguished his course. The old Garrick bill, as we may call it, in form and treatment was his own conception, and the model was steadily adhered to by him during his long reign at Drury Lane. As in everything else, he here showed his strong good sense and propriety. It is a dignified-looking thing, handy, convenient in shape, well printed, and when the paper was new and clean must have looked exceedingly well. As we gaze on a specimen it seems to evoke the images of old Drury Lane and its stately company, with the magic effect so well described by Elia. We like to see in the large displayed "caps" "RICHARD DUKE OF GLOSTER, by MR. GARRICK." The only somewhat superfluous bits of information to be found in these bills would be that the play was given for the first time at this theatre, or the first time for many years; and also, at the very bottom, a line announcing what the next night's performance would be. The play-bills were sold inside and outside the theatre by the orange girls, of whom there are popular prints showing them with their baskets, one half filled with oranges, the bills in the other half. They went about the pit, as described by Elia, between the acts, crying "*Chase oranges*," &c. Everything in this sort of bill is to the point. It is the *vade mecum* of the theatre-goer, who finds exactly what is useful and necessary to him. It will be noted how large are the characters, provided with the view of the names being easily read by the rather dim lamps or candles of a play-house. This matter was always considered until modern

days, when everything is put in the smallest print so as to find room for the mass of heterogeneous matter—advertisements, &c.—that the bill must contain. The bill was then a handbill or memorandum; not yet had come the abstract of the scenes, given in exaggerated and glowing terms, and other abuses. Legibility, it must be said, was always sought more or less, until the revival of the drama, as it was called, about 1870, when another fashion of bill was introduced. “Garrick bills,” as they are called, used to be a “drug in the market,” and could be picked up for a shilling or sixpence, and in any number; now they are grown exceedingly scarce, and bring about six or seven shillings apiece.

A greater contrast could not be imagined than that between “Garrick bill” and one of our own times. The one is a proper, correct, stately thing; the other a coarse, earthy, and tradesmanlike affair. One cannot but admire the ingenuity—or it may be the natural evolution of social life—that has seized on every coign of vantage and twisted it to commercial uses. It is all one grand “puff.” In the old bill there was no invitation, no self-praising, direct or indirect. The remarkable change in the play-bill—rather the predominance assumed by the bill and all its machinery—is owing to something more than a mere fashion. It has arisen from the complete triumph of the earthy element, the showmanship in the drama. When the mere play was “the thing” and the acting only was regarded, the bill had no other function—could have no other—than drily to record the names. Compared with these, scenes and dresses were not worth a thought, no more than in life we should care to admire or celebrate what clothes a Pitt or a Fox wore. But now that the show is all in all, and that we go more to *see* than to hear; when a manager will lay out six or even ten thousand pounds on “mounting” a piece, these exertions imperatively demand recognition in the bill, almost more deservedly so than do the comparative “sticks and stocks” who show off the clothes and “props.”

It would appear that in the old days only a couple of pence was given for the bill to the orange girl who purveyed them. The management looked on the bill as a merely trifling perquisite, devised for the convenience of the playgoer, and from which little or no profit was to be expected. Indeed, in the natural order, one might expect that they would be given *gratis*, and be included in the charge for admission, and the couple of pence to the orange girl might be regarded as a *pourboire* for the trouble of offering. In these later times, at some of the great theatres like the Lyceum under Sir Henry Irving's liberal management, they were given away, though the smartly dressed lads who presented them had perpetually to call out

"No charge." This well-meant attempt was for many years persisted in by the more elegant theatres that "went in" for general reform; but where the bulk of the houses were making substantial profit by the sale of their bills, it was found that the competition was virtually a direct loss, and it may be doubted if there are many houses who now give their bills without charge.¹ Mr. Calmour, the dramatist when he opened the Avenue Theatre, was greeted with a sort of tumult on the first night because the bills were charged, and had to come forward and explain that the matter was beyond his control, as the bills, refreshments, &c., had already been contracted away before he took the reins.

As the good old pieces contained many characters of almost equal attraction, the marshalling of the players in the order of their merit and reputations became an important point—to *them* certainly; though, as the pieces became more spectacular and depended less on character, it was found to make little difference whether Smith came before Jones. Only the places of the two leading performers were at all conspicuous. Looking at the enormous cast of the recently produced "*Robespierre*," no one would dream for a moment of debating the claims to precedence of any of the crowd. Where there was a number of performers of equal standing, the necessity of giving them importance by position must cause serious difficulty. Where there were *two* protagonists of equal rank, the matter was settled by placing one at the top, the other at the bottom. The first had a space below him, the other a space above him, with the "*and*." Thus it might run:—

"JULIET, by Miss BELLAMY."

Then would follow the whole cast, with, at the end,

"And ROMEO, by Mr. BARRY."

It would be a nice point to settle which was the more important place. The "*and*," however, was all-important. Even in our times we find it used in this fashion in Sir H. Irving's bill: "and OPHELIA, MISS TERRY." Tate Wilkinson, after speaking of the worry occasioned by the contending claims of the actors, gives a specimen bill which shows that in the case of a number of leading performers the matter was settled by the nice adjustment of capitals, and not by order of position. Here we find some four different sizes of "caps."

"I have published a bill of that season to show how difficult it must have been to satisfy eager claimants for being distinguished. It occasioned much murmuring. Sometimes a lady took the lead,

¹ The Haymarket, Savoy, Royalty, St. James's, still adhere to the gratis system, but the Lyceum has gone back to the old one.

and her rival was *bottomed*, and the hero placed in the middle; but all would not do. In the year 1757 the line of *perform'd* and the great letters for the principal continued, which Mr. Kemble, for his own ease and the quiet of the theatre, has entirely banished."

How quaintly amusing are the comments of this worthy old fellow! We like his phrase, "her rival was bottom'd," and how significant the remark, "It occasioned much murmuring"! The present-day manager-actor can have no such difficulties if he carry out the strict manager-actor principle, which is "*ma femme et cinq poupées*," but I fancy Mr. Tree with his larger views may have heard such "murmuring." He has, however, composed the matter very adroitly.

The mystic "by" lingered a long time in the bill. It was really a more accurate and logical description of the performance than the present fashion:—

THE KING by Mr. ——
THE QUEEN by Mrs. ——

Then followed the long string of characters all "by" the various performers, till we came to the last and most important, when, once more, the significant "and" was introduced:—

AND
HAMLET by Mr. ——

Another more flourishing mode of announcement which gave more importance to the performer was to proclaim that the particular part would be "performed by ——," as in the following bill:—

For the Benefit of Sig. Naranesi and Miss Hilliar.

Theatre Royal in *Covent Garden*,

This present Monday, being the 30th April, 1753.

"THE DISTRESSED MOTHER."

The part of Pyrrhus to be perform'd by Mr. SPARKES.

Pylades, by Mr. RIDOUT.

Phoenix, by Mr. Anderson.

The part of Orestes to be perform'd by Mr. BARRY.

Cephisia, Miss BARRINGTON.

Cleone, Mrs. Griffiths.

The part of HERMIONE to be perform'd by Mrs. BLAND.

And

The part of Andromache to be perform'd by Mrs. CIBBER.

Here again the four important personages were in the same sized letters. But then, how about precedence? This, it was felt, was conveyed by the importance of the personage. Here everyone

knew that Orestes was the important character, and that Barry was the star. There could be no question about Mrs. Cibber, though she came last of all. But observe with what roundabout phrase she is set forth :—

“ *And* ”

The part of *Andromache* to be perform'd by Mrs. Cibber.”

So much depended—and much depends still—on that “*and*.”

This curious though vital struggle for precedence, raised by the nervous susceptibilities of the players, is involved in the Bard's “an two ride on a horse, one must ride behind.” The art of the bill seemed to be to contrive some method by which *both* should ride in front.

“Formerly,” says Chetwode, the old Dublin prompter, “the characters were printed in the play-bills according to their rank, as in ‘*Macbeth*’ Duncan stood first, though acted by an inferior person.” He adds pleasantly: “Latterly I have found it a difficult task to content ladies as well as gentlemen, because I could not procure letters large enough to please them; nay, some were so fond of elbow room that they would have shoved everyone out but themselves.”

In the next specimen are four classes of capitals—Quin, Delane, Mrs. Woffington are in the largest; Sparks comes next, Ryan in letters still smaller, while actors of lesser degree have the smallest. Then follows the common-size type for inferior characters.

By the Company of Comedians
at the

THEATRE ROYAL in *Covent Garden*,
THE FIRST PART OF

“King HENRY the Fourth,”

With the humours of *Sir John Falstaff*.

The part of Sir John Falstaff to be perform'd

By Mr. QUIN.

The King by Mr. SPARKS

(It being the first time of his appearance on that stage).

The Prince of Wales by MR. RYAN.

Prince John	}	by Messrs. Hippealey, etc.
Westmoreland		
Northumberland		

Worcester by MR. DANCE.

The two Carriers by MR. MARTHER and MR. DOVER.

Francis by Mr. Collins.

Lady Percy by Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

And the part of *Hotspur* to be perform'd
by Mr. DELANE.

We may imagine what heart-burnings and contentions this classifying must have given rise to; the italicised folk—the Bransbys and Blakes—thinking they had as good a right to the very smallest “caps” as the fry who were but a shade above them.

It was John Kemble who introduced an entirely new arrangement into the bill, regulating the order of precedence, not by personal merit or claims, but by the rank of the characters in the piece. This was certainly an obvious and becoming arrangement. Thus in “Hamlet,” the King and Queen should take the *pas* of the young and melancholy Dane and of Ophelia. In all well-regulated theatres of our time the same rule is adopted.

When Mr. Irving was knighted, to “the general joy,” it was noted with some surprise that his name was set down in his bills as plain “Henry Irving”—not as Sir Henry Irving, or even as “Irving.” There was a tact and even grace in this, with a rather elegant sense of propriety, though, like Lord Castlereagh without his orders among the bedizened diplomats, he might be considered as *bien distingué*. It was clear that he did not wish to put himself above his brethren, though at the same time the Christian name sufficiently distinguished him from them.

A pleasant story, illustrating histrionic vanity in this direction, is told of the great tragedian Mossop, of the rolling voice, who once coming to a small provincial town, found himself to his annoyance announced by the awe-stricken manager as: “Engagement for two nights of the NOTORIOUS Mr. Mossop.” The same player was once grumbling and making violent protest as to his low place in the bill. A performing monkey was also to appear. The manager, who was nettled by his abuse, promised him satisfaction, and next day there was seen in the bills:—

Engagement
of the great
MONKEY!!!

(in great capitals) followed by the actor's name in tiny “caps”—
MOSSOP.

With the general decay of the stage, which set in after Garrick's retirement, and was precipitated by Sheridan's disorderly management, the decay of the play-bill naturally followed. Rather the general excess and licence were emphasised in these ephemeral notes. Here once more are reflected in a very complete manner every mood and humour of the public taste, and the form and pressure of the time.

True, under Sheridan's early rule, when his own immortal comedies were being brought out, the old form of bill was still retained. Pure comedy did not stand in need of any flourishings or expositions. The play itself and its characters were all in all ; it could stand of itself. Had he found it possible to turn a penny out of his bills by advertising he would have done so. His own plays stood in the way. But when he began to introduce melodramas and spectacular pieces, "Cataracts of the Ganges," with the performing dog Carlo, curiosity had to be piqued and stimulated by vaunting boasts and proclamations. It became really an adaptation of the "Fair Green" methods, when a drum was beaten in front of the booth, and the crowd was invited to "walk up !"

In the common relations no one but foolish persons will accept personal assurances of merit as a guarantee for excellence from a person interested in the article they offer. On the stage, however, the man in the street is assured that there are crowded houses, "numbers turned away"—on which assuring statement he is invited to come, and does come—possibly to be turned away himself. All these flourishings have a potency hard to resist. It may be that exaggerations and delusions of this kind belong alone to the scenic world. At all events, nowhere else do we find such boundless assertions of surpassing excellence, particularly in the matter of attendance in crowds, and applause, and personal merits. How comic is this ! One would think that with these applauding crowds there was no need at all to appeal for additions ; the existing and the invited mob would be in each other's way.

The season when the play-bill reached the extreme of fantastic absurdity and extravagance was during the management of that good actor and eminent *farceur*, Robert Elliston. Most know him by Elia's exquisite essay, "To the Shade of Elliston," and indeed it required an Elia to do justice to his flights. The charm was that this eccentric was *genuine* in his antics, and believed, or taught himself to believe, in his own delusions. Every story told about him might be called "delicious"—such as the well-known one of his blessing the audience when he was playing in "The Coronation," when the approving shouts made him fancy himself for the moment George IV. But no words could give an idea of his fantastic tricks and flourishings in his bills. Any wild nonsense seemed good enough to him to "go in."

I have marked in italics the more singular of Elliston's phrases :—

"'Rienzi' was on Friday night again received *with increased and cheering applause*, and will be repeated on" &c. "Miss Phillips,

whose eighth performance was honoured with the most enthusiastic applause by a brilliant and crowded audience, will repeat the character of," &c. "The 'Stranger,' on its revival at this theatre, was last night again received *with intense interest* and enthusiastic applause, and with a," &c. "Miss Phillips, by her performance of Mrs. Haller, having confirmed the high estimate which the public placed upon her talent, will repeat," &c. "Miss Rosa Byrne, upon her second" (third, fourth, &c.) "appearance, having astonished and delighted a brilliant and overflowing house, will perform," &c. "The decided sensation created by Miss Phillips's performance of Juliet *having not only realised but surpassed* the expectations of her most ardent admirers." "The unbounded applause bestowed upon the Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet last evening *demands a repetition* of its performance on Monday." "The unparalleled success of the 'Queen Bee' *renders it superfluous to state more than that the Pantomime will be repeated,*" &c., "with Stanfield's *pre-eminently Grand* Diversion," &c. It is surprising that some of our "up-to-date" managers have not adopted this fashion of thus pressing on the public what they *ought* to admire.

Even better than these specimens is his reference to the show of "The Coronation," "which continues to maintain its unprecedented popularity, and is acknowledged as the most correct and splendid exhibition ever produced on the British stage." Mr. Kean was playing at the time, "but *being anxiously engaged in the study of a new tragic character*, will only perform this evening in the present week." The evening in question was Friday, so the audience did not lose much.

That delightful bit of humour, "Little Pedlington"—which runs "Pickwick" a little closely—has some pleasant satire on the fooleries of the theatres in this line. It was written in 1836, and the "displayed" bill for the opening of the Little Pedlington Theatre seems to parody those of Elliston, of which it is scarcely an exaggerated description.

The stages of the bill's development can be easily marked. Early in the eighteenth century—about 1720—we find a small scrap about the size of a sheet of note-paper. This grew to the square of letter-paper size which was in vogue from about 1730 to almost the end of the century. Next came the elongated bill, about eighteen inches in length. Next the tissue-paper bill, still larger; and from about 1830 to 1860 the typical play-bill, known to and dear to all children, the long strip of tissue paper marked with large broad letters, printed in the most jet-like ink, which "came off" on the kid glove—and who

cared? For it was a privileged article, dearly associated with pantomime, the welcome smell of orange peel, and a hundred romantic things. These fluttering tissues lay on the red cushions of the boxes, and lent a special appearance to the auditory. After the 'sixties we find this huge bill actually *doubled* in size—it became a treatise, filled with all sorts of information connected with the theatre. As the bill grew longer, its thickness was diminished in proportion—the paper grew more and more thin in texture. The reason, of course, was that it would be inconvenient to handle so large a sheet of thick paper.

The old Princess's Theatre bills of the 'sixties and 'seventies had a rich and opulent lavishness, as though neither space nor ink nor blackness were any object. It was a long folded sheet of thickish "silver paper." The name of the piece running—generally some highly popular melodrama—stood out to catch the eye with its letters of rich ebony black—some two or three inches—while the characters were marked with similar vividness, each followed by biographical details and appetising snatches of the story. But the name of the performer, odd to say, was but faintly outlined. He was one of a crowd. How rich, too, and inviting the long "synopsis" of the scenery :—

Lawn at Dorrington Park.

Innocence and Beauty !

A Snake in the Grass.

The Snare Laid !

The Victim Immeshed.

House in the Seven Dials.

The Bank Parlour.

The Burglary.

The Burning of the Bank !!!

Terrific Conflagration (scarcely to be distinguished from the reality).

Engines of the M.F.B.

Several firemen of the M.F.B.

The Rescue !!

SAVED !!!

But about 1870 there came abruptly a complete revolution, which was the result of the refining changes in the arrangement of the theatres. The stalls had driven away or driven back the pit. Instead of the old "dress circle," the old place of honour, the stalls had become the dearest and most aristocratic portion of the house. For a person in full dress sitting in a chair it became impossible to deal with the long and unmanageable tissue-paper

bills—they were “vulgar.” Hence the bill had to be transformed, and a small sheet of note, like a valentine, was introduced. It was a surprise to find that there was now one uniform pattern for the bills—that at every theatre they were the same. They were lavishly embossed all round, and highly scented, the perfumer’s name and advertisement—Eugene Rimmel—figuring on the back, the meaning of which uniformity was that they had all come under the control of a sort of syndicate which had contracted for “the front of the house.” At a large number of theatres the cloaks were violently seized on by attendants, ladies were compelled to take off their hats and pay for their being taken care of; and the bills were forced upon the visitor, and if their demands were not complied with, no seat would be found for the visitor. This tyranny had to be endured for a considerable time. It was about this time that sixpence became the regular charge for the bill, and so it has continued to the present moment.

It was a sad day when it first occurred to the managers to turn their play-bills to advertising purposes. The step meant much more than the proceeding expressed. It signified that the stage had become a place of show and exhibition; it was a development of earthiness and trade. The most ingenious refinement of advertisement was reached in late years, when it came to a long “string” of articles set forth with due praise and with a connection with the particular theatre which it might seem difficult to constitute. There was somebody’s whisky, the sole sort “supplied at the bars of this theatre”; the wines, ditto; the flowers by so-and-so.

It seems to be agreed that everyone to secure attention must “swagger” somewhat, or, as it is said, “blow their own trumpet.” The bill is the manager’s trumpet. He imagines that everyone will read and admire the particulars he sets out about himself and his house. The wonderful thing is that he assumes that everyone (who *pays*) must long to know *who* did this and that. The very prints—etchings they are called—that “hang in the vestibule” have been “kindly lent” by Messrs. — & Co. Who cares? But still, how interesting it would be to probe the matter and find out *why* folk should be informed of all this. Who knew so much about the science of bills and billing as Mr. Crummles? How often one wishes that the lively Boz had taken us farther with him on that “circuit,” brought us to other towns, and shown us more of the vagrant theatrical life! I always think that he got the tone and atmosphere from Tate Wilkinson’s odd memoirs, wherein Mrs. Baker, the manageress, seemed like the original of Mrs. Crummles.

But the American bills—what language can do justice to their truly commercial aspect? They are hard, shopkeeping things, the front page alone having a sort of theatrical scene—a procession, a nymph or two—but this only to attract the reader. The moment he turns over its many leaves he gets lost and bewildered in the snare of clamorous advertisement—pianos, champagnes, bedsteads, furniture of all kinds, all set off with hard pictures relating to the particular trade. After long search one comes by accident on a page where there is a compartment devoted to the play, the cast of the characters, but all in smallest type, and jostled and surrounded by all kinds of advertisement much more legibly typed. This gives one quite a mean notion of the stage; we seem to be in a sort of factory.

The first night of the production of Tennyson's "*Promises of May*"—a notable night from the importance of the author and the host of friends who attended—was long remembered for the painful fiasco that terminated it. Poor Mrs. Bernard Beere, who courageously ventured on what was a doubtful experiment, did everything in the most lavish way, and among the adornments had a very beautifully designed and executed bill, on enamelled card, the outside of which was a charming picture of may blossoms. Within, however, it was impossible to read the names from the smallness and faintness of the type and the confused decoration mixed up with it. It is a great curio, and an interesting reminder of what was a very exciting night, the most striking incident whereof was the spectacle of the aged Gladstone straining his ear to hear and struggling to admire. His face was of wonderful solemnity.

The following reads like a burlesque, but it is a genuine bill :—

KILKENNY THEATRE ROYAL.

By His Majesty's Company of Comedians

(The last night, because the Company go to-morrow to
Waterford),

On Saturday, May 4, 1793,

Will be performed, by command of
several respectable people
in this learned metropolis, for
the benefit of Mr. KEARNS.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET.

Originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hayes, of
Limerick, and inserted in Shakespeare's Works.

Hamlet by Mr. Kearns (being his first appearance in this character), who between the acts will perform several solos on the patent bagpipes, which play two tunes at the same time. Ophelia by Mrs. Prior, who will introduce several favourite airs in character, particularly "The Lass of Richmond Hill" and "We'll all be unhappy together," from the Revnd. Mr. Dibdin's oddities.

It by-and-by became impossible for the adventurous manager, who had a broadsheet at his command, to resist the temptation of coming forward to speak to the public and talk about himself, magnify his exertions, &c. Some twenty years or so ago it was almost invariable that a manager, opening his new season, should issue a formal and perhaps egotistical address to the public. The fashion was set by Mr. Chatterton at Drury Lane, by Mr. Halliday at the Gaiety, followed up by "Druriolanus" and many more. A large portion of the bill was devoted to this act of self-laudation. It was even worse when some obscure being took a theatre, and forced himself to issue a flourishing apologia, setting out his high aims and aspirations in the way of reform, of elevating the masses, refining their tastes, and in fact "going one better" than anyone else before them. Here was yet another accretion of the play-bill, swelling it by foreign matter that it had nothing to do with.

As I turn over my collection of modern bills, almost bewildering in their variety of colour, shape, and pattern, the question suggests itself: Is all this ingenuity and display of any practical use in *drawing* the public?

What extraordinary shapes and forms of bill have we witnessed! At one moment a series of scenes from the play itself, with sketches of the actors, groups, &c. At another, we had beautifully finished little booklets on enamelled card, with portraits of the actor-manager in his character done in colour printing. There is a charming thing of Mr. Charles Wyndham as David Garrick. Mrs. Langtry once issued a finely finished sketch of herself in black and white and also in character. There is the long stiff-paper bill folded in three with a design in gold on the outside. This became general for a long time.

We now come to a period when art was introduced to embellish the play-bill, and this introduces "the pictorial bill." One of the first, if not the first, to adopt this fashion was Mr. D'Oyley Carte, at the Savoy Theatre. These were elegantly designed, and exhibited scenes from the piece, often the work of Miss Alice Havers. They were beautifully printed, coloured, and enamelled. Their oblong booklet shape is original. Many of the theatres

followed suit, particularly where a new experiment in management was made. In the burlesque theatres at the present moment the booklet bills folded in three are in high fashion—in fact, they are the “only wear”; the outside often exhibits a pleasing florid design in colours.

The variety theatres or greater music-halls, such as the Alhambra, Empire, Palace, Canterbury, and the like, issue very showy and flamboyant bills, with artistically designed dancing girls, &c. These are in harmony with the brilliant and glittering interiors.

The Lyceum has long supplied a simple bill in very chaste and correct taste, conveying merely the information that is desirable and necessary. It is beautifully printed on a cream-toned paper, is very legible, and is a double leaf. At this theatre also are issued what are called “souvenirs”—a prettily-got-up collection of the principal scenes, generally furnished by the scene painter himself. At Drury Lane, under the *régime* of the late Sir Augustus Harris, the bill was varied with each play, and contained a coloured picture of the leading scene, and often a portrait in character, of the lessee himself. At the St. James's Theatre, Mr. Alexander always retains the figure of “the Beefeater” in his scarlet uniform—as a sort of “trade mark.” Once the Avenue Bill was designed by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, and is a great rarity.

I should say that the present “form and pressure” is to make the bill assume the form of a little booklet or pamphlet. This development has been coming for a long time, and has shown itself in several ways, such as “the souvenir,” the libretto of musical plays, and the journals sold in some theatres. In France, “L'Entr'acte” has been long established—a sort of newspaper sold between the acts, containing news, portraits of actors, and a very small list of characters, &c.—*i.e.* the play-bill.

Again, how absurd and unnecessary is the information given us in the bills! No one is particularly interested to know who the lessee is or the “sole manager,” yet these points are confided to us at the start. Then comes the play—the painter of each scene is named, and at the end “Mr. ——— desires to express his indebtedness to ——— Esq. for his kind assistance,” that is, in producing certain magic-lantern effects. “Decorations by Messrs. ———”

Thus, we could really illustrate the weaknesses of human character from the play-bill. The eagerness to attract attention and advertise oneself when the chance offers is one of the strongest of them, and a temptation which few can resist; and the certainty that

the play-bill was a regular publication, and one that found its way to the hands of thousands, was irresistible. It was properly, as we have seen, meant for the interests of the playgoer, to be his guide and friend. But the "circulation" led to its being distorted utterly from its original purpose to forward the interests of manager and player.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

EASTBOURNE ANTIQUITIES.

IN an interesting paper read at a meeting of the Sussex Archaeological Society, and printed in the "Eastbourne Gazette" of January 25, 1899, the Rev. W. Hudson, F.S.A., calls attention to the significant fact that the parish of Eastbourne formed a Hundred, and that there were very few other villages in England which occupied the same important position, and those few were in Kent and Sussex. "In plain language," he says, "Old Eastbourne, from long before the Norman Conquest, right down through the Middle Ages, acted as a Hundred by itself. This was no mere empty title. For at least 500 years (say from the ninth to the fourteenth centuries) the Hundred may be said to have been the most important unit of local administration, and during all this time, whatever duties or responsibilities were laid upon a Hundred were demanded of Eastbourne. Most other Hundreds contained five or six, or even twenty and thirty, associated villages. Eastbourne and just a few other villages bore the burden alone, and in this respect they were on a par with the boroughs and cities of the kingdom rather than with their sister villages."

Mr. Hudson then goes on to refer to the curious divisions called "Boroughs" into which Eastbourne was formerly cut up, and argues with great force that, whereas in a normal Hundred certain obligations, burdens, and penalties, for which the Hundred, as a whole, was liable, were for convenience distributed amongst its component villages or townships; so in the case of Eastbourne Hundred—consisting of a sole and undivided township—the same obligations, burdens, and penalties were distributed amongst its component boroughs, which had been carved out of it and defined for that very purpose.

The etymology of the term "Borough," used in this sense, is interesting. In Anglo-Saxon times the inhabitants of every Hundred were grouped together into Tithings, or Tenthhs.

Every Hundred was under *borh*; that is to say, bail—to answer for the good behaviour of all its inhabitants.

Every Tithing was likewise under bail to answer for the behaviour of all its members.

If a man committed an offence against the law, the inhabitants of his Hundred and the fellow-members of his Tithing were respectively bound to bring him to justice, and if they did not do so, they were fined. Tithing, which, according to some authorities, originally meant a group of ten heads of families, came to be applied to a body consisting of an indefinite number of people.

In Kent and Sussex the expression "Borough," meaning "bail," seems to have been used as synonymous with "Tithing"; and, lastly, both these very misleading terms—Borough and Tithing—had a general tendency to be, and were, in fact, applied to the territorial area inhabited by a given body of persons under bail.

An entry on the Court Rolls of the Manor of Eastbourne-Gildridge gives the names of the local divisions: "The parish of Eastbourne is a hundred in itself, and consists of six boroughs, viz. Upwick, Mill Beverington, Upperton, Chalvington, Lamport, and Esthall. Two constables are annually chosen—one out of the town part of the parish, and the other out of the south part; also a head borough for each borough, and the time of holding the Court Leet is usually about Michaelmas."

The hill on which the workhouse is built is still called Upwick, but the borough of that name must have included the bulk of the houses composing the old town. The land on which New College stands was known as the "Borough Field," and that portion of the parish appears to have been called the borough *par excellence* long after the name and use of the territorial division had been forgotten elsewhere.

Mill Beverington was probably co-extensive with so much of the manor of Radmill Beverington as lay within the Hundred of Eastbourne, and was situate in part at Rodmill Farm. Ralph Radmyle held the manor of Beverington in 1411 ("Suss. Arch. Coll." 10, 139). The circumstance that the manor of Beverington was divided into two parts, called North and South, and that the Rectorial Manor of Eastbourne Nether Inn is also stated in the Burrell MSS. to have contained two boroughs, called North and South, has led Mr. Hudson to make a suggestion in the paper above quoted that Eastbourne Nether Inn and Radmill Beverington are but two names for one and the same manor.

The name of Upperton continues to cling to a district of the new town.

Mr. Hudson considers that the borough of Chalvington, otherwise Cholington, originally comprised the tenants of Roger de la Ware, Lord of the Manor of Folkington, who is stated in an Assize Roll of 1279 to have held four hides at "Chelinton and Burn," and inclines to the belief that the borough of Esthall was identical with the manor of "Meads, otherwise Broads," of which Richard le Brode was Lord in 1288. The fact that one of the hills near Meads used to be called East Hall Down adds strength to this theory.

The borough of Lamport must have been the same as the old Manor of "Meads, otherwise Lamport," and seems to have comprised a considerable proportion of the population of Eastbourne, and yet for all that it has vanished so completely that not even a field-name survives to betray its hidden site. It has always been assumed that this borough derived its name from some small port, or harbour, on the sea-coast, but Lamport (or Langeport, as it is sometimes spelt) may signify "long town," and the hamlet which answered this description was South Street. It is not impossible, therefore, that the ancient name of this straggling village street, which only a century ago was three times its present length, may have been Lamport, and that the modern name may have been gradually substituted on account of its being situate in the south "laine," or cornfield, of Eastbourne.

Mr. H. Mitchell Whitley, of Eastbourne, has lately discovered some old local wills in the Probate Registry which throw considerable light on a period of Eastbourne history which had previously been shrouded in darkness, and reveal the former existence of many parochial brotherhoods or guilds, which were no doubt useful and beneficial institutions in their day. For instance, William Janys, by his will dated 17th March, 1494, directed his body to be buried in the Church of the Blessed Mary the Virgin, of Estborne, and bequeathed to the high altar, for tithes forgotten, three shillings and fourpence, and gave to the Brotherhood of St. Richard twelve pence, to the Brotherhood of St. Mary of the same place, a quarter of malt, to the Brotherhood of St. George half a quarter of barley, to the Brotherhood of St. Michael half a quarter of malt, and to the Brotherhood of St. Sithe a quarter of barley.

Again, John Taillour, a husbandman, by will dated March 24, 1498, gave to the Brotherhood of St. Richard twelve pence, to the Brotherhood of Jesus, in the Church of the Blessed Mary of Estborne, twenty pence, to the Edifice of the same Brotherhood half a quarter of barley, to the repair of the Church of Estborne twenty pence, and to the repair of the Chapel of the Blessed Gregory, of

Estborne, half a quarter of barley, to be paid when the repairs were made.

And again, Robert Story, by will dated March 21, 1494, directed his body to be buried within the Chapel of Saints Margaret and Bartholomew of the Church of Estborne.

From the above extracts it appears that towards the end of the fifteenth century there were no fewer than six parish guilds in existence at Eastbourne. These guilds were bodies of laymen, associated together for mutual benefit. They had a common fund, and their duties were to assist one another generally in their occupation or trade, to pay debts or penalties incurred by members, to relieve the sick and poor brethren, to bury the dead, and to pray for the souls of the departed. Each guild had besides some special object, religious or secular.

It is known that a writ, ordering a general return of guilds, issued on November 1, 1388, was proclaimed at Eastbourne on January 6 following by the bailiff of the Rape of Pevensey. But the only return from the County of Sussex which has escaped destruction is that for Tollington, and it may serve to give some idea of the nature of the kindred societies at Eastbourne.

It is to the effect that the Rector and parishioners had, about the year 1380, instituted a brotherhood, and each of the members paid twenty pence a year towards the support of a chaplain, and supplied thirteen wax candles to burn before the crucifix in the church in honour of Corpus Christi. There were thirty-eight brothers and sisters in the Society, sometimes more and sometimes less, for no one was obliged to remain in it, but could leave it when he or she pleased. They met once a year, on the feast of Corpus Christi, ate together, and paid their chaplain his stipend. They had forty shillings in their box and three cows. ("Sussex Archæological Collections," 24, 292.)

The Chapel of St. Gregory, referred to in John Taillour's will, is most probably the chantry which, according to tradition, stood at Holywell. That of St. Margaret and St. Bartholomew was large enough to allow of the interment of a body, and must have been the chapel on the north side of the chancel of the parish church. That on the south side was in all probability dedicated to Our Lady of Eastbourne. The dedication was probably made to Saints Bartholomew and Margaret, as being the Patron Saints of Bartholomew de Baddlesmere, chief Lord of Eastbourne, and Margaret his wife.

Bartholomew de Baddlesmere received Eastbourne from King Edward II. in exchange for Thundersley in Essex, and the former

connection of the de Baddlesmeres with that county may explain how St. Sithe came to be the patroness of one of the Eastbourne Parochial Guilds.

An old custom peculiar to Eastbourne was the periodical banquet of benchers and bachelors, commonly called "Sops and Ale." A precise but illiterate description of the ceremonies observed on the occasion is given in "Eastbourne and its Environs, 1787," and quoted in Hone's "Every-Day Book," vol. ii. 347.

The senior bachelor in the place was elected by the inhabitants steward, and to him was delivered a damask napkin, a large wooden bowl, twelve wooden trenchers, twelve wooden knives and forks, two wooden candlesticks, and two wooden cups for the reception of sugar, and on the Sunday fortnight (*sic*) the steward attended at the church door, with a white wand in his hand, and gave notice that sops and ale would be given that evening at such a place.

Immediately after any lady, or respectable farmer, or tradesman's wife, became mother of a child, the steward called at the house and begged permission for sops and ale, which was always granted, and conducted in the following order: Three tables were placed in some convenient room, one of which was covered with the above napkin, and had a china bowl and plates, with silver handled knives and forks, placed on it, and in the bowl were put biscuits, sopped with wine and sweetened with fine sugar.

The second table was also covered with a cloth, with china or other earthen plates, and a bowl with beer sops sweetened with fine sugar, and decent knives and forks.

The third table was placed without any cloth, and on it were put the wooden bowl, knives, forks, and trenchers as before described, with the candlesticks and sugar cups, and in the bowl were beer sops sweetened with the coarsest sugar. As soon as the evening service was over, having had previous notice from the steward, the company assembled, and were placed in the following order: Those persons whose wives were mothers of twins were placed at the upper or first table, those whose wives had a child or children at the second table, and such persons as were married and had no children, together with the old bachelors, were placed at the third table, which was styled the bachelors' table, under which title the gentlemen who sat at it were addressed for that evening, and the gentlemen at the first table were styled benchers. Proper toasts were given, adapted for the occasion, and the company always broke up at eight o'clock, generally very cheerful and good-humoured.

In 1640 Thomas Parker, Edward Burton, and Nicholas Gildridge, Lords of the Eastbourne Manors, and eighteen other inhabitants of the parish, presented a petition to Parliament praying for the abolition of this ancient custom, but the matter was allowed to drop. Horsfield, writing in 1835, mentions that sops and ale were prepared in "a room adjacent to the sacred edifice," and possibly refers to the building adjoining the church tower in which the village school was formerly held. The conclusion of the second lesson at the afternoon service was a signal for all the farmers and labourers present to spring to their feet and leave the church in order to get

their sops and ale. Eventually an annual payment of £20, to be devoted to the free schooling of agricultural labourers' children, seems to have been accepted by the parishioners in full satisfaction of the custom, which had become degenerate in form and somewhat unseemly in character. Bachelors seem to have been held in low estimation at Eastbourne, for it appears from the old parish book that about the year 1703 they were relegated to a gallery, then lately erected for their accommodation, at the west end of the church.

The tithe breakfasts were also held on Sunday, the farmers being entertained in the parlour of the Parsonage House, and their men in the barn, at the expense of the lessees of the Rectorial tithe. The following account is preserved in the Burrell Manuscripts :—

There is a singular custom in this parish. On the three first Sundays in August, about an hour before divine service begins, the occupiers of the great tithes are obliged to find and provide a public breakfast for the farmers and their servants, each farmer having a right, for each team or plough-land he occupies, to send two servants, who are entitled to as good hams as can be obtained, with bread and cheese, and also to two pints of good beer to each man. The masters' fare on these occasions is a hot sirloin of beef, with cold hams and other necessaries, with the like liquor, and this breakfast concludes on the chiming for church. About sixty years ago this custom was in litigation for omissions in the entertainment, but settled by the Court of Chancery, from which time it has been regularly observed. The supposed origin of this custom is that formerly the proprietor or occupier of the tithes took the corn in the swath, and, in consideration of the farmers and their servants taking it up for them, they gave this breakfast to induce them to commit as little injury to the tithes in feeding, trampling, and other spoilage, which is often wantonly exercised.

The anniversary of the discovery of Gunpowder Plot has long been celebrated with peculiar ceremony at Eastbourne. The boys of the town were astir before day break dressed in grotesque costume, blowing cows' horns, and repeating the familiar doggerel rhyme :—

Remember, remember,
De fift' of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot ;
I don't see no reason
Why Gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.
Guy Fawkes ! Guy Fawkes ! 'twas 'is intent
To blow up de King and 'is Parliament.
Three score bar'ls and powder below,
Poor old England's overthrow.
By God's mercy 'e was caught
With a dark lantern burning match.
'Oller boys, 'oller boys, make de bells ring,
'Oller boys, 'oller boys, God save de King.
'Ip, 'ip, 'ooray !

While they said these lines in a monotonous tone, they beat time on the doorsteps with their long bats, and wound up with a cheer, accompanied by the ringing of a hand-bell and a mighty blast from the cow's horn. And yet in those good old days they got more half-pence than kicks from the good-natured inhabitants of the quiet Sussex town. As soon as the shades of evening fell, lighted tar-barrels were rolled about the streets, squibs and rockets were discharged, and bonfires were lighted in the middle of the roadway. Here is an account of how the Eastbourne folk kept the Fifth of November a generation ago :—

A fire was soon blazing up at the Lamb Corner, the old spot used two hundred years ago, but it was left to the Seaside boys to carry out the commemoration in a style which has never been surpassed at this place. At seven o'clock hundreds were wending their way to headquarters at Seaside. The Eastbourne Sax-horn band was in attendance, and at the sound of the drums, answered by signal-lights and rockets, a fine body of young men emerged from a gateway where the procession was formed. The procession marched out under the management of twenty officers, each of whom bore a flag, in the following order :—

Conductor with Union Jack.

Eight torchmen, four abreast, and a large banner, inscribed "God save the Queen."
Drum.

Banner with inscription "No Popery."

Flag. Band. Flag.

Coloured lights and eight torchmen four abreast.

Effigy, "Nena Sahib," with banner waving over, inscribed "Nena shall be cut in pieces."

Eight torchmen four abreast.

Effigy, "Begum of Lucknow," in the act of slaying a child, with banner inscribed "A gallows awaits the Begum."

A blaze of light, consisting of forty men with torches and blazing tar-barrels, drawn by fifty young men.

Thus they marched on under their respective officers, with the band playing lively airs. It certainly was a grotesque procession—the various dresses, the curiously-figured masks, the fierce-looking effigies, the torches and blue lights, all having a curious effect. The procession paraded Seaside, Seaside Road, Cavendish Place, Grand Parade, Victoria Place, and Terminus Road, returning to the large open space in front of the Marine Tavern, Seaside Road, where they halted. A large fire was soon kindled, and blazing tar-barrels were seen issuing from their hiding-places in all directions. At the time appointed, preparations were made for the destruction of the effigies. For the Begum of Lucknow a gallows was erected, where she hung until consumed by the flames. Nena Sahib was chopped to pieces and thrown into the fire amidst the shouts of the assembled multitude, the band playing "Rule Britannia." For some hours the bystanders were amused with rockets, &c., and to close, the band played "God save the Queen."—*Lewes Times*, November 10, 1858.

It will be observed that the main object of the demonstration on

this particular occasion was to express public abhorrence of the Indian Mutiny and its results. A handbill was issued with the inscription, "No fire-balls thrown, no religious sects offended." There were no effigies of the Pope and Guy Fawkes, which was unusual, and the proceedings must have in consequence somewhat resembled the play of "Hamlet" with the principal part omitted. But in the following year the Pope, Guy Fawkes, and the Emperor of China shared the honours of cremation. A large bonfire in North Street was the centre of attraction during the first part of the evening. At eight o'clock the bonfire boys turned out and paid a complimentary visit to South Street, when a procession was formed headed by the Eastbourne brass band, the bonfire boys carrying numerous flags and torches, and two hogsheads and tar-barrels filled with combustibles blazing away in the rear. At half-past eight, another procession was formed at headquarters, with a fresh supply of tar-barrels. At nine o'clock orders were given to form the grand procession, the rear being brought up by three hogsheads and two tar-barrels filled with highly combustible ingredients. All being in readiness a light was applied to these tar-barrels, and the flames licked their sides, crackling, hissing, and curling, amidst a cloud of smoke high in the air. The order "forward" was given, and the band, striking up "Cheer boys, cheer," the procession started, cheering lustily, the light from the torches, coloured fires, and tar-barrels casting a lurid glare, which could be seen for miles around, and the burning embers from the tar-barrels leaving a track of fire behind until the bonfire was reached, and the effigies were consumed with the customary formalities. (*Eastbourne Gazette*, Monday, November 7, 1859.)

The town has now grown to such a size that it is no longer safe to keep the anniversary in the manner above described, and those who wish to see the old Sussex style of commemorating the discovery of Gunpowder Plot should pay a visit on November 5 to the neighbouring town of Lewes.

A map of Eastbourne, enlarged from one of the County of Sussex made by order of the Duke of Richmond, shows the appearance presented by the town in 1790, and brings home to the mind, as no words can do, the contrast between the little country town of that period, and the important municipal borough of to-day. The field names which it contains elucidate several doubtful points of local history. In front of "Sea Houses" was a large bank of shingle, so large indeed that there were buildings on both sides of the roadway now known as the Marine Parade. This tract of beach commenced exactly where the Queen's Hotel now stands, and

widened out so rapidly that at a point opposite the site now occupied by the Anchor Hotel, it was a quarter of a mile in breadth. The buildings indicated as "Sea Houses" amounted to eleven all told. Close to the spot where the Cavendish Hotel stands is shown a "quarry." From it was obtained the green sandstone which was in much request at a period when other stone was not easily procurable. The material commonly made use of for building consisted of flint boulders picked off the beach.

A footpath or occupation way, leaving the sea-shore opposite the present Devonshire Baths, joined the old Wish Road, and led past a group of three houses called the "Wish" (which looked like a little oasis in the midst of the great open cornfield) to the hamlet of Prentice Street, and continuing to ascend the hill, crossed the highway to Meads, in front of the old farmhouse, which still stands at the top of the comparatively modern cutting, and ran across fields called "Gordex," the "Links," and "Borough Field," in a straight line to Upwick and Greenstreet. The traveller starting from the foot of what is now known as the Wish Tower Hill, and following the edge of the cliff for a little more than a furlong, arrived at a "beacon," or a spot called by that name. The steep bank which overhangs the Wish Valley was known as the "Hobby," and its western extremity as "Chapel Bank," and between the beacon and the village of Meads were ploughlands named "Chapel Dean," "Gore Flat," and "Pond Furlong." The names of "Chapel Dean and Chapel Bank" indicate the site of an ancient Chantry dedicated to St. Gregory, which stood at Holywell in the middle ages. On the cliff in front of Meads were pieces of land called "Tye Link" and "South Dean." After the traveller, in his walk along the cliff, had mounted the steep hill beyond Holywell, he passed a little coombe or hollow in the downs known as "Whitbread Hole," and advanced across "France Link," having "France Hill" on his right, and a footpath called "Punch Stakes" leading down to the beach on his left, and came to "Cow Gap." Next he traversed a hollow called "Grattan Dean," climbed to the "Signal House," and arrived at the "Gun Gardens" on Beachy Head. The valley on the north side of the road leading from East Dean to Meads used to be known as "The Warren," from the circumstance that the Lord of the Manor had a preserve of rabbits there; that on the south side, as "Melcombe," but query whether this is not a mis-spelling for Wellcombe. The two old windmills near Mill-Gap are shown on the map, while a third appears on the summit of the hill behind Paradise. Its foundations are still to be seen at that spot. There were a few small inclosures of

grass dotted along the foot of the downs behind Greenstreet, but the remainder of the upland was occupied by the open cornfield called "Ockling," or "Aucken Laine."

There were two ways of getting from the old town to the sea. One *via* Water Lane, Grove Road, and South Street. Three small houses stood near the foot of the old mill pond, and one on either side of the occupation way which leads from the Goffs towards Upperton Farm. Another, probably a farmhouse, in the corner of Elphick's field, across the road.

There were no buildings in Water Lane, but Grove Road, from the old "Squirrel" (then a farmhouse) to Stocksbank, was lined with houses, and formed part of the village of South.

The other route to the sea followed the existing highway from Old Town to Compton Place, until it reached the steps which lead to the links. At this point it has been diverted, for the map of 1790 shows that it then struck across the links, passed close to the east side of Compton Place, and ran at right angles into Meads Road about an eighth of a mile further west than the present corner. The houses forming South Street extended on both sides of the highway, from the older Compton Place corner, just mentioned, to the southern corner of the modern Gildridge Road. The highway then traversed the open cornfield, and no houses of any kind were to be seen between South and Sea Houses except the cluster of buildings on both sides of the way at Susan's Farm. The names of the hills and valleys of the South Downs lying immediately behind the town of Eastbourne are marked on the same map. There is Bullock Down, where a race-meeting was held thirty years ago, flanked on the south by a long valley called, at its western extremity, "Shooting Bottom," and at its eastern end, Bulling Dean. The next ridge northward is Long Down, running parallel with Bullock Down, and bounded on the south by a valley called Dencher Bottom, and on the north by Black Robin Bottom. Northward of that, again, lay a short hill running north and south called "East Hall Down," which has evidently belonged at one time to the borough of Esthale. There is yet another ridge beyond it running east and west called "Ringwood," and at its extremity, overlooking the Old Town, were two localities, situate close together, and called Spechley and Shepherd's House.

The Willards' old house, now the property of Mr. John Ellis, contains many relics of bygone days. One of the rooms on the ground floor has a large old-fashioned open chimney corner, into which at a later period had been built an iron fire-grate bearing the date 1698. In the dining-room is a curious carved canopy of wood.

The key of the store-room is inscribed "T. Willard, Esq., Bourn, Sussex," and in the pretty grounds which surround the house is a pond, fed by the Bourn stream, and containing a colony of carp and other fish which have probably enjoyed undisturbed possession of its waters for two hundred years. Some of these fish are so tame that they will eat from the hand.

T. H. B. GRAHAM.

THE QUEEREST OF COLONIAL BOOKS.

IN one of his recent magazine articles on the South African situation, Mr. F. E. Garrett alluded to the "Battle of Ballarat" by way of illustration and parallel. The reference is geographically and historically correct, but that is not the name by which the incident is known in Australia. The outbreak of the Ballarat diggers against an intolerable tyranny and the persistent refusal of the rights of freemen, including Parliamentary representation, was localised in that portion of the goldfield called the "Eureka," and their hastily improvised fort, which was attacked and captured by the Imperial troops on December 3, 1854, was styled a "stockade." A combination of these two words is the colloquial description of the diggers' successful fight for freedom all over Australia. Successful because, although they were defeated in the engagement with the soldiers of the Queen, a Royal Commission immediately investigated their grievances and secured for them all the reforms which they were previously unable to obtain by constitutional methods.

The literature of this one and only battle ever fought on Australian soil is very extensive. It is conveniently summarised in some ninety pages of the "History of Ballarat" by Mr. William Bramwell Withers. For the purely military aspects of the affair the book of Captain Butler Stoney is the standard authority. But an account of the rising, written by the leading foreigner concerned in it, is beyond all doubt the most extraordinary production that ever emanated from a colonial press. Somebody has written in pencil on the fly-leaf of the copy in the British Museum, "Very scarce and curious." The description is correct. The title-page, which is decorated with a picture of the diggers' insurgent flag, the Southern Cross, reads thus:—" *Sit nomen Domini benedictum.* The Eureka Stockade : The Consequence of Some Pirates Wanting on Quarter-Deck a Rebellion. By Carboni Raffaello, by the grace of Spy Goodenough Captain of Foreign Anarchists, but by the unanimous choice of his fellow-miners Member of the Local Court, Ballarat." The sar-

castic allusion to the pirates on quarter-deck was intended as a hit at the Governor, Sir Charles Hotham, a distinguished officer of the Royal Navy, whose arbitrary methods and rooted determination not to be dictated to by a miscellaneous horde of diggers, were undoubtedly potent factors in producing the outbreak. "Spy Good-enough" was a Government detective who pretended to be a revolting digger, mixed with the insurgents, took notes of all he saw and heard in the rebel camp, and appeared as the principal witness for the Crown at the abortive State trials that followed the capture of the stockade and the arrest of those of the leaders who were not killed or were in hiding with a price on their heads. The last clause of the title-page refers to the rewards that naturally fell to the leaders of the insurrection when the new era of amnesty and reform was inaugurated. Peter Lalor, the young Irishman who was chosen as commander-in-chief of the rebel diggers, and who lost an arm in defending the stockade, was triumphantly returned as the first member for Ballarat in the Parliament of Victoria, where he rose to high distinction as a Minister, Chairman of Committees, and Speaker. He declined a knighthood from the Queen against whose soldiers he had fought as a young and untrained general of twenty-five. Raffaello, the author of this singular book, who acted as *aide-de-camp* to Lalor, and as the interpreter of his commands to the various foreign contingents of revolting diggers, was content with a minor distinction. One of the reforms conceded to the population of the goldfields after the fight was the privilege of selecting a certain number of magistrates from their own ranks. In this way Raffaello became a member of the Ballarat Local Court. Acquitted by a sympathetic jury on a charge of high treason, he stepped from the dock to the bench.

"Carboni Raffaello, Member of the College of Preceptors (1850), Bloomsbury Square, professor, interpreter, and translator of the Italian, French, German, and Spanish languages into English or *vice versa*, late of 4 Castle Court, Birchin Lane, Cornhill, London; now gold-digger of Ballarat." Such is our author's own grandiloquent description of himself. He appears to have been a little red-haired, red-hot revolutionist all his life. His participation in the Australian diggers' rebellion was only an incident in his volcanic career. He had fought against the Austrians before transferring himself to the Antipodes; he fought with Garibaldi's red-shirts after he had returned from Australia. In London he was an active Chartist, and he more than once compares the mass meetings of the Ballarat diggers with the Chartist gatherings on Copenhagen Fields. A picture of Golden Point, Ballarat, which he saw in the "Illustrated

London News," was apparently the determining influence that led to his emigration. He arrived at Golden Point in December 1852, and started digging with encouraging success, securing seventeen ounces of the precious metal at a depth of only ten feet. He contrasts this rapid acquisition of £60 odd, "without crouching or crawling to Jew or Christian," with the recent period when he had to "take off his hat half a dozen times and walk from east to west before he could earn one pound in the capacity of sworn interpreter and translator of languages in the City of London."

Raffaello commences with an unconventional challenge to his readers :—"He who buys this book to lull himself to sleep had better spend his money in grog. He who reads this book to smoke a pipe over it, let him provide himself with plenty of tobacco—he will have to blow hard. A lover of truth—that's the man I want—and he will have in this book the truth and nothing but the truth." Among the reasons that urged him to write was his intended publication of a work at which he had been plodding for eighteen years. He wanted to vindicate his character before the issue of this *magnum opus*, and show how it was he came to stand in the felon's dock of a British Supreme Court on a charge of high treason. A more intelligible reason was to perpetuate the memory of his brother-diggers who fell in the fight with the forces under the command of Major-General Sir Robert Nickle. "Brave comrades in arms who fell on that disgraced Sabbath morning, worthy of a better fate and most certainly of a larger remembrance, it is in my power to drag your names from an ignoble oblivion and to vindicate the unrewarded bravery of one of yourselves ! He was once my mate, the bearer of our Standard, the Southern Cross. Shot down by a murderous hand, he fell and died struggling like a man in the cause of the diggers." The brother-digger here alluded to was Captain Ross, of Toronto, Canada, who was mortally wounded during the attack on the stockade.

At a very early stage of his career as a digger, Raffaello made the acquaintance of the brutally autocratic system under which the mining regulations were enforced, and which was soon to goad the diggers into active rebellion. Oftentimes in London, he says, he had to drop his quill through sheer fatigue, but he never realised what hard work really was until he handled the pick and shovel at Ballarat. In less than a fortnight after his arrival, while he was learning the rudiments of his new business, this scene occurred :—"I heard a rattling noise in the bush. My faithful dog, Bonaparte, would not keep under control. 'What's up?' 'Your license,

mate,' was the peremptory question from a six-foot fellow in blue shirt, thick boots, the face of a ruffian, armed with a carbine and fixed bayonet." Raffaello was in a position to produce his official permit to dig for gold, and suffered no further indignity from this "specimen of colonial brutedom," as he styles the Government trooper who introduced himself so abruptly. He was soon to be an eye-witness of one of the regular bi-monthly organised hunts for unlicensed diggers by the Government troopers. "It was a horrible day, plagued by the hot winds. A blast of the hurricane winding through the gravel pits whirled towards the Eureka the shouting of 'Joe' (the diggers' signal for the approach of the troopers). It was the howl of a wolf for the shepherds, who bolted at once towards the bush; it was the yell of bulldogs for the fossickers who floundered among the deep holes and thus dodged the hounds; it was a scarecrow for the miners, who scrambled down and left a licensed mate or two at the windlass. By this time a regiment of troopers in full gallop had besieged the whole of the Eureka, and the traps (police) under their protection ventured among the holes. Some of them were civil enough, aye, they felt the shame of their duty; but there were among them devils at heart, who enjoyed the fun, because their cupidity could not bear the sight of the piles of rich-looking washing-stuff, and the envy which blinded their eyes prevented them from taking into account the overwhelming number of shicers (unprofitable mines) close by, round about, all along." The unlicensed diggers captured during those periodical raids were first of all tied to trees, and subsequently marched in a body to the lock-up in the Government camp, where they were kept until they or their friends satisfied the demands of the authorities.

How this dangerously-provocative system of collecting a revenue rapidly developed into open war between the diggers and the Government, Raffaello tells in the most peculiar polyglottic fashion, indulging in a profusion of sarcastic parentheses, and hitting off the principal personages in shrewdly-observant, occasionally vitriolic, and always picturesquely quaint paragraphs. Lalor, the commander-in-chief of the diggers, he sums up as "an earnest, well-meaning, no-two-ways, non-John-Bullised Irishman, in whose eyes the gaseous heroism of demagogues or the knavery of peg-shifters is an abomination." The most violent instigator of the diggers to rebellion, the most popular platform orator, who was wont to wield a sword on high and proclaim his determination to lead the way to liberty or death; the man whom the Government regarded as their most formidable foe, and for whose body, dead or alive, they offered

the highest reward, was a young Hanoverian military officer, named Frederick Vern. But when the moment for actual fighting came, he was nowhere to be seen, and although it was never actually proved that he had played a cowardly part, his conduct was certainly suspicious in the highest degree. Raffaello does not disguise his belief that Vern was a traitor. Here is his precise and the reverse of complimentary description of the erstwhile blustering orator :—" Oh, you long-legged, sky-blathering Vern ! with the eyes of an opossum, a common nose, healthy-looking cheeks, not very small mouth, no beard, long neck for Jack Ketch, broad shoulders never broken down by too much work, splendid chest, long arms, a lion amongst the fair sex, in spite of your bad English, worse German, and abominable French." Raffaello was in the habit of summing up everybody from his own exalted standpoint as an accomplished linguist. Of Father Patrick Smyth, the Roman Catholic clergyman in charge of Ballarat at the time, and a man who strained every nerve to avert a collision between the authorities and the diggers, he writes :—" A native of Mayo, looks some thirty-five years old, belongs to the unadulterated Irish caste, half-curved hair, keen and fiery eyes, altogether a lively, interesting head. He is a Latin and Celtic scholar, and that excuses him for his moderate proficiency in modern languages." John Basson Humffray, a Welshman, who was the leader of the constitutional diggers, the secretary of their Reform League, and in after years the first Minister of Mines in the colony, is thus depicted :—" A gentleman of good family, an honest benevolent heart directed by a liberal mind, entangled perhaps by too much reading of all sorts, perplexed at the prosperity of the vicious and the disappointment of the virtuous in this mysterious world of ours, could never turn wicked because he believes in the resurrection of the life; well-proportioned person, prepossessing countenance, fine forehead denoting shrewdness, knows when and whither to shift his pegs in the battle of life, his policy ever to keep friendly with red-coats and gold-lace at one and the same time as with blue shirts and sou'-westers." Another of Raffaello's peculiar pen-portraits is that of George Black, a prominent figure of that stirring time and the editor of the *Diggers' Advocate*, the recognised organ of the advanced reformers :—" From his outward appearance one would take him for a parson—a Christian one I mean; not a prebendary or bishop. His English is elegant. Conscious of having received an education and being born a gentleman, he never prostitutes his tongue to colonial phraseology. His reading must have been sober from his youth,

for in conversation he indulges in neither cant nor romance, though in addressing the people he may use a touch of declamation stronger than argument."

Raffaello gives a graphic description of the first gathering of the armed diggers and their taking the oath of fidelity beneath the folds of the Southern Cross. He was one of the delegates deputed to visit the Government camp and demand a pledge that digger-hunting should immediately cease. The Chief Commissioner absolutely refused to give any such pledge, saying:—"It is all nonsense to try and make me believe that the present agitation is intended solely to abolish the license. It is merely a cloak to cover a democratic revolution." When the stockade was stormed and captured by the 12th and 40th Regiments Raffaello was reported to be amongst the slain. Newspaper correspondents numbered him amongst the dead, and one of them described him as "a fine, well-educated man, and a great favourite." But he survived the assault, although he had some narrow escapes and exciting experiences. While helping to bandage the wounds of one of his friends he was pointed out by the Government spy, Goodenough, as one of the leaders of the rebellion. Chained to a dozen other prisoners, he was marched to the Government camp, stripped, searched, knocked down for remonstrating, and thrown into a prison that was crammed to suffocation. There was not room enough to lie down, and what with the vermin, the stench of the place, and the heat of the Australian midsummer he became delirious. He exclaims, in recalling this terrible time: "Oh, days and nights of the 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th of December, 1854, your remembrance will not end, no, not even in my grave!"

The preliminary investigation at Ballarat resulted in the discharge of 160 of the prisoners. Thirteen, of whom Raffaello was one, were committed for high treason and taken down to the Melbourne gaol to await their trial. As showing the cosmopolitan character of the population of early Ballarat, it is interesting to note that the thirteen State prisoners represented no less than nine distinct nationalities. Before dawn one morning the thirteen were roused up, ordered to dress, placed in a cart, and securely chained in couples. Before starting Captain Thomas read an order to the effect that they were under his charge for transit to Melbourne, and that if any one of them stirred a finger or moved a lip when crossing the goldfield the transgressor would be shot on the spot. On hearing this Raffaello sarcastically exclaimed, "God save the Queen!" a piece of presumption that led to the tightening of his handcuffs and to his being placed in the forefront of the cart as a

further precautionary measure. Presently he was overcome by his feelings. "They drove us through the main road as fast as was safe for the preservation of our necks—the only thing they wanted to preserve inviolate for headquarters. On passing through the Eureka I got a glance at my snug little tent, where I had passed so many happy hours, and which was sacred to me on a Sunday. There it lay deserted, uncared for! My eyes were filled with tears, and at forty years of age a man does not cry for little."

Raffaello's spirits revived on the road, and he dwells in rapture on the beauties of the "superb landscapes" of the bush country between Ballarat and Melbourne, and the musical chorus of the "chattering birds of the south." A dozen dragoons rode ahead, and a score of troopers in the rear, with unsheathed swords and carbines cocked. At Ballan, the half-way house, there was a halt for change of horses and refreshment. The dragoons and troopers regaled themselves on biscuits, cheese, and bottled porter, but, says Raffaello, "there was no breakfast for the poor State prisoners lying in chains on the bare ground. We had some trouble before we could obtain from the red-coats a drop of cold water—I mean actually a drop of cold water." The long day of travel, and thirst came to an end at last. At eight o'clock the State prisoners arrived in front of the gloomy portals of the Melbourne gaol. They were "smothered with dust and burning with thirst." They were all very glad to exchange the revengeful enmity of the red-coats for what Raffaello calls "the gentle grasp of the turnkeys." The governor of the gaol gave them a good meal, and treated them with as much kindness as the regulations would permit during the four months of their detention while awaiting trial. But Raffaello found the Sundays in prison exceedingly trying. He was let out along with the other Roman Catholics to hear Mass in the morning, and for a further half-hour of exercise in the yard immediately after the service. Then he was shut up in his cell until Monday morning. In a remonstrance to the sheriff, signed by all the State prisoners, but evidently drafted by Raffaello, the following passage occurs:—"Even Sunday, that to all men in Christendom is a day of relaxation and comparative enjoyment, to us is one of gloom and weariness, being locked up in a dreary cell from three o'clock on Saturday evening until seven on Monday morning (with the exception of about an hour and a half on Sunday); thus locked up in a narrow dungeon for forty consecutive hours. We appeal to you, and ask, was there ever worse treatment, in the worst days of the Roman Inquisition, for men whose reputation had never been

sullied with crime?" It is furthermore stated in this memorial that "we are debarred the use of writing materials except for purposes of pressing necessity; we are never permitted to see a newspaper; and we are strictly prohibited the use of tobacco and snuff." This latter statement needs some qualification, for elsewhere Raffaello mentions that when tobacco was needed he would sing a certain favourite air from an Italian opera. This was an agreed upon signal with a sympathetic warder, who would thereupon give a gentle tap at the door of the cell and thrust a stick of tobacco underneath. "Even in hell there must be some good devils," observes Raffaello in this connection.

Their probable fate at the approaching trials was naturally the chief topic of conversation amongst the thirteen during those dreary four months. They were cheered by the knowledge, which, in spite of the official prohibition of newspapers, percolated through the prison bars, that monster meetings were being held in Melbourne, and in all the goldfields' centres, demanding the amnesty of the State prisoners as an essential preliminary to the inauguration of the new era of reform. On the other hand they learnt from an authoritative source that it would go hard with any one found guilty, that the Government was determined to make an example of some of them as a lesson to all disaffected diggers, and that fifteen years on the hulks would be the probable sentence in the event of conviction. One at least of the thirteen was quite prepared for the worst sentence that the law could impose. He was an American negro, and one day Raffaello asked him: "What do you think will be the end of us, Joe?" He replied: "Why, if the jury let us go I guess we'll jump our holes again on the diggings. If the jury won't let us go, then ——" The rest of the reply was given in gestures. "Bowing his head over the left shoulder, poking his thumb between the windpipe and the collar-bone, and opening wide his eyes, he gave such an unearthly whistle that I understood perfectly well what he meant."

But all these gloomy anticipations were needless. Unless the Government resorted to deliberate packing, the jury could only be a reflex of public opinion, which had already given a clear, emphatic, and unanimous verdict of acquittal. Raffaello was placed in the dock on March 21, 1855, in the presence of a crowded court. There were demonstrative thousands outside who could not gain admission. Raffaello's senior counsel, the Hon. Richard Davies Ireland, Q.C., had himself been a political prisoner in his time. He was one of the suspects arrested by the order of Lord Clarendon, the Irish

Viceroy, in the year of revolutions, 1848. His junior, the Hon. Butler Cole Aspinall, had been on the staff of the London *Morning Chronicle*, and was a member of a well known English legal family, which is still conspicuously in evidence at the British Bar. Even when standing in the dock with a charge of high treason hanging over his head, Raffaello could not refrain from his quaint studies in physiognomy. Mr. Ireland is described as "thick, sound, robust, round-headed ; the glance of his eyes is irresistible ; a pair of bushy whiskers frame in a shrewd forehead, astute nose, thundering mouth ; his eloquence savours pretty strongly of Daniel O'Connell, flavoured with colonial pepper ; hence he always exercises a potent spell over a jury." Mr. Aspinall has "the print of generous frankness on his forehead, of benevolence in his eyes, and of sincere boldness in his mouth. His height, fine complexion, and noble deportment indicate the gentleman and the scholar." The presiding judge, Sir Redmond Barry, is "of the old gentleman stamp ; nothing in his face of the cast of a Jeffries. He can manage his temper even among the vexations of law."

A dozen witnesses—informers, troopers, and soldiers—were called to prove that Raffaello was one of the speakers at the mass meeting of the diggers on the eve of the battle ; that he said he had come 16,000 miles to escape the tyranny of the Austrian, and he would help to put down the tyrants there (pointing in the direction of the Government camp) ; that he tore up his license and recommended all his hearers to do the same ; that he was the most violent speaker at the meeting ; that he was one of the defenders of the stockade, and that he fought desperately from first to last. No witnesses appeared for the defence, and after eloquent addresses from Messrs. Ireland and Aspinall, supplemented by a generally sympathetic summing up from Mr. Justice Barry, the jury retired. "To remain in the felon's dock while your jury consults on your fate," observes Raffaello, "is a sensation very peculiar of its kind. To be or not to be, that is the actual matter-of-fact question. Three letters make up the most important monosyllable in the language, which, if pronounced, is life, if omitted, is death." The period of suspense lasted twenty minutes, and then Raffaello was relieved to hear the life-giving monosyllable from the lips of the foreman of the jury—"Not guilty." A cheer went up from the crowded court and was re-echoed by the large concourse outside. On emerging a free man the inflammable little Italian was raised shoulder-high and made the hero of a popular ovation.

Raffaello returned to Ballarat, and was recompensed for his sufferings by being unanimously elected one of the nine mining magistrates

under the new reforming *régime* inaugurated by the Royal Commission of Inquiry into Goldfields Grievances. He eventually found his way back to his native Italy and enlisted under the banner of Garibaldi. He also published several poems and plays in Italian. Of the *magnum opus* mentioned in his account of the Eureka Stockade as having occupied sixteen of the best years of his life no trace can now be discovered.

J. F. HOGAN.

ARMORIAL ADVERSARIA.

IT would be a bold and enthusiastic armorist who would maintain the advisability of including the study of heraldry and armory in the Board-school curriculum. The public is probably more ignorant of this subject than it is of any other ornamental study. This ignorance may be due firstly to the supposed uselessness of armory, and secondly to its complexity and difficulty, also hypothetical. The first objection is met by the positive assertion that a knowledge of armory considerably increases the pleasure and facility with which history, and many writers, are read, *e.g.*, Shakespeare, Scott, Froissart, Dante, &c. The examination and exploration of ancient churches and buildings is rendered more interesting by the ability to understand the shields of arms which adorn so many monuments, windows, &c. As for the second objection, no simpler study exists, and none is acquired as armory can be, in a few hours ; lastly, it is finite, and once learned there is no keeping up with fresh discoveries and inventions.

Montaigne writes in "Of Recompences of Honour": "It was a pretty invention, and received into most governments of the world, to institute certain vain and insignificant distinctions to honour and recompence virtue ; such as crowns of lawrel, oak . . . the prerogative of certain additional names . . . *certain distinctions in their bearing of coats of arms.* And . . . to satisfy ambition with rewards, *that are not at all chargeable either to prince or people.*" It is strange that so cheap and satisfying a method of marking distinction as armorial bearings should not be subject to stringent control and regulation, instead of being left to the indiscriminate misuse of all and sundry, as has been the case in this country for practically the last two hundred years.

Again, Montaigne remarks in "Of Names": "Arms have no more security, than sir-names. I bear azure powdered with trefoiles, or, with a lyon's paw of the same armed gules in fesse. What privilege to continue particularly in my house and name? A son-in-law will transport it into another family ; or some paltry purchaser

will make them his first arms ; there is nothing wherein there is more change and confusion."

In the sixteenth century heralds were personages of power and importance, and efficiently regulated the use of arms. It is noticeable that the essayist says nothing of the unwarranted assumption of arms, but complains only of the perfectly regular transference of his arms to the quarterings of a son-in-law, or their possible acquirement by a "paltry purchaser." What would he say now if acquainted with the chaotic condition of matters armorial? His charge of confusion is fully justified.

The common ignorance of heraldry is frequently emphasised by the pseudo-armorial statement that a "bar-sinister" is a sign indicating bastardy. Few vulgar errors—certainly no armorial error—are so often paraded as this "bar-sinister"; it is corrected by less than one hour's study of armory, and the student rids his mind of an error acquired he knows not when, where, or how, and learns that the bâton, a diminutive of the bend-sinister, is regarded as indicating illegitimacy. Strange to say, Sir Walter Scott, whom we all regard as a consummate antiquary, makes this mistake in "Woodstock," where the disguised king soliloquises about the "bar-sinister." This is not the only armorial mistake made by Scott. In "Rob Roy," Di Vernon talks of quartered arms when she means "impaled." She must, or ought, to have known better, as she had doubtless free access to the "Guillim" her father so frequently read of an evening.

That flagitious behaviour afflicts one's escutcheon with a blot, and that abatement or deprivation of arms is or ought to be the fate of a strayer from the path of moral rectitude, is a correct popular opinion, and fitly expressed by Mr. Wackford Squeers, who on one occasion deplored that "the coat of arms of the Squeerses is tore."

The only arms the British public knows are the Royal Arms, appearing as they do on official paper, in many churches, on writs, summonses, &c., and over the shop fronts of certain tradesmen—in fact, so misused and vulgarised is the royal escutcheon that it must be regarded by the bulk of the populace as a trade-mark. This last certainly ought not to be; but matters armorial are become so chaotic in this kingdom that veritable trade-marks, registered as such, are in many instances true coats of arms, certainly not granted by the Earl Marshal. It would not be difficult to name brands of hair-wash, beer, &c., bottles of which are decorated with a complete achievement of arms, crest, supporters, and motto, all complete!

A well known brand of brandy sports three mallets on a shield, with a martlet as a crest, and the bottles are also adorned with three mullets. This perversion of use is nothing less than an injustice to those owners and rightful bearers of arms who pay their annual tax for the privilege of using an honour that they are entitled to bear either by descent or grant. If armorial bearings are of any honour or importance their use ought to be rigidly controlled ; if not, then the tax ought to be abolished. At the present time a tax is imposed and no security given in return that misuse of arms will be prevented.

Occasionally the impudent appropriation of the Royal Arms has been the object of a prosecution. In 1895 the Treasury summoned a bailiff at Lambeth for using the Queen's arms on a notice to quit ; the case being the first of its sort, a nominal penalty only was inflicted. As far back as July, 1893, the London Reform Union obtained a similar conviction. A most remarkable instance occurred, or rather came to light, in May, 1899 : a man was sent to gaol and hard labour for keeping a house of ill-fame under the guise of a massage establishment ; this scoundrel had actually had the effrontery to print the Royal Arms and "by appointment" on one side of his advertisement cards, with the Prince of Wales's arms on the reverse ! The Royal Arms appear on certain well-known newspapers : it is not generally known by what right, if any.

Until restoration became general, all our old churches possessed a certain ornament now becoming rather rare. This ornament, often the most conspicuous object in the edifice, was the Royal Arms. They were first fixed up in churches during the changes that took place in the reign of Edward VI., to indicate that the Church and State were allied, and that this land denied Papal supremacy. At the present day there is no compulsory order to set up the arms. Mr. Bloxham writes : "They may be considered not merely permissible but appropriate ornaments to our churches, and as emblems of loyalty to the Crown, against which few members of the Church of England would care to contend." Last January Mr. Chancellor Dibdin decided in the Woolwich Ritual case that the Royal Arms must be replaced, they having been removed, and with apparent contempt put down on the floor out of public view.

The presence of the arms has been supposed to indicate the subjection and subservience of the Church to the civil power. This Erastian error has caused many incumbents to remove the arms and often destroy them as a protest. Even Henry VIII., when asked

what he meant by the Royal Supremacy which he claimed, replied : "As to spiritual things . . . forasmuch as they be no worldly or temporal things, they have no worldly nor temporal head, but only Christ that did institute them, by Whose ordinances they be ministered here by mortal man, elect, chosen, and ordained as God hath willed for that purpose, who be the clergy."

"Let the Church be free and maintain her own judgments," decreed the Saxon kings in A.D. 696 at the Council of Brasted. "Let the Church be free, and hold her rights and liberties inviolate," is the first article of the Great Charter, twenty-three times ratified by our kings from John to Henry V.

The rate at which the Royal Arms are disappearing from our churches may be gauged by the fact that of eighty-seven churches in North Bucks known to the writer twenty-one only now possess them. When first put up they displaced the rood and attendant images on the roof-loft ; the commonest position is now over the chancel arch. In Norwich Cathedral they are over the screen, France and England quarterly, with, as supporters, two antelopes. These were the arms of Henry VI., but cannot have been put up in the cathedral during his reign, as the earliest known are those of Edward VI., and during the reign of Mary the removal of the Royal Arms from the churches was ordered by Cardinal Pole. In Himbleton Church (Worcester) on the wall over the east window was discovered a few years ago, after the removal of much whitewash, the Elizabethan Arms as a fresco, France and England quarterly, with lion and dragon as supporters. Since the accession of James I. the well-known lion and unicorn have been the constant supporters of the Royal escutcheon. In 1637 the Episcopal Commissioners reported on the shocking condition of things at All Saints Church, Northampton. One offence was : "The crosse which was upon the east end of the chancell is broken down, and instead thereof the townes arms are sette up, as if it were the townes church and not Christ's." This action seems an anticipation of what occurred a few years later.

We may fairly suppose that after the successful rebellion against Charles I. the Royal Arms would not be allowed to remain in churches ; nevertheless, a specimen here and there escaped destruction and survives to this day. In 1651 the "Commonwealth Arms" were set up, to be very promptly taken down at the Restoration ; so promptly, indeed, in London, that Pepys records in his Diary (April 22, 1660) "how the King's Arms are every day set up in houses and churches," almost before the Restoration was decided on, and to the intense disgust of what Pepys calls the "fanatiques"

The Arms of Charles II. are not uncommon. In Market Harborough Church they are placed over the tower arch, are executed in plaster, and dated 1660; in Milton Keynes, co. Bucks, they are well carved, properly tinctured, and placed over the north door in the nave. In Grafton Flyford Church, co. Worcester, the arms are hung in the tower, and are interesting from the fact that they bear the date 1687, with the initials C. R. (King Charles), whereas James II. was reigning—a change of monarchs apparently either unknown to the Grafton folk or to the painter of the arms.

In 1707, when the union with Scotland was effected, the Royal Arms were altered in their arrangement. Few specimens of this style exist, as at the death of Queen Anne another change was rendered necessary. In the Priory Church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, the arms as arranged in 1707 are or were hung on the south pier of the choir arch and bear the initials A.R., and over the frame is placed a gilt skull and cross-bones surmounted by the crown; the whole is subscribed with the motto "*Semper eadem.*" The same emblazonment is to be seen in the east window, or rather the window over the altar, as the church is built north and south, at St. Edmund King and Martyr, Lombard Street, and on the pedestal of Queen Anne's statue in St. Paul's Churchyard; also massively and elaborately carved in oak, but undated, at Bletchley, Bucks.

Georgian and modern arms are quite common and not invariably correctly depicted. At Stoke Goldington the arms hang in the tower, are inscribed W.R. 1830, and have the second quarter "*or, semée of hearts gu.*" At Olney they hang in the porch, are dated 1808, with the initials V.R. ! In many London churches the Royal Arms are placed over the altar or on glass in the east window; in others the arms are, as it were, made part and parcel of the buildings by being displayed in plaster, or carved in stone outside. They can be seen in this manner over the portico of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, and in the pediment over the north entrance to St. Paul's Cathedral. St. Nicholas, Worcester, built in 1728, has the arms on the tower over the chief entrance, the west door. The church at Gayhurst, Bucks, was built in 1728. Over the chancel arch are the Royal Arms—an absolutely unique specimen. Evidently solidly carved, and of good material, they were originally of the Stuart period, most probably Charles II. Perhaps brought from elsewhere as too good to waste, they were altered into "Georgian" by the simple expedient of erasing or expunging the fourth grand quarter, and painting in "*gu, a horse courant ar.*" The result is first quarter France and England quarterly; second, Scotland; third,

Ireland; and fourth, as above! A *tout-ensemble* unknown to armorists.

"Hedge-Priest," writing in the *Church Times*, 1894, says: "... But I do think it a pity to sweep these arms away in the wholesale manner common at the present day, because not only are they often very interesting, but they also teach a lesson which some of us would do well to learn. I know of one church in East Anglia where the arms were fixed up just before the martyrdom of King Charles, ... down they also had to come to be replaced by those of the Commonwealth. The board which carried those of royalty was handy, however, and the parish authorities may have thought a better time would one day come. So the insignia of the Commonwealth were daubed on the back of those of King Charles, handy for the Restoration when it should please God to send it, the board was simply clapped round with its back to the front, and to this day its double story may be read. ... In another church an inscription appears beneath the shield as follows: 'Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' How about dismemberment of the Empire and Home Rule? ... if my theory be correct, isn't it a pity to chop up these battered boards and crumbling carvings into kindling? Our villagers don't know what these legends mean, common though they are; but they might be told, and sometimes—yes! sometimes they ask ..."

Parson Yorick told Mr. Walter Shandy that, excepting politics, there was nothing the clergy knew so little of as heraldry; and that he (Mr. Shandy) might safely go in his coach to the visitation, in spite of the unfortunate fact that the vehicle was adorned with a *bend-sinister* instead of a bend (dexter) in the Shandy arms by the coach-painter's error. Notwithstanding Yorick's dictum, it must not be assumed that the clergy know less of this subject than the general public; on the contrary, as a body the clergy know more, but clerical ignorance or imperfect knowledge is more conspicuous, as churches being places of public resort and containing more armory than other places, errors are more manifest, as anyone can satisfy himself who is in the habit of visiting many churches.

In Stonesfield (where the slate comes from) Church, Oxfordshire, the east window has the impaled arms of the bishop and diocese; the glass evidently having been removed for repair has been replaced wrong-side in, and exhibits the bishop's personal arms on the dexter side, with the ox *looking* to the sinister. At Clifton Reynes, Bucks, a similar error is shown in a clerestory window a canton being sinister; several instances of the same armistice which

render the stained-glass mistake all the more prominent. In the east window of the little isolated church at Tattenhoe the arms of New College are placed upside down. On the paten at Inkberrow, given to the church by Thomas Hunt in 1665, are the arms of the donor quartering those of his wife, instead of impaling them. In Hardmead chancel, Bucks, is a mural monument to a young bachelor, with the impaled arms of his father. In Aston Somerville, Gloucester, churchyard is the elaborate and expensive marble altar tomb of a late rector, who died at an advanced age, a bachelor. This tomb is decorated with the impaled shield of his father, evidently copied from a mural tablet in the church, and, of course, to those with armorial knowledge, indicates that the worthy ecclesiastic married his mother ! In Buckingham Church is a mural tablet to a single lady ; the arms are, as is right, on a lozenge, but over the lozenge is a crest, an accessory not used by ladies. This heraldic error justified Parson Yorick's opinion as to clerical ignorance, as the tablet is inscribed to the daughter of a clergyman, and was put up by a friend who was also in holy orders. The above instances are selected from many known to the writer. It is noticeable that only one, viz. that on the paten, is of a date anterior to the last Herald's visitation.

A recent writer contends that even those who pretend contempt for armorial distinction will, or ought to, concede that if arms are borne at all, they should be used according to the laws of arms. The authorities and the authority both exist, just as they did in the Middle Ages, and occasionally, but all too rarely, the public is reminded of their continued legal existence.

Cardinal Vaughan obtained a grant of arms for the see of Westminster from his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. The Papal decree, dated June 30, 1894, states that the Cardinal asked for the arms used anciently by "the Catholic Archbishops of Canterbury," and he was allowed to adopt the arms which are, of course, still used by the Primate of All England. One change was made, the field was altered from *azure* to *gules*.

Perhaps a generally diffused, even if slight, knowledge of armory might lead to some abatement of existing unwarranted use. The consciousness of having neighbours with ability to detect armorial errors, will probably chasten the cheek of the man who now presumes on the common ignorance to arrogate to himself heraldic insignia to which he knows he has no right.

WILLIAM BRADBROOK.

A BRACE OF SUSSEX AUBURNS.

THOUGH the nineteenth century is fast hastening to its close, and the sunset of its eventful day has long since cast its shadows over rural England, there are yet many regions where, for any changes that the age has effected in them, the hand of Time might be put back for several generations. It is thus with that section of the Sussex sea-board which lies within cannon shot of the Spithead and the Solent, a locality as "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," as we could wish to find in a day's march through the county. Take, as a typical specimen of this locality, the ancient village of Bosham situated at a distance of three miles and a half westward of Chichester, on the line between Portsmouth and Brighton. At first sight, the quaint, old-fashioned, red-tiled cottages, the low-lying muddy shore, the quay, and the boat-houses constructed on piles driven deep into the water, the wave-worn fishing smacks and boats, would almost make a stranger imagine that he had been transported to some fishing village on the coast of Holland. The marshes and groves round about serve to heighten the impression. Bosham is no place of modern growth, as a general view of it suffices to show, and one has only to disinter the dusty chronicles of past ages to receive abundant confirmation of the fact. It is to the veracious pages contained in the works of Mr. Mark Antony Lower, the historian of Sussex, and of Mr. Charles Fleet, who has worthily trodden in his steps, that he who desires to acquaint himself with the historic interest which attaches to nooks and corners of this sequestered village must turn. These, it is quite true, are not of momentous importance to the mass of readers; but to the inquirer, to him who reads with a desire to fling himself back into past times, and to surround himself with "their very form and pressure" they are all important.

We have already intimated that Bosham is a veritable Sleepy Hollow. As Carlyle said of the chapel in which he heard John Sterling preach, in almost all directions you might have fired a musket and hit no life. The Boshamites, it has been said—and the as

is probably true enough—constitute a distinct and isolated race, dwelling alone, like the Hebrew people of old, and having little or no dealings with their immediate neighbours. Very interesting, therefore, it is to fancy, as one saunters leisurely round this old-world village, that the *manes* of a thousand departed villagers hover over the spot, bidding the motley, dingy multitude of benighted Cockneys to give it a wide berth, and even whispering a gentle *Cave* in the ears of Old Father Time, lest he should presume in the confidence of advancing age to roll his scythe too hastily across their ancient haunts. For the chief interest in Bosham, pronounced as if spelt *Bossam* and not *Bosh-am*, is archaic—indeed very archaic. Some eighteen centuries or more ago, or to be more exact, about the year 43, Anno Domini, when Regnum or Chichester had just risen into importance, the Roman Emperor Vespasian fixed his camp on the left bank of Chichester Harbour or Bosham Creek. A spot called “The Old Park” has been identified as Roman by the remnants of earthworks. Hence the tradition that Vespasian had a palace here is not so unlikely as at first sight it would appear. Traces of what was called the “impluvium” became visible during certain excavations projected in 1832, and at subsequent dates coins of the reign of Antoninus and quantities of Roman bricks, tiles, and mortar have come to light. Antiquaries and archæologists are mostly agreed that during the fourth century a basilica stood on the site of the present church, and many have pronounced in favour of the decidedly Roman origin of the bases of the columns of the chancel arch of the parish church. What is locally called the “Bulrush Pond” was a reservoir by which Vespasian’s palace was supplied with water, and on what is called “Bull’s garden” a Roman footbath was once discovered. Further traces of the presence of the masters of the world in this spot have been found in the outlines of what some have considered an amphitheatre, and others as a place for burning the dead, in the garden of the “Swan” inn. Vespasian, it is conjectured, quitted the neighbourhood not a great while before the siege of Jerusalem in A.D. 70, and there is no reason to believe that he ever returned. The neighbouring city of Chichester was now rapidly growing into importance and in all respects was a formidable rival of Bosham.

During the fourth and fifth centuries after the Christian era the Sussex coast was harassed by the periodical visitations of the Scandinavian sea-dogs, who, with relentless fury, organised their predatory ocean trips. Yet the spot, during what the Arabs, speaking of the idolatrous times before Mahomet’s advent, would call “the period of darkness,” had become a favourite point of departure for

the opposite shores long before Saxon days, seeing that in the map which accompanies the manuscript Saxon Chronicle Bosham appears among the five places of importance of which Sussex could then boast. Sussex, as is well known, was the last portion of England which was converted to the Christian religion, and for Bosham is claimed the honour of being the first spot in the county where the good tidings were preached. The missionary, probably, was Dicul, an Irishman or a Scotchman, who, in the time of Ædelwach, King of the Saxons, that is about the year 650, visited the spot, and began his evangelising labours, the chief result of which was the foundation of a religious house, in which, according to Bede, five or six monks "lived poorly and served God." In course of time, however, as the establishment increased in size, riches, and importance, the good brethren became so wedded to the things of this life as to need what, in the language of divines, would be termed "reclaiming," of which there seemed but little hope.

There is a spot about two miles down the Bosham creek, at the confluence of the currents from opposite directions, called "the Bell Hole." It is really a miniature whirlpool, and on principles of natural philosophy, of course, its existence can easily be accounted for. But at Bosham such principles do not meet with that ready acceptance which they do in more enlightened localities, and legend is held sufficient to account for this "Bell Hole," as it is called. What, then, saith the legend? Even this, that finding the monks of Bosham thoroughly incorrigible, and that they were minded to go to the dogs, their patron saint, Nicholas by name, determined signally to humble them, and stirred up the Danes to visit the monastery. This they did, not, it may be presumed, without leaving their mark behind them. With fire and sword they sacked the monastery and the village, and when they took their departure it was with a very substantial token of their foray, the eighth and tenor bell which belonged to the church. The monks no sooner became aware of this dreadful loss than they ordered the ringers to ring the seven remaining bells backwards with might and main, and pouring into the church expressed their unfeigned contrition before the high altar in deep abasement. St. Nicholas thereupon considerably relented. Though he had used the Danes as the instruments of this signal humiliation of the monks of Bosham, he determined that the rascals should not get off scot-free with their booty. Accordingly, the gleeful pirates had no sooner reached the spot, which is now known as "the Bell Hole," than down sank the bell through the keel of their boat "with a gurgling sound," and yet, marvellous to

relate, without leaving any traces of the hole it had made. The pirates of course tried their hardest to regain possession of their trophy, but without success, and many of them declared that they had distinctly heard its tones answering its brethren, or sisters, whichever term is the most correct, in Bosham tower. It is commonly reported even now that this antiphony may be heard whenever the bells are ringing, a phenomenon which acoustic science will easily explain. But some will say, was no attempt ever made by the Boshamites to extricate their bell from its muddy bed? We answer that there was. At some date very considerably later than the actual occurrence, it may be safely assumed, a rumour got abroad that twelve pure white oxen, harnessed to a single rope, would be the means of dragging the bell up. The experiment was tried, though details are not forthcoming; the bell, *mirabile dictu*, emerged once more into the light of day. Alas, however, for the vanity of human hopes and efforts! Just as its crest became visible, snap went the rope, and down plumped the bell again into the ooze. It was subsequently discovered that one of the oxen employed in the task was not quite so white as the riven snow. Close search revealed the existence of several black hairs upon its hide. In these delightful days of universal scepticism, when a negative criticism remorselessly dissects every legend however hoary, we well know what some will have to say to such a legend as this. Only let them ventilate their scepticism on this point anywhere other than at Bosham.

We tread upon more certain ground when we assert that King Canute had a palace at Bosham, and that there is some reason to believe built the present church, as far as it was possible, on the site of the basilica. It is difficult to realise that in this palace the archers, who with their shafts decided many a battle, were wont to feast and carouse, and that its halls often rung with the strings of the harper, while amid shouting and singing the red wine circulated around. Yet there is much to justify us in believing that it was even so. Oblivious of the former glory of their village, the Boshamites pursue the even tenor of their way, and the village has long been such an one—

Where innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And contemplation soar on seraph wings.

At some period subsequent to Canute's day, the church and the manor of Bosham passed into the possession of the See of Canterbury; and when Agilnotus was primate, the unprincipled Earl Godwin, it is said, who had long regarded both with a jealous eye, succeeded in acquiring them. Meeting the Archbishop one day, he requested the

customary kiss of peace which was then called *basia*. The Artful Dodger, cunningly changing a vowel, said in Latin, *Da mihi Boseam*. The Primate amiably complied, whereupon Godwin, with a dexterity which a Jesuit might have envied, turned round to his followers and bade them be witness that the Primate had given him not merely the kiss but the manor, of which he straightway went and took possession. Nor did he ever let go of it. The hall, it is supposed, occupied the north side of the present churchyard, and part of what was once the moat is still to be seen.

Godwin's son, as is well known, was that rather feeble creature Harold, who has been clothed by some writers with political virtues, which, there is only too much reason to believe, he would have been among the last to claim for himself. That this son of a Saxon swineherd resided at Bosham in Canute's palace seems likely enough. Under his rule the villagers led a life of coarse enjoyment, unrestrained by the presence of the Saxon prior or parish priest who was, if possible, as regards intelligence and refinement, little superior to his flock. There at Yuletide, when Harold and his retainers kept high festival, the oxen, sheep, goats, and deer smoked upon the rough board, and the feasting was followed by drinking bouts. The outdoor life of Harold and his friends, when at Bosham, consisted of cudgel playing, wrestling, and chasing the boar. Both ruler and people were happy enough so long as the beer did not run short. A speedy end, however, came to much of this when Saxon sway had to give place to Norman sway. The year 1066 witnessed the battle of Hastings and the Duke of Normandy King of England. On the famous Bayeux tapestry is depicted the scene of the ill-fated Harold's embarkation from Bosham for the Norman coast. Whether that remarkable voyage, which the guardian of the South Coast then undertook, was really undertaken at the request of Edward the Confessor, to tell William Duke of Normandy that he had constituted him the heir to the English throne, as some have supposed; or whether, as Tennyson's drama of "Harold" has suggested, it was undertaken against Edward's wishes and in order to obtain the release of Harold's younger brother Wulfnoth; or whether while out fishing he was driven by a violent storm on to the Norman coast and taken prisoner by William, are points on which eminent historians are even yet at issue, and on which we have no opinion to offer either one way or the other. The Bayeux tapestry, on one of the friezes, bears the inscription, "Harold Dux Anglorum et sui milites equitant ad Bosham." There, the King is represented with a hawk on his wrist and greyhounds following him, embarking for Normandy, and in another as accompanied by knights,

entering the church, presumably in order to supplicate the Divine favour on his voyage. Whether the church here represented was the identical present one is somewhat doubtful, since it is probable that there was then more than one. In another frieze, Harold and his companions are represented as loth to leave their Sussex friends, but are compelled so to do by the messenger who is summoning them to their ships lying, presumably, in what is now Bosham Harbour. To these ships they are accordingly wading, knee-deep, holding under their arms their hounds, of whose safety they are evidently more solicitous than they are of their own.

The rare and fitful glimpses which we obtain of Bosham in the early twilight of the Norman Conquest reveal the village still as an important departure stage for travellers bound to the French and Spanish ports. When after the battle of Hastings the compilation of Domesday Book was undertaken, that record shows that at the time of the survey of Bosham the village was held in demesne. So far as its secular position was concerned, Bosham comprised sixty-six hides and a half of land, thirty-nine villeins, fifty bordarers, and nineteen ploughs, seventeen ministri, eight mills, two fisheries, and a wood. The ecclesiastical temporalities were then held by Osbern, Bishop of Exeter, and comprised the church, 112 hides of land, and a salt-pan. From the Domesday survey it is also clear that Dicul's monastery was still flourishing, and possibly in other ways Bosham was a place of no small consideration in the eyes alike of its residents and of its neighbours.

Between the time of Henry II. and Richard III. the ownership of the Bosham soil changed hands several times. In the year 1189 John Mareschal, who had distinguished himself as one of the most determined and bitterest enemies of Thomas à Becket, got possession of Bosham, and at a very much later date Edward II. granted it to the Duke of Norfolk, from whose hands it subsequently passed, towards the end of the fifteenth century, into those of the Berkeleys.

Meanwhile, however, and as far back as the time of Henry I., William Warlewaste, the Bishop of Exeter, had obtained a royal grant of good lands at Bosham for the foundation, on the south side of the present churchyard, of a college for a dean and five secular canons. Those were stormy times which immediately followed the reigns of Henry I. and Stephen, when this college was young and fresh. For the Bishops of Exeter, successively, claimed episcopal jurisdiction over the college of Bosham, and their claim was stoutly contested by their right reverend brethren of Chichester. It was on

this score we find that Bishop Langton of Chichester, who seems not to have been altogether such a steward or minister as Paul would have approved, went to the length of excommunicating by bell, book, and candle his "dear brother" of Exeter, who retaliated in like manner. Bosham chapel, unquestionably, was by its constitution exempt from the jurisdiction of any see. In those times, there can be little doubt that the parish, although as alluvial and flat as it is now, was seawards of much wider extent. A great deal of the immediate country, which then and long afterwards consisted of woodland and pasturage, has been swept away by successive encroachments of the tides. At the present time the village is bounded on two sides by branches of the estuary known as Bosham Creek or Chichester Harbour, and is intersected in many parts with sewers and ditches. In fact, the entire locality for miles round is one continuous region of creeks and channels, having their proper sea-outlet in Chichester Harbour after interminable windings, which have been not inaptly compared to the devious paths of the metaphysical angels in Milton's epic, "who found no end in wandering mazes lost." In the long bright days of summer and in the joyous time of returning spring, when the birds of passage return to their accustomed haunts here, the naturalist and ornithologist find Bosham Harbour an earthly paradise. For it is there that vast flocks of that interesting section of the feathered world, the migratory, tarry awhile to give pause to their little wings after the long run from the sprightly plains of France and Italy, and before continuing their journey into the sweet woodlands and hedgerows of inland Sussex. There you may sometimes catch a glimpse of species rarely to be met with elsewhere, such for example as the osprey, the sandpiper, and the ring dotterel, and if the observer shall have trained his ear to catch the merry notes of the feathered songsters, he will readily detect, among others, the prolonged cry of the titterel, the melancholy note of the pee-wit, the tern's loud scream, and the sea-gull's scornful laugh.

The parish church of Bosham, which is dedicated to the Holy Trinity, consists of a tower, nave, and chancel, terminating in an apse, and as Sam Weller would have said, "everything correct and conformable." Substantially it is a Saxon structure. Bishop Warlewast, of whom we have spoken, lengthened the choir, or rather chancel, and added north and south aisles, and inserted Early English windows. At the east end there is a group of five lancets, and at the north end of the south aisle there stands the chantry of Fishbourne, which was erected in or about the year 1280. Traces of an Easter sepulchre exist on the north wall. Beneath the south aisle

is a small crypt, the top of which rises considerably above the floor. A recess in the south wall marks what it has always been believed is the last resting-place of Herbert de Bosham, who rose to the position of secretary to Thomas à Becket. He was the only literary character whom, so far as can be ascertained, Bosham ever produced. It was he who wrote that "*Vita Sancti Thomae*," the very apotheosis of hero-worship, which in pre-Reformation days was to be found in every monastic *scriptorium*, and enjoyed so widespread a popularity both in the French and English versions, rhyme as well as prose, into which it was rendered from the Latin original. Monkish literary circles were certainly not critical, otherwise it would pass the understanding to conceive how the seven books of such a farrago of windy, tiresome, and inflated verbosity could ever have become so popular as beyond all question it was. No doubt it was the personal knowledge which was so inextricably woven into the rigmarole that rendered it so acceptable in the eyes of its readers. Beginning his career as one of Becket's "eruditi" or household scholars, somewhere about 1162, Herbert remained steadfast to him until the end, "an earnest man," in Carlylean phrase. He was with "this turbulent priest," as his royal master called him, at Montmirail, on January 6, 1169. Others had tried to persuade the archbishop, who was beginning to wax saint-hearted in the struggle, to give in to the King. Not so the *fidus Achates* called Herbert de Bosham, who, to his intense satisfaction, in response to his repeated naggings, heard his master observe, perhaps for the thousand-and-first time since the beginning of his contest against the royal prerogative, "Saving God's honour and my order." Herbert, it is recorded, accompanied Becket to the Councils both of Tours and of Clarendon, and was one of the venturesome two who stole in after him into the King's hall at so critical a time as the last day of the Council of Northampton. Nor did he fear the King's vengeance even when the worst came to the worst. He bearded him at Angers, and after Becket's murder boldly reproved him to his face for the share he had taken in harassing him. Herbert died somewhere about 1186, leaving behind him several expository pieces of no great merit on the Psalms and the Pauline Epistles, a pompous homily for Thomas's day, and a fulsome glorification of the Primate's career entitled "*Actus Meliorum*," most of which enjoyed a popularity, we suppose, of a kind in days of ignorant credulity.¹

One has only to let one's eyes wander from the walls to the roof to realise how worn it is with the footsteps of forgotten years, and how interesting a page it constitutes in the black-lettered book of

¹ See Canon Robertson's *Materials for Life of Becket*, *Rolls Series*, iii.

the past. In the chancel one does not fail to notice the stalls of the five prebends of Bosham and their *misereres*, which date from the reign of the Seventh Henry. These five prebendaries were of Watton, Chidham, Westbourne, Funtington, and Appledram. Near the crypt, underneath the floor, on the right side of the chancel arch, in a spot marked by a stone painted with a design of the Norse raven crest, lies the coffin containing what, it has always been believed, was an infant daughter of Canute. A tradition had always existed in the village, and had been known to several, in particular Kilwick, a former vicar, and Hay, the historian of Chichester, both of whom had made a record of it. On August 4, 1865, during the course of the restoration of the church under the auspices of the present vicar, the Rev. Henry Mitchell, the masons were directed, "in the presence of several witnesses," to sound the spot which tradition had pointed out as the site of the child's grave. They did so, and at once struck upon a stone, and, says Mr. Mitchell, "on removing the mould which covered it a stone coffin was presented to our delighted gaze. The mason on raising the lid, which was firmly fixed to the coffin by concrete, broke it in two places, but when it was raised the remains of the child, apparently about eight years of age, were distinctly visible, though they soon lost their form. The coffin was replaced in its old place." ¹ The coffin was hewn of rude stone, and measured five feet in length. The church, we may add, once contained an enormous pole, which, it was believed by many, was none other than the staff of the famous giant, Sir Bevis, of Southampton, and by others, that of St. Christopher, the patron saint of fords, of which not a few exist in the village. Others, however, are of opinion that the staff was no other than a tall mast presented as a votive offering by some ancient mariner in gratitude for his narrow escape from the perils of shipwreck. The church tower contains a peal of seven bells, the oldest of which dates from the year 1572. The garden of the present vicarage formerly boasted an enormous head, variously conjectured as that of either Trojan, Woden, or St. Christopher. This head was removed to the garden of the episcopal palace at Chichester, where, we believe, it is still to be seen.

The parish registers date from the year 1557, and are replete with interesting records of one kind and another relating to the "still life" of Bosham during the last three centuries. We may here just mention in passing, that when the plague was raging at Chichester in 1665 the people of Bosham sent supplies of food and clothing to the stricken citizens, and as far as lay in their power contributed to the

¹ *Sussex Archaeological Collections*, xviii. 5.

alleviation of the terrible misery into which that dire event had plunged them. Bosham itself was more favoured than its near neighbour, and happily escaped the scourge. There can be little doubt that much of the masonry which is to be detected in the farmhouses and mills in and around the village was obtained from the old monastic buildings at the Dissolution. One structure, in particular, once used as a Sunday school, we believe, has a peculiarly monastic appearance about it, and boasts a hoary antiquity. The brick and pottery works in the village are of only a recent origin, but their celebrity is very much more than local. On a fine clear day the prospect seawards of Bosham is eminently pleasing. Far out on the horizon the blue waters of the Channel, dotted with craft of various shapes and sizes, strike the eye, luring the observer insensibly "to studious musings," as Milton has it. We do not wonder that during the first quarter of the present century Bosham and its vicinity were greatly beloved of the Colonel Peter Hawkers, the Thomas Sheridans, and other sporting characters, and "gunners," who were never more at home than when scattering fire and slaughter far and near among the feathered tribes. Nor can we doubt that there was any spot between Selsey Bill and Beachy Head more endeared to the heart of the "free trader," of whom so many were then to be found in the Sweet Auburns of the South Coast. Traditions say that the Bosham members of the fraternity did not hesitate to utilise their parish church, its vaults, and even the tower, for the storage of contraband merchandise with the connivance of the parson, who was often, despite the vigilance of the revenue officers, rewarded for his services by finding a keg of rum, holland, or brandy left mysteriously during the night at the vicarage door. In those days, though the population was little in excess of a thousand, every other Boshamite was a smuggler and a thorough-going disciple of Peel and Cobden, loyal to the letter if not to the spirit of those principles with which their names are so inseparably connected. The exploits of some of the more incorrigible of these desperadoes continued to be cherished in local memories long after they had their day and ceased to be.

Pleasant it is on a fine day in early spring to wander about the sequestered lanes of Bosham and to note the daffodils and primroses peering forth from the hedgerows after their protracted winter slumbers and the modest buds shyly welcoming the orb of day. Or one may saunter on the quay among nets, smacks, and oars, watching the fisher folk, and those that go down to the sea in ships and have their business in great waters. Here, too, one may linger with profit during the bright, sunny hours of the afternoon, book in hand, diving

deep into the chequered record of Bosham's past, or contemplating the distant ocean with its ever-twinkling smile until nightfall draws on apace, and one by one the sentinel stars set their watch in the broad expanse of the heavens, liberating the villagers from the labours of the day and making the stranger within their gates profoundly thankful for "the harvests of a quiet eye" which at his leisure he has been enabled to reap.

Lindfield is as interesting a type of a Sussex inland village as Bosham is of a Sussex seaboard village, although they twain are separated by a distance considerably in excess of forty miles. From Hayward's Heath, the nearest post town, Lindfield is reckoned as lying a little under a mile, and surrounded by a wealth of greenwood which, centuries since, formed part of a vast forest inhabited by our painted, half-clad ancestors. The aspect of this village is one that is pre-eminently pleasing. It is just such a one as the practised eye and the cunning hand of Crome or Constable would have delighted in transferring to canvas. Assuredly Robertson of Brighton, who knew it well, was not exaggerating when he said that Lindfield was a village where he had "strongly felt the beauty and power of English country scenery and life to calm, if not to purify, the hearts of those whose lives are habitually subjected to town influences."¹ It is the very ideal of a sunlit, dreamy region where the gardens are kept as South Downers alone know how to keep them; and where breezy hills, well-stocked orchards, and fat broad lands on either hand display themselves to view. The seats which are dispersed over the wide, open space, over which the lazy sheep browse at will undisturbed, and known as Lindfield Common, might tempt the pedestrian to linger awhile, especially on a hot day, in their agreeable company. But if he be proof against the temptation he will continue his pilgrimage past the wide, glassy pool, or rather pond, beloved of ducks on his left, the gentle "quack," "quack" of the ducks aforesaid falling not unpleasantly on the ear. With Lindfield it is the same as with Bosham. A visit to this sequestered spot is like going back into bygone days. The village still retains the very moderate dimensions and the quiet air of one that has been little, if at all, disturbed by the onward march of time. It differs, however, vastly from Bosham, in being essentially what one may term a purely democratic village, that is to say, it owes nothing whatever to aristocratic patronage. It were easy to name other South Down villages which have been caught up by those grim and mighty twin genii, Coal and Steam, at the magic

¹ *Life and Letters*, ed. Rev. Stopford Brooke, i. 351.

instigation, as powerful as that of Aladdin's lamp, of modern commerce and of modern manufactures. They have, in consequence, grown into huge, bustling, noisy towns. When, however, the stranger first sets foot in Lindfield he can still feel that he is not entering a place which dates only from the day before yesterday. The main thoroughfare, rather pompously designated the High Street, carries the mind back at one leap clear into the days of the later Georges. As you leisurely ascend the gentle eminence on which the main portion of the village is perched, you pause preparatory to entering the church passage embowered in trees on the right. You note with pleasure that the Vicar has not been slow to follow the excellent precedent set by so many other Sussex parsons of leaving the church open for inspection during stated hours, a privilege for which one of antiquarian bent is grateful. You find that this fane, which is dedicated to St. John the Baptist and is built in the Decorated and Perpendicular styles, can boast a respectable antiquity. Its oak shingle steeple contains a melodious peal of eight bells, and its vestry a parish register which begins in the year that Queen Bess ascended the throne. Good specimens of stained glass are not wanting, and an elegant baptistery displaying various rich carvings has recently been erected by the Messrs. Otter as a memorial of their mother, widow of the well-known Archdeacon Otter, a former resident in the village, and one whose praise is in all the churches of Sussex. Leaving the church and threading the circuitous, trimly-kept God's acre where so many of the forefathers of the village are sleeping well their last long, long sleep after life's fitful fever, you turn out again into the high road to London. One cannot refrain from bestowing a respectful glance backwards at the three inns, in close proximity to each other, with their signboards projecting very prominently across the High Street. One sighs involuntarily as one thinks of the manifold changes this trio, the "Red Lion," the "Bent Arms," and the "Tiger," have been permitted to witness and to survive. Their desolation is strongly suggestive of that of the halls of Balchutha in Macpherson's Ossian. During the palmy days of stage-coach travelling, the "machines" used to clatter merrily through this very High Street, and to draw up in a spanking style before the doors of these very inns which now seem dejectedly to hang their heads and to utter in unison a mournful "Ichabod." Haply repressing a host of pleasant coaching memories, the pilgrim passes on and speedily begins a gentle descent, a fine view bursting upon his gaze as he does so. What appears is really a portion of the heart of the ancient Sussex Weald, what the Romans knew as the forest of Anderida. The girth and stature of the oak trees

which grow hereabouts are specially noticeable, and as Mr. Charles Fleet, an eminent Sussex antiquary, truly says, "it is an oak country." Mr. Fleet is right, for so it is. You might travel very far afield and not meet with such oaks as those which Lindfield and its immediate vicinity are able to show. On the right-hand side, at the foot of the hill, and about a mile north-east of the church, one crosses a modest bridge spanning the Ouse, which the Sussex historians tell us was once upon a time actually navigable as far as this point. Keeping in the direction of Horsted Keynes, one soon passes the gates of Pax Hill Park, a fine specimen of Jacobean architecture dating from 1622, and added to by successive tenants. The mansion is surrounded by umbrageous trees, and a park of some eighty acres in extent, one which certainly takes no mean place among the serried parks of which Sussex can boast. If the pilgrim shall elect to return the same way he came and saunters round the pathway which lies at the rear of the church, he will be struck, we will guarantee, with the pronounced antique character of the dwelling-houses. They are quite a study in the later Tudor and earlier Jacobean domestic architecture. One of these dwellings, hard by the church, called "Kenwards," was the residence, during the Commonwealth, of a certain Major Challoner, who, it is recorded, between the years 1655 and 1659 forged the bands of wedlock for scores of couples in Lindfield and its vicinity. The Puritans were strong in the village as long as the Protectorate lasted. Nonconformity indeed has always flourished at Lindfield, and its handsome Congregational Church adds additional dignity to the rather straggling High Street. Fourteenth types of the substantially-built dwelling-house of which there are many you at almost every turn, and the quaint houses, which at various distances are inscribed upon the gateway, only make the antique flavour of the spot all the keener. As you pass a you will see you may meet with "The Welkin," and you will be wondering why the place got its name, and what it signifies. As you pass you will stumble against "Bedales," and as you pass you will be puzzled as meaning, without arriving at any very satisfactory solution. Then come "Buckshalls," and "Brammerhill," and "Lindfield," and many more! The Lindfielders, you will see, do not seem to strive to keep their gardens immaculately white and red, and in the appointed season, as is more and more every year, when the show, a model of what such displays might be, is given, and the two cattle fairs are annually held in the market. The fairs are attended by a large number of people from many of the surrounding folk.

It is now more than sixty years since that this pleasant village was selected as a suitable "pitch" for the purpose of giving what is known as the Allotment system a fair trial. With this benevolent scheme three persons of some importance in their day were intimately associated. One was the amiable and philanthropic Quaker, Joseph Allen, and the others were John Smith, the Parliamentary representative for the county of Buckingham, and the then Earl of Chichester. The sale of two farms in the village having been effected, and the homesteads demolished, three blocks of cottages, with an acre or two of land in the rear, were erected on their sites. For these cottages suitable tenants were soon procured, at a rent of three shillings a week for the first set, half a crown for the second, and two shillings for the third. Allen, who was the original projector of this beneficent scheme, died in 1843, not however before he had had the satisfaction of seeing that his enterprise had been brought to a tolerably successful issue. Mr. Charles Fleet, who has devoted some considerable amount of space to an account of this commendable experiment in the pages of his extremely interesting book entitled "*Glimpses of our Sussex Ancestors*," asserts that as a result, "one man and his family had above £80 in three years, and became a tenant of the colony, and from that time forward he ceased to be a pauper. Others followed, for there was a comfortable home and land to be had for a mere trifle." Locally the allotments earned the *sobriquets* of "The Colony" and "America." As the tenants had in most cases large families, a school for their instruction in the "Three Rs" soon became desirable. A school was therefore erected, and succeeded in holding its own until as usual it was swamped by the establishment of a School Board some thirteen years ago. The population of Lindfield is estimated at over a thousand inhabitants and is still on the increase. None but the most pessimistic can deny that on the score of material prosperity the villagers have progressed greatly since the first quarter of the present century, when Allen and his like-minded colleagues buckled themselves to the somewhat formidable task of improving as far as lay in their power their degraded condition.

But it is getting towards evening and the day is far spent. The summer twilight is falling gently over the landscape, and the departing skirts of the King of Day are trailing silently across the confines of the western sky. The villagers are returning home after the toils of husbandry. The birds are nestling in the thick umbrageous walls of the green hedgerows where their downy nests repose. The twinkling glow-worm is occasionally visible on the grass-grown foot-

path, and ever and anon the blinking bat flits across the road. Every zephyr seems loaded with soothing perfume, and to breathe its balmy store. Even the fields seem to teem with incense and to bear upwards, to borrow the quaint conceit of a modern poet, the sacrifice of Nature's evening Prayer.

W. C. SYDNEY.

*SOME CORRESPONDENTS OF
SAMUEL RICHARDSON.*

IN the parish of Fulham, in that part of it which is now dignified by the name of West Kensington, there is a road which one familiar with its history might imagine to be haunted by the ghost of many a distinguished man. For this rambling collection of sordid shops, fine old mansions, and spacious gardens transformed into building lots, was once the village of North End, the abode of Cipriani, and Bartolozzi ; of Tonson the bookseller and Foote the dramatist, and in recent days of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who thus added a new interest to the house he occupied, which had once been the dwelling-place of Samuel Richardson, the novelist. The same walls that witnessed the creation of "The Legend of The Briar Rose," one of the most typical illustrations of a certain phase of nineteenth century thought, watched that of "Clarissa Harlowe," no less typical in its own way of the century that had gone before ; and the same hospitable doors that had opened to admit Dr. Johnson and Dr. Young, welcomed in after years William Morris and Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Within the sixteen years of Richardson's residence here (1738-1754) all his three novels were composed ; it was the period of his greatest fame, and also the period for which, from the correspondence published by Mrs. Barbauld in 1804, and the unpublished letters in the Forster Collection at South Kensington, we have most information concerning him. His life was singularly uneventful, and the letters can scarcely be termed exciting, yet they possess a good deal of mild interest, and enable us to reconstruct his surroundings with some accuracy. His novels brought him many friends, with some of whom, such as Lady Bradshaigh and Eusebius Sylvester, an attorney of Warwick, he corresponded long before they became personally known to him. Others, who lived nearer, were his constant visitors, and only continued in writing the discussions on points raised during those long confabulations "in the

grotto at North End," so often referred to in the course of the correspondence.

This grotto, or summer-house, has long since disappeared, but a sketch of it by Miss Highmore is reproduced in Mrs. Barbauld's edition of the correspondence. Miss Highmore's artistic talent was hereditary; her father was a well known portrait painter, and the pictures of Richardson in Stationers' Hall and the National Gallery are by his brush. And both he and his daughter seem to have added some literary to much artistic talent. The former was a constant contributor to the "*Gentleman's Magazine*," and though the latter published very little, there are, among Richardson's unpublished correspondence, several copies of verse signed with her name. And both, as befitted intimate friends of the novelist, were enthusiastic admirers of his books. "We none of us," writes Miss Highmore of "*Clarissa Harlowe*," "could read aloud the affecting scenes we met with; but each read to ourselves, and in separate apartments wept." This was no singular tribute to the pathetic power of the story, for the letters are full of similar testimonies. But Susannah Highmore was doubtless possessed of an unusual degree of "sensitivity" (to use the word in the sense accepted at that time). All her letters bear the mark of deep feeling; she must have been a charming, sensitive and impressionable girl, of strong affection, and quick susceptibility. Her undoubted "preciosity" seems in no degree to have diminished her attractiveness, for as we learn from Richardson, she had many admirers. "That careless girl," he writes, "who has so often set the hearts of young fellows on fire, and warmed herself by it, the other day set herself in a blaze with her torturing curling-irons." Nevertheless, the course of her true love was not destined to run smooth, and ten painful years elapsed before she was married to the man of her choice.

It was perhaps at Richardson's house that she first met John Duncombe, then an undergraduate of Cambridge. He also came of a literary family; his father had had the temerity to attack the "*Beggars' Opera*," and had tried his luck as a playwright in a tragedy called "*Lucius Junius Brutus*." We catch a glimpse of him in the correspondence of Mrs. Delany, who, describing a call on Miss Mulso (afterwards Mrs. Chapone) writes: "Miss Prescott and her lover were there, and a Mr. Duncombe, an oldish thin man, who seems to be well acquainted with men of genius, and had the air of an author." John Duncombe's literary career was more brilliant than that of his father, for, while still a young man, he made a hit with his "*Feminiad*," a curiously chivalrous composition written in defence of learned

ladies, and appropriately addressed to Richardson, the great patron of feminine ability.

"Shall lordly man," it begins,

Shall lordly man, the theme of every lay,
Usurp the muse's tributary bay ;
In kingly state on Pindus' summit sit,
Tyrant of verse, and arbiter of wit ?
By Salic law the female right deny,
And view their genius with regardless eye ?
Justice forbid ! and every muse inspire
To sing the glories of a sister quire !

To these weak strains, O thou, the sex's friend
And constant patron, Richardson, attend !
Thou who so oft with pleased but anxious care
Hast watched the dawning genius of the fair,
With wonted smiles wilt hear thy friend display
The various graces of the female lay ;
Studious from folly's yoke their mind to free,
And aid the generous cause espoused by thee.

After this somewhat patronising introduction Mr. Duncombe proceeds to put the case for women writers, his arguments being supported by illustrious examples under feigned names. Among these are Eliza (Miss Carter, the translator of Epictetus), Delia (Miss Mulso), and Eugenia (Miss Highmore), who with lovely mien

appears

The Muses' pupil from her earliest years ;
Improving tasks her peaceful hours beguile,
The sister arts on all her labours smile,
And while the nine their votary inspire,
One dips the pencil and one strings the lyre.

It was perhaps this vigorous championship of her sex that confirmed Miss Highmore's devotion to her lover ; but their attachment had begun as early as 1751, in which year we find Richardson writing to the lady, and gently rallying her on her secret. "Pray tell the young lady you hint at," he writes, "that I was, and always shall be, glad to see the certain gentleman ; and that I was also glad to see the certain spring she gave from the window she chose (against my advice) to sit in, to the chair in the middle of the room, and the change of countenance on seeing a certain gentleman coming to my house, although, as she now owns, she expected to see him. . . . Pray let that lady know that I have much more apprehension for that gentleman's heart than I have for hers. I know this will please her pride, and yet I could infer much from her solicitude to have me think that she has not more favour for the

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gentleman than she owed to me." Other letters follow, containing admonitions to prudence and shy allusions to Mr. Duncombe's visits to North End; one or two of these leading one to think that Miss Highmore's heart was more deeply engaged than that of her lover, or at least that there was a temporary infidelity on his part. There are allusions to a river party at Richmond, at which she was not present, and she is evidently piqued at the idea of her lover's enjoyment of any festivity which she could not attend; she is glad to find, she says, that the young gentleman found means to amuse himself in her absence; she withdraws any concern she has bestowed on him, since she finds by all accounts that he studied his pleasure too much to have felt for any time the uneasiness he pretended to feel for her absence when taking leave of her. To this unreasonable complaint Richardson addresses a remonstrance, half serious, half laughing. "So he was to have behaved that his father should have taken him to task upon it. And if he had been prevailed upon to go to Richmond, he was to have swelled the tide with his tears. He was to have run after the fawns in the park, to have told them his gentle tale."

This allusion to Mr. Duncombe, senior, leads one to think that the obstacle in the lovers' way was parental opposition, and from a letter written by Miss Highmore to Hester Mulso we know that the pair were not allowed to correspond. Miss Highmore is troubled by the addresses of another suitor, and laments "that my own real and true friend, my Philo, is not in town to consult with me in these labyrinths, nor can I amuse him with the recital of these transactions; for not a word can be wafted from Lincoln Fields to the banks of the Cam; and the banks of the Cam must be as silent as the fields of Lincoln." This supposition is supported by two curious poems in the Forster collection. They are both in the writing of Patty Richardson, the second daughter and favourite amanuensis of the novelist; but the authors are John Duncombe and Susannah Highmore, the former of whom in an "Ode To Content," bewails his forced exile to Cambridge.

What though in Learning's sacred seats
Pallas spreads her choicest sweets,
And in winter's awful gloom
Fair friendship cheers the darkened room?
In winter's gloom and summer's pride
To him thy smiles are still denied,
And still in Surrey's, Cam's and Hertford's plain
He seeks thy pleasing pow'r, but seeks in vain.

If love and Stella be thy care,
O hear and grant the shepherd's prayer;

Near some clear river's purling tide
 Let all his days as smoothly glide,
 Far above want, of health possest,
 And in Stella truly blest.
 There in an embowering grove,
 They oft at evening hours may rove,
 Together court the tuneful throng,
 Or listen to the woodlark's song ;
 No harsh restraint shall damp their mutual flame,
 For them shall love and duty be the same.

Love and duty, however, must have remained irreconcilable, for Stella responds in lines of mingled tenderness and admonition :

Then sacrifice as duty bids,
 And follow where bright virtue leads,
 Merit the smile of fair content,
 By gaining every wished consent ;
 Or never more those hours repeat,
 Spent in tender converse sweet,
 Together wandering through the fields,
 Or where the green arch'd alley yields
 A pleasing shade at scorching noon
 Or chequered light by evening moon ;
 But now these once lov'd walks for ever quit,
 Nor feed remembrance when you should forget.

Let Corydon to Cam remove,
 Try learning's power to cure his love ;
 Stella, the force of friendship try,
 To good Palemon's grotto fly ;
 For all distressed asylum kind,
 Where every sickness of the mind
 Sage Palemon knows how to heal,
 And soothing counsel to reveal,
 Advice in Fancy's garb arrays,
 Instruction with delight conveys,
 Mends every heart that hears his moral page,
 Adapted well to every state and age.

It is possible that to the compliment to Richardson in the last verse the preservation of these poems is due ; but copies exist of others, on the same subject, exchanged between Miss Highmore and Miss Mulso. Aspasia (Miss Mulso) exhorts her friend to find comfort for distressed love in the consolations of friendship, and Stella replies that though all others should fail, she will still rely on Aspasia's fidelity. But it is satisfactory to know that whatever restrictions prevented her happiness were at length removed. The presentation to John Duncombe of the united livings of St. Andrew and St. Mary Bredman at Canterbury made their union possible, and he and

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Susannah Highmore were married in 1763.¹ "A similarity of taste and love of literature," says Duncombe's biographer, "had early endeared their companionship; and a mutual affection was the natural consequence, which ensured to them twenty-three years of happiness, rather increased than diminished by the hand of time."

Miss Highmore, as has been seen, found a sympathetic confidante in Hester Mulso, whose own courtship was equally protracted. She was the only daughter of Thomas Mulso, who possessed a small estate at Twyford, in Northamptonshire, but she usually spent her winters in London, and early became a disciple of Richardson, with whom she engaged in a discursive written discussion on the limitations of filial duty. She seems, indeed, among all the ladies who gathered round the tea-table at North End, to have been the chief favourite. She belonged to a higher class of society than her host, who, it has been said, drew some of the heroines in his later novels from her; certainly, as regards her profound earnestness and her passion for epistolary diffuseness, she had much in common with those ladies. But her gifts as a correspondent were not her only accomplishments, and her beautiful voice, combined with her facility in the composition of mediocre verse, won for her from Thomas Edwards, the author of the "Canons of Criticism," the title of "linnet." With him she exchanged several copies of verses; and as she lived long enough to comment rather severely on the morbidity of the sonnets of Bowles and Charlotte Smith, she forms an interesting link between one of the earliest heralds of the romantic movement in English literature and those who exemplified its later development.

It was in the year 1750, when Hester Mulso was about twenty-three years old, that Mrs. Dewes, the sister of Mrs. Delany, wrote to Richardson, recommending to his notice a young man called John Chapone, who had just come to London to study law. She had known his family for many years, for when Mr. Bernard Granville, after a short imprisonment consequent on the political changes at the accession of George I., had sought a retreat on his estate of Buckland, in Gloucestershire, his eldest daughter Mary had formed a close friendship with Sarah Kirkham, the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman. Much had happened since that time. Mary had become the unwilling bride and joyful widow of Alexander Pendarves; she had suffered deeply from the desertion of her suitor, Lord Baltimore; finally she had found peace and security in the affection of Patrick

¹ This is the date given in the obituary notice of John Duncombe, *Gentleman's Magazine*, lxxxii. ii. 497. *The Dict. of Nat. Biography* (Art. S, Duncombe) gives 1761.

Delany, the Dean of Down, and former friend of Swift; while Sarah Kirkham had been for many years the happy wife of John Chapone, vicar of Stanton. But neither had forgotten her girlhood's attachment, and Mrs. Delany, being childless, took an interest in the sons and daughters of her friend; all through her correspondence there are constant references to "Brunette," or Sally Chapone, who spent most of her time with her.

John Chapone, the younger, was warmly welcomed by Richardson's circle, and Hester Mulso soon seems to have begun to entertain for him warmer feelings than those of mere friendship. In the frankness with which she confessed her attachment she seems to have emulated the sincerity of Harriet Byron, for her biographer informs us that even before her lover had made any explicit declaration, she thought it her duty to inform her father of her inclination. But prudence and common sense stood in the way. Mr. Mulso was not a rich man, and the Chapones were actually impecunious. There are allusions in the Richardson correspondence at South Kensington, showing that the novelist gave them pecuniary help; and though John Chapone was a success in his profession, he had difficulty in finding remunerative employment. Twice he applied without result for the position of agent to different landowners, and it was not till December, 1760, that he was at last able to marry. Even then his father seems to have given the pair some assistance, for we hear that "Mr. Mulso, unwilling to protract (*sic*) the union of two of his children so long and so unalterably attached as his daughter to Mr. Chapone, and his eldest son to Miss Prescott, arranged his affairs so as to admit of their both being married on the same day."

And here it would be satisfactory to record in one sentence the story of a married life as happy as that of Susannah Duncombe. But though there seems to be no shadow of foundation for the statement made by Mrs. Barbauld, that the author of "The Letter to a New Married Lady" did not herself have a very cheerful experience of matrimony, Hester Chapone's long-deferred joy was destined to be short-lived. For ten months she enjoyed "every circumstance of happiness that her heart could wish," then, suddenly, her young husband was taken ill, and within a week she was a widow. "Fever, that parcher up of life's full ardent spirit," says her biographer, Cole, in the florid style dear to the memoir writers of the early part of the nineteenth century, "attacked his noble frame, when Hymen's torch had not been lighted up for more than ten continuous months; and from the commencement of the parching disease fatality was stamped

upon its progress, and analogously in as many days as months as had previously revolved since the nuptials, were the hopes of this affectionate woman blasted."

The shock caused her own serious illness. "I have been very near death," she wrote on her recovery; "and at the time when he threatened most, it was the most earnest wish of my heart to meet and embrace him." But she was spared for many years, to become, by means of the above-mentioned "Letter to a New Married Lady," and the "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind," one of the most potent influences on contemporary feminine education. Yet to a modern reader her correspondence with Elizabeth Carter, dating from the days of her youthful enthusiasm for Richardson, till both were old women, is far more interesting than these dull collections of excellent, though somewhat conventional maxims. In her familiar letters we catch delightful glimpses of the circle to which she belonged. We are present, for instance, at a party at North End, to which Mr. Johnson brings poor Miss Williams. "I was charmed," says Miss Mulso, "with his behaviour to her, which was like that of a fond father to his daughter." The young authoress has the temerity to challenge the pessimistic theories of the great "Cham of literature," and wrings from him an admission that he "believes the doctrine of human malevolence, though a true one, is not a useful one, and ought not to be published to the world." With equal courage she ventures on an adverse criticism of "Rasselas." "By this time," she says, "I begin to fear you are angry with me, and consider me as a strangely presumptuous animal, thus to lift up my nothingness against the giant Johnson; but I think he has built too much on the blind superstitious reverence his name exacts from the world, and I will not be one of those whom he will laugh at for being taken in to admire what he must know is unworthy of him. They say he wrote it in three mornings; but, as the *Spectator* says, 'I never do excuse faults through haste.' " She shows similar independence of judgment in her disapproval of Dr. Young, the most fashionable poet of the day. "Instead of the flowers of language, his thoughts are wrapped up in thorns and thistles. I am sure it has cost me much toil and pains to untwist them; and, to say the truth, I like them as I do gooseberries, well enough when they are picked for me, but not well enough to gather them." She cannot endure Fielding's stories, as is perhaps natural in a "daughter" of Richardson. "I love the woman but not the book," she says of *Amelia*, and she thinks that there is a tendency in all the works of the great novelist "to soften the deformity of vice by placing charac-

ters in an amiable light that are destitute of every virtue except good-nature."

Mrs. Chapone's widowed life was uneventful. Her correspondence shows that her great sorrow had not interfered with her enjoyment of intellectual society, nor blunted her interest in her fellow creatures. She became intimate with that well-known blue-stocking, Mrs. Montague, with whom she visited Lord Lyttelton at Hagley, and made a tour in Scotland. Here she met Robertson, the historian, and was disappointed of an interview with David Hume. The rigidity of her opinions, and her ardour in their dissemination considered, it was perhaps as well that this meeting never took place. At another time she was presented to Queen Charlotte, who complimented her upon her writings, and testified from her own experience to their utility in the education of young ladies. When "Evelina" appeared she was charmed with the just and natural picture it presented "of the purest and most elegant love." "I am fond of Miss Burney," she says, "and delighted with her works. . . . Lord Orville and Evelina are lovers after my own heart. Mrs. Montague, *entre nous*, is an ignoramus on this subject, as I have observed on many occasions." And with a reference perhaps to her own experiences of nearly forty years before, she adds: "It is the only subject in the world of which I think myself a better judge than either of you."

But the overthrow of her youthful happiness, far from leaving her bitter or discontented, seems to have had a mellowing and sweetening effect on her character. Hester Mulso is sometimes a little didactic, a little affected, a little of the prig. Hester Chapone, while losing none of the sprightliness of her early days, is more charitable, not less sensible or acute, but more liberal and more moderate in her expression of opinion. She consoled herself for her domestic solitude by almost parental devotion to her young relations, especially to the niece to whom she addressed the "Letter to a New Married Lady." The death of this niece, in 1800, threw a last shadow over her somewhat sunless life; her mind failed, and she died in October, 1801.

CLARA THOMSON.

TRIVIAL RECORDS OF TWO CENTURIES AGO.

AN eminent living novelist has said that details are the only interesting things in life. Certainly they are the most interesting things in the life of the past. How the average people of long ago thought and spoke ; what they did with themselves ; where the commotions of the State touched them, or to what extent they left them undisturbed—these are the particularities one burns to know from history, and to arrive at which one endures or skips decisive battles, fates of kings, and proceedings of Parliaments. Our homage is for the heroes, but our interest is with our *semblables*. Herein lies the magic of ancient houses, furniture, and gardens. The sheer beauty of them is not so appealing as their human attractiveness, their suggestions to imagination of other, earlier owners, who lived in a world so like, so unlike ours.

Of all periods the English seventeenth century, teeming with every imaginable kind of interest, has handed down the fullest sheaf of contemporary private views, while to name Pepys's Diary, Thomas Ellwood's autobiography, and Lucy Hutchinson's Memoirs of her husband, is to recall to every reader the most exquisitely varied triad of minor monuments any age has bequeathed. From a considerable collection of less famous records of that century's byways—some so scarce as to be practically unattainable—the following notes have been made of some modes, manners, and mannerisms of the time.

On the assumption that dinner-giving is civilisation's crowning cult, let us first enquire what sort of meal seventeenth century hosts set before their friends. Here is an April *menu* from Codrington's supplement to "Youth's Behaviour," whence it would appear, that Codrington's Nonconformist conscience spurned asceticism as a Popish idol:—

"A Grand Sallet.

Green Geese.

Rosted Veal, rostod with a Pudding in it.

Spring or Lumber Pie,

A Tansie.

Stu'd Rabbits and Tarts, and You may add

Salmon and Lobsters.

Prawns and Sparagrass."

The courses are less astonishing than the order of their entrances. A made dish was called a Capilotado, but the seventeenth century was too stalwart a trencherman to give the "Preheminence" to kickshaws. What Howell voluptuously terms "a rich Venison Feast" was more to its taste, or something in the shape of a "Pye" to contain a neat's tongue, a goose, a turkey, woodcocks, and some few other "Volatils." The modern reader is struck by the Gargantuan quantities prescribed in such books as May's "Accomplisht Cook." To make forcemeat, for example, "Mince a leg of mutton with beef suet . . . make this stuff into as big as Tennis-balls." Everything was on a large scale, and they could not make "Bolonia" sausages without taking "four stone of pork."

By the quality of her hash, say housekeepers, is the cook known. Here is a seventeenth century recipe for "high-class" hash :—

"*A Good Hash*.—Mince raw beef very small, with some suet, sweet herbs, pepper, salt, cloves, mace, and almonds blanched. Put in whole some nutmeg, and a whole onion or two, and stew it finely in a pipkin with some strong broth the space of 2 hours ; put a little claret to it, and serve it on sippets finely carved, with some grapes or lemon in it also, or barberries, and blow off the fat."

Kitchen paper would thus appear to be a modern invention, but in other respects the recipe is beyond criticism, and even such a one as Walton would have called too good for any but anglers or very honest men.

The identity between seventeenth century and nineteenth century delicacies is curious. Both periods agree, for instance, as to the merits of caviare and anchovies, asparagus-points, clarified butter, parmesan grated, soft icing, almond paste, and *fonds d'artichauts* ; while, like ourselves—when fortunate—and the Caveman, the seventeenth "centurion" began dinner with oysters. Robert May, having studied in Paris, offers without prejudice ways of dressing tortoise, frogs, and snails. His work, by the way, was published during the drooping years, for those whose profession it was to serve tables, when "loyalty was a crime," and in dedicating his formularies to Lord Lovelace, Lord Lumley, and other former patrons, the dejected artist speaks of his "Bills of Fare for every Season—as it was used before Hospitality left this Nation."

A considerable part of the culinary knowledge judged indispens-

able to the education of ladies who would be accomplished and ingenious was of the nature of decoctions half-way between food and physic. Hence the large proportion of their time those ministering angels spent in the still-room; it was not only frivolous syrups and flimsy jellies they were compounding there, but "Sage-water, which is sovereign against Rheums and Collicks, Angelica-water good against Infection, Radish-water good——" and so forth. Nothing daunted the dear dead women, not even "to distill a Pig good against a Consumption." Culpeper's "English Physitian" was the leading authority, and such manuals as "The Lady's Delight" and the "Queen's Closet Opened," laid the astrologer under contribution. In the last-named compilation the recipes, or prescriptions, usually end with the breezy injunction, "and let the sick party daily drink of it till he mends." It is evident that a lowering treatment was not universal, since directions for preparing strong broth and even raw meat juice occur. Veal tea with oysters, Graves white wine, and the yolks of two eggs in it, is recommended, and one imagines that the mixture would prove not ungrateful.

Many medicines were directed against "the Rage of Teeth," and many against hysterics and hysteria, then described as "the mother." The century was great in "pils," likewise in plasters, regarding which a male writer gallantly, perhaps gratefully, comments, "the soft hand of the Lady is almost as prevalent as the Plaister itself." To begin a course of medicine was to "enter upon physick," and an atmosphere of becoming gravity enveloped the situation. It seems odd, by-the-bye, to find the idiom, "to picke up one's Crums," expressing recovery from illness, two centuries and a half ago. Of the semi-magic applications, such as "the head of a Jack Hare hard bound about the patient's head," &c., &c., one finds fewer in the orthodox handbooks than historians of manners lead one to expect. Chiefly, probably, these superstitious charms occupied the place of the experimental or home remedies, for use before the doctor is called in, with which latter-day households are familiar.

Our present confidence in the hygienic value of a change of air is, no doubt, largely due to our facilities of transit. Two centuries ago people had a poor opinion of the balm of Nature. They were doubtful whether any of her operations were conducive to the "well" of the human frame. A letter-writer of that period warns his correspondent against going out after "sunsett" when "a thick viscous dew falls . . . very prejudicial to health"; and from the private memoirs of Sir Kenelm Digby, quoted in Mr. Longueville's "Life," we see that he too, broad-minded as he was, shared this general

distrust. "The sun setting and a gummy dew beginning to fall," he writes disparagingly.

Not only de Grammont, but most people, including Colonel Hutchinson's wife, shrank from the prospect of exchanging town for country, to them "a sequestered desert place," "little better than a gallows or a grave," "the most horrible of prisons." "Not a Walk dry enough for a Spanish leather shooe," writes somebody, circ. 1650, lugubriously. Landscape picturesque was not as yet discovered, and "rocks and precipices" were only remarked shudderingly as forbidding features. Howell's note on mountain scenery is delightful. After "crossing and clambering up" the "Pyreneans," he reports them "not so high and hideous as the Alps." The farther from the metropolis the more repulsive. Mrs. Hutchinson speaks of "the north" of England, *i.e.* Nottinghamshire, as "a formidable name among the London ladies," while as for Scotland, here is Howell's description :—

"For the Country, I must confess, it is good for those that possess it, and too bad for others to be at the charge to conquer it. There is great store of Fowl, as foul-houses and foul-trenchers. For their Butter and Cheese, I will not meddle withal at this time, nor no man else at any time, that loves his life. All the Deer I met with was dear Lodgings, dear Horse-meat, and dear Tobacco," &c.

It must be supposed that Howell intended "a Satyr." All the same, the preponderance of testimony justifies us in considering the seventeenth century *moyen homme* a town mouse. Herrick's enamelled meads and crystal fountains are conventional Arcadian. Herrick himself, of course, expresses an intensely sincere delight in the familiarities of Devonshire homestead detail, and Isaak Walton was the devotee of Open Air. Another Nature-lover, name unknown, must have been one from whom Blount's "Academy of Eloquence" (1656) quotes this simile, "Sweet as bean blossoms after rain."¹ But three worshippers do not make a sect. Few later seventeenth century men carried sensibility to Nature beyond vague tendencies towards the descriptive-literary mood of Milton's lyrics—apt to fulfil themselves in a *bourgeois* complacency over any suburban "pretty box" where a "Cillibub" could be drunk and a rose plucked.

In Charles II.'s London winter skies were "fuliginous" enough, say Evelyn and others. But what bravery and delights the City contained! To name the Park, the Exchange, Paris Garden, the plays,

¹ In his *Poetic Interpretation of Nature* the late Principal Shairp spoke of this scent as having been first noted in poetry by Thomson.

the ranks of silk-mercers in Cheapside, each house conveniently discoverable "by his Signe," Westminster with its tomb-shower, the various *cortèges* for ever passing through the streets with sergeants and whiffers to keep off the crowd, is to realise the ecstasy of London to the contemporary person of quality, and even to the person of none, provided he carried atoning money in his purse.

To have travelled among foreign nations was the hall-mark of everybody who would be somebody in Sixteen Hundred and —. As a consequence, contemporary literature, from "As You Like It" onwards, abounds in skits on affected travellers, the comedies and "Characters" of the century furnishing at least a dozen prototypes of Mark Twain's "Herbert," who, after a week in Paris, could only answer to his name in a French form. But the literary and stage ridicule of these "silly passengers," as Burton called them, has no bearing on that genuine enthusiasm for Paris, Venice, Naples, Madrid, which so tinctures seventeenth century biography. Travellers' handbooks were not uncommon, and a good deal of attention was given to "Peregrine motion" in the various works that dealt with the conduct of life generally. In Osborne's "Advice to a Son," for instance, one section is entitled "Travel," and consists of twenty-eight rules worthy of a Polonius with a dash of Chesterfield. Perhaps this maxim concerning vails is as ignobly wise as any: "Where you never mean to return, extend your liberality as you see convenient during your aboads; for what you give at parting is quite lost." An equally sane and more uplifting counsel is this one from a wholesomer treatise:—

"At his" (the tourist's) "first comming to any Citie he should repaire to the chief Church to offer up his sacrifice of thanks, that hee is safely arrived thither, and then some have used to get on the top of the highest Steeple, where one may view all the Countrey circum-jacent, and so take a Landskip of it."

Next door to Osborne's "Advice to a Son" in the seventeenth century bookcase is "The Lady's New Year's Gift" (1687), by the "Trimmer" First Marquis of Halifax. The honours of a modern separate reprint have not as yet been accorded to this "Advice to a Daughter," full though it is of notes on femininity as dateless as they are caustic. If Jane Austen's Mr. Bennet had been in a position to write a book of admonition for the use of Elizabeth, founded on his observation of her younger sisters and their mother, it would have been much such a book as Halifax's. Its irony would hardly have surpassed this epigram upon one type of the foolish female thing—"So obsequious to Fashion that she would be ready to be reconciled even

to Vertue if she had her Dancing-Master's Word that it was practis'd at Court ;" or this of another—one of the Mary Bennet order:—

"She will fetch such a Compass in Discourse to bring in her beloved Self that there can hardly be a better Scene than such a Tryal of ridiculous Ingenuity. It is a Pleasure to see her Angle for Commendation, and rise dissatisfied with the ill-bred Company if they will not bite to observe her. She is so eager to draw Respect, that when she faileth she groweth waspish, not considering that it is impossible to commit a Rape upon the will."

Lord Halifax is severe upon elderly skittishness, warning his daughter never to become a girl of fifty "that pretendeth to be pulled to a play, and must needs go to Bartholomew-Fair, to look after the young Folks, when in reality she onely taketh them for her excuse. Such a chearful Old Fool, such an old Butterfly is of all Creatures the most ridiculous."

From the recently published Savile letters we learn that the recipient of all this advice justified the statement Horace Walpole quotes, that the advice had been labour in vain. *Her* son similarly cast his pearls of counsel before *his* son, Philip Stanhope !

Amusing analects might be made of seventeenth century misogyny. Poole's "Parnassus" offers parallel passages ingenuously entitled "Women commended" and "Women discommended." Of the former, "She is wholly made of charm" summarises the case *pro* both prettily and conclusively, while the opening ejaculation of the opposed section, "O God, what a dangerous beast is the spirit of a woman !" should more than balance any insidious tenderness previously created in the wavering reader. To clinch his fortitude there occurs immediately after a genial saying of Diogenes on two women in conversation, "See, the Viper and the Asp are changing poyson."

We are oftener informed as to the recreations wherewith seventeenth century people impeded the wings of time than as to the studies wherewith they "prevented the sun's rising," as "The Complete Angler" has it. With Shovel-board for simple bodies, and a pair "of virginals" for the gentlefolk, we set the scene of their indoors *passé-temps* hours, but, in the case of the reading minority, which were their favourite books? It is astonishing to find to how great an extent "learned Sir Philip" dominated the century up to the Restoration. The "Arcadia" was *the* English prose classic. "The reading of it," says Thomas Blount in his "Rhetorique," "will alone make you eloquent and wise," and in his examples of synecdoche,

"I would willingly make you a Sir Philip Sidney" stands for "an eloquent, learned, valiant Gentleman."

Among other much quoted from prose works of the time are Jasper Mayne's "Amorous War," "La Stratonica," and "Heroinæ"—Sidneian and high-flown. A respectable library would furthermore contain "Pastor Fido" and "Hymen's Præludia." Throughout the century devotional books of all shades of theology sold freely, being esteemed "golden keys wherewith to open and shut the day and let in night and death's Cousin-German;" while upon the handy shelf of people of position it is safe to imagine Selden's "Titles of Honour" or Herne's "Glory of Generosity"—both books of precedence—as well as the year's "Ephemeris," side by side with A Kempis and Caussin's "Holy Court." Among commoner folk "The Practice of Piety," by Lewis Bailey, Bishop of Bangor, equalled Foxe's "Martyrs" in widespread popularity.

Nowhere does the unscientific and childish side of seventeenth century culture appear more markedly than in its attempts at the defining of terms, its tables "of the most usuall hard Words used in arts." In a glossary attached to Hawkins's "Youth's Behaviour" the selection appears to be purely fortuitous. It probably represents the collected happy thoughts of an amateur lexicographer. Two or three, being short, may be quoted :—

"*Arithmetick*, the art of numbring, in which famous was *Record*, *Wingate*, *Johnson*, *Moore*, and now Mr. *Smart*, living in the Poultry.
"*Appropriation*, right to a thing.

"*Printing*, an art invented by John Guttenberge, and being so usefull, is still much practised."

But those which best convey the tang of the century are too verbally expansive for citation. A "definition" of memory, for instance, opens with a tradition—not to be too curiously questioned—about Julius Cæsar's memory, devotes sixteen lines to the memories of Seneca and "Mrs. Mary Whitnot in the county of Kent," and then concludes with a recipe for a memory-strengthenener made of the brains of hens washed in wine. As a rule, the digressions in these word-books run to pious ejaculations or jargon about the Fall. Some strange words occur in the "Youth's Behaviour" glossary, as "lurcate," "improperations" (*i.e.* taunts), and "blowth." "Blowth" is, however, still used in the West of England for the blossom of trees or shrubs. A curious string of double-barrelled adjectives follows, the most vivid being "Turky-jealous." In his orthographical instructions "Tho. Blount, Gent." can hardly be said to achieve felicitous elegance. Thus :—

"NI or NISI, *lest*, as *lest* such a thing should happen : is without an *a*. MINIMUS, the *least* in quantity. A *Herd* of Deer, and not speld with an *a*, as *heard* from (Audio) is."

The literary form here seems as inconsiderate as in the schoolboy's "of all the animals in this world, the Zoological Gardens is the most."

Notwithstanding these negligences, Blount's "Academy of Eloquence" offers sound guidance towards the formation of a good English style. It is interesting to see what were considered faults in the gentlemen who wrote "prose and worse" in the middle of the seventeenth century. "You are not to cast a ring for the perfumed moding terms of the time ; as *to acquiesce, to espouse an interest, to cajole, to incommode, to have a pique against.*" These terms, adds the critic, need not be tabued ; they are only not to be dragged in. Foreign words and poetical quotations should be used sparingly by him who would write with pith as well as with plenitude. Against mere "capricio's" of wit and "forced vagaries" the aspirant is to steel himself as against *préciosité*, for to be a "curious refiner, straining for extraordinary expressions," is not to aim at a mastery of English. There must, says Blount, be variety of words, "but ever so, as the word that comes in lieu puts not the sense in hazard to be mistaken." The only short cut to being effective is to be reasonable, and all conceits that transcend the subject upon which they are bestowed, and every moment of "labour to be delivered of the great burden, Nothing," are profitless.

Though he admits "a kind of thrift and saving of words" to be, in a general way, desirable, the writer of "The Academy of Eloquence" does not unreservedly subscribe to brevity being the soul of wit. "Few words," says he, "darken speech," and again, "You are not to put riddles of wit by being too niggardly of your words." Thomas Blount had read Donne, though he had not read Mr. George Meredith ! Plainness for plain occasions, then, by all means, but the seventeenth century student of composition is naturally aware there is something strange and admirable in what he calls "the ordering and fetch of a master," of a "Sir Philip," as he says, of a Robert Louis Stevenson, as we might say. This lustre and charm, this brave heat of language, is analysed and illustrated as follows :—

"There is in the best writers oftentimes a vain of style, wherein vulgar fancies are exceedingly pleased, and know not wherewith. For they admire this most, that there is some excellency in it, and yet they themselves suspect it exceeds their admiration. It cannot

be if the meaning of the words be obscure and unfamiliar to a man's understanding, the speech so composed should be so accepted. And yet 'tis possible there may be some extraordinary fancy in ordinary words and plain meaning. What plainer meaning than *sleep among thieves*? And verily *sleep*, *life*, *trust*, and *thieves* are common words; yet it is no common way of speaking to say, *To trust a sleeping life among thieves.*"

Seventeenth century books of the type of Blount's "Academy," "Youth's Behaviour," and "The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence," by Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, give long lists of "select proverbs." It is curious to see how few saws and maxims have disappeared from currency with the passing of two hundred years and more. Others, again, have changed their dress, not their minds, as, for example, these three: "Beggars would eat larks if wishes were thrushes," "There is nothing so uncertain as uncertainty," and "Years know more than books or proverbs"; also one which occurs in Woodward's "Light to Grammar," "He that threatens a starre will shoote higher than he that bends to a mole-hill"—a variant on George Herbert's more enduring form of the same aphorism. Are there, on the other hand, nineteenth century equivalents for "He undertakes to correct the *Magnificat*," "Schools and hospitals are the best books that bishops can leave behind them," and "A dry cough is the trumpeter of death"?

The seventeenth century was given to ring posies, "cutler's poetry," and distichs to accompany hair bracelets, fairings, and what not. Many of these light conceits of lovers have been reproduced in such books as Jones's "Finger-Ring Lore," and in Mr. Arber's reprints, but here is a charming posy which may be new to the modern reader:—

"If you love, my love content you,
For all love, all faith is meant you."

For plebeian circlets jocularity was aimed at, many of the sentiments being too unfettered to be quotable. "Against thou goest I will provide another" is a favourable example of the sort of rude jest that prevailed.

F. M. PARSONS.

SULLY PRUDHOMME.

WHEN Chaucer copied rhyme and metre, with commendable accuracy, from the very keynote of feudal song, the "Chanson de Roland," it could not be denied that England owes to France the early dawn of her best lyric poetry.

The latent fervour of our own romance was kindled by the light-hearted minstrels of Provence, who held that to give pleasure was the only end and aim of art—it was the Gay Science of the Troubadours; but it would seem that we got no further than the recognition of our debt, for although French literature has steadily advanced, and that immortal names have been added to those of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, it cannot fail to be confessed that there are many cultivated English readers whose acquaintance with the modern poetry of France is very slight indeed.

To the leaders of successive schools a certain amount of interest has doubtless been conceded. The great dramatic poets—the Parnassiens, the Pleiad, the Romantics—are known at least by name; there have even been admiring imitators of "Ballades" and "Triolets," yet of the work of Théodore de Banville, Hérédia, François Coppée, what do we know? Who now reads the "Méditations" of De Lamartine, or the plaintive murmurs of De Musset? The *poète de la jeunesse* is quite obsolete. Even Hugo, "the Frenchman of all time," is known more by his prose—although even by that insufficiently—than by his immortal song.

The wherefore of this neglect, apart from the fact that all poetry is for the moment at a discount—"No one reads poetry nowadays," says Jules Lemaitre—may be attributed in some degree to the intricacies of a language which has been brought to the highest perfection and only imperfectly mastered, in spite of prosody and primers—more especially in its autocratic rules of versification, whilst translations—even though "the subtle spirit of poetry should be poured from one language into another"—are condemned in advance, and the general tone of French literature is misunderstood and decried.

It might be well, however, to make exception in favour of one living Frenchman, whose poetry appeals strongly to our own tastes and prejudices ; who has foresworn realism and naturalism, in the present meaning of the words, and whose verse, calm, intellectual, and refined, if better known, could hardly be neglected. Sully Prudhomme has long been recognised in his own country as taking a first place in modern literature ; leading a retired and solitary life, above everything a scholar, his uneventful days have passed in study and reflection ; his whole history is nothing more than the foundation of a character, the building up of a brain.

The Goncourts described his conversation as "intelligent, substantial, learned ;" and Gautier very early predicted that he was destined to stand in the first rank amongst the poets of the *dernière heure*, adding, "*et son salaire lui sera compté comme s'il s'était mis à l'aurore des l'aurore.*"

A happy inspiration has often led to what is called in France "*une gloire.*" Lamartine was rendered famous by the tender melancholy of "Le Lac" ; Félix d'Arvers by his one inimitable sonnet ; and as the author of the "Vase Brisé," Sully Prudhomme became in Paris the most favoured and popular of poets. That such a designation was not altogether pleasing to himself is possible. It is not the most studied or the most striking of his lyrics ; but it is more than likely that it became a passport to "Les Solitudes" and "La Justice," and that it formed a stepping-stone to the Academy.

The verses are almost too well known to be quoted, but should find a place here since they have been cited as the poet's characteristic note, and mirror of his mind, whence a certain sadness escapes, as the water-drops escaped, almost imperceptibly, from the lightest blow upon the glass.

Many earlier poets had written tender and graceful metaphors, but none so full of simple suggestiveness and delicate craftsmanship :—

A fan struck lightly on the glass
That held an asphodel ;
None knew how it had come to pass,
Nor when the harm befell.

But all unheeded, day by day,
The little rift grew wide.
The water slowly ebbed away,
The lily drooped and died.

There was no sound, and nought to see,
 No outward sign or token ;
 The vase stood firm—but let it be—
Don't touch it! it is broken.

So on the heart—how—who can say?
 A blow falls noiselessly ;
 Though none may note the swift decay,
 The flower of love must die.

The passers by no difference see—
 No word of pain is spoken.
 The heart beats on : but let it be—
Don't touch it! it is broken!

The Parnassiens had already laid stress on the studied arrangement of words—of harmonies without a discordant note, but they were therefore greatly limited and restricted : debarred from that which is familiar and humanly interesting, their classic heights were icy and unapproachable. But Sully Prudhomme, steering clear of extremes, is the true painter of the inner life, unequalled in analysis of feeling ; the singer of all that is touching and tender ; but half hidden, half shadowed, more is felt than is uttered. Even the tragic possibilities of love and despair are still, though unmistakably acute, reserved—*délicieusement voilé*.

Something of this delicate art, pervading most of the lyrics, may be seen in "A Wish" :—

If I could go to him and say—
 " She is all yours—for me to-day
 Love's dream is o'er.
 Not even friendship moves me—yet
 Take care of her ! Let no regret
 Come near her more."

" Hear me without one jealous sigh,
 Her fancy's wing but brushed me by.
 She can disdain
 As well I know—it only proves
 That she is sweet to those she loves
 As summer rain."

If I could go to him and say—
 " Her smiles are slow, she is not gay,
 Bring her the rose,
 Or bluebells more than roses bring
 For 'tis the smallest offering
 Most kindness shows."

I could live calmly on to see
That she is prized though not by me,
But as I will
I cannot make her happiness,
That is the great—the sole distress
She gives me still.

It is remarkable that this man of extreme sensibility, this "*rêveur adorable*," is, above and beyond all, a *savant*, and is in possession of a power to render an axiom, a definition, a formula, with a precision and accuracy supposed to be the special attribute of prose. He even conquers technical terms and brings them into harmony; passing from love, doubt, and dreams into the most abstruse subjects with astounding ease and felicity. But the learning is almost too apparent, and in his long poem "*Le Bonheur*," called by himself "*un rêve*," the reflections and conclusions of the metaphysician seem almost out of place; it is a philosophical treatise rather than a spiritual love story, and becomes in truth a very laborious dream of happiness.

It is no easy matter to define the limits of poetry, and our author has been reproached for overstepping them in "*La Justice*," complicated, moreover, in the form of sonnets; but his conviction has been expressed in his own words—"that verse is ready to accept all that the poet offers—no less than every sentiment—almost every idea;" and whatever criticism he may have invoked, there is no doubt that he has made for himself a distinct place in all cultivated minds whose workings he has fathomed by a persistent study of his own. He has penetrated more deeply than any other writer into the recesses of feeling—understanding, as if by inspiration, every phase of emotion.

The tie between a poet and his readers is not usually so strong. We know him as we know our bosom friends, and are pleased and grateful that he knows ourselves so well. The serenity which comes of science has saved from incurable sadness the greater number of his poems—a sadness quite distinct, in every case, from the prescribed melancholy of the Romantics, but which is rather the extreme sensibility of the old patrician races, qualified and governed by the restraining rules of common sense.

There was evidently nothing in Sully's early life to turn him from the land of dreams. His school and college days were only noticeable for rare industry, and a sincere desire for instruction. The law studies which followed were very shortly laid aside, but they strengthened his mind, and furthered his researches into the

abstruse and intricate questions which became the chief interest of his life. The discovery of a scientific law was the height of his ambition, and in the solution of hard mental problems he found the most congenial pastime.

A bonus of 5,000 francs—the *Prix Vitet*, reserved for those whose life and work were certified as equally meritorious—was awarded him by the Academy; but being of independent means, and proud *jusqu'à férocié*, his first idea was to refuse it. That not being possible, the sum was well employed, for to help—to be of service—was one of his strongest instincts, although it constantly perplexed him to have to choose between the desire to advise, to console, to understand, and his inveterate love of solitude.

He sacrificed as little as he could to the claims of society, and when obliged to show himself amongst his friends would often fall into an alarming state of abstraction, disguised under the perfect courtesy of a man of the world with an appearance of interest, but quite capable, as Coquelin, of the *Comédie Française*, asserts, of saying, if you told him of the death of your wife, "And you had but that one?"

Curiously enough, this great reader and thinker was not well posted in the literature of the day—never opened a work of imagination and hardly ever set foot in a theatre, for which he invented a great variety of reasons, the strangest of all being the *entr'acte*; he declared that the long suspension of interest, the sudden fall to real life, the moving mass of heads, rendered him unhappy, but, in all probability, the real explanation was identical with his repeated refusals to write a play although strongly urged to do so, it was impossible for him to lose his own personality; to put himself, so to speak, in anybody else's shoes; the dramatic writer must become one with each of his creations, and it is the same with the spectator, who must throw himself into the characters before him: the situations are analogous, and this incomparable analyst believed that he could only analyse himself.

It is not often that a man is found capable of forming a just estimate of his own gifts and his own limitations, but Sully Prudhomme was conscious of his deficiency in the qualities required to make a successful playwright; he in no degree overrated his own powers, and his verses, he used to say, were simply—*des manières de confidence qui veulent le tête-à-tête*.

Neither was he a politician, but to the very core a patriot, and in 1870, when the war was hardly yet declared, he obtained a post as instructor of musketry, turning long meditated theories into effective

practice; but the work was too arduous—his health gave way, and he was forced to leave the army reluctantly, regretfully—unable to forget the one stirring episode of his life.

The half-sad, half-playful verses written in Paris after the siege, are very characteristic, and may well close a brief and happily unfinished sketch :—

THE FLOWERS OF DEATH.

Whilst men were making war
The sun made spring,
And bluebells open where
Death spreads his wing.

In spite of all they hide
So close beneath,
The bright cups flutter wide
In summer's breath.

The pallid lilies keep
Their constant snow,
While sanguine rivers steep
The earth below.

The stranger gathers them
And finds them sweet :
They bow with bending stem
To conquering feet.

None on this fatal plain
Where brave hearts lie
Wear sombre hue and stain
In memory.

Bright leaves are still unfurled
Though our suns set.
New in an old sad world
The flowers forget.

O flowers that smile to view
The tears we shed,
O flowers of France ! you too
Should mourn our dead.

C. E. MEETKERKE.

TABLE TALK.

"THE SHIP : HER STORY."

SINCE the days of Captain Marryat no one has written so vivaciously and breezily concerning sea-life and marine adventure as Mr. William Clark Russell, whose apprenticeship to the British mercantile marine has served him apparently as well as Marryat's experiences of naval service. Not many years ago, on the occasion of the issue of a collected edition of his sea novels, I dwelt upon the merits of his tales of adventure, in which I had found solace during a slow recovery from influenza. Into no better hands accordingly could have been trusted the *Story of the Ship*, which, after arresting my attention on its first appearance in a popular magazine, has now been published in book form, with abundance of choice and finely executed illustrations. Taken in its full significance, "*The Ship : Her Story*,"¹ to give the book the title it bears, might be held to mean the history of England from the close of the wars of York and Lancaster. One has only to look at the noble collection of Hakluyt's "*Voyages and Discoveries*" to see how far the heroism of our sailors is responsible for the establishment of our greatness and the foundations of our empire. Mr. Russell's scheme does not include the narration of feats of enterprise or journeys of discovery. No trace is there of what is called jingoism, and scarcely a trace of pride in that empire of the sea in regard to which Englishmen are entitled to boast. Mr. Russell does not even confine himself to British ships. He gives simply a short and superbly illustrated account of the manner in which the conquest of the sea was effected, and the ancients learned by means of the winged barks not only to communicate with the inhabitants of neighbouring coasts but to sail between the pillars of Hercules into those strange seas supposed to be tenanted with ghosts, monsters, and horrors of every imaginable or unimaginable kind.

¹ Chatto & Windus.

MR. CLARK RUSSELL ON SHIPS OF THE PAST.

HOW wide is Mr. Clark Russell's scheme is shown in the fact that he starts with the first enforced voyage of Noah's Ark as chronicled in the Book of Genesis. Of the most primitive of vessels, Mr. Seppings Wright, to whom are due the illustrations, gives a beautiful design, more shapely and artistic than any with which I am familiar; the earliest designs I possess for purposes of comparison being those of Bernard Salomon, otherwise "Le Petit Bernard," which appear in the Lyons edition of the Vulgate, 1554. Other vessels depicted with which I can claim no acquaintance are St. Paul's ship, a Trireme, and the *Flying Dutchman*. A genuine Viking ship which had been in some mysterious way preserved and recovered I saw a score of years ago at Christiania. It was a less distinguished-looking craft than that now depicted, but the absence of mast, sails, and oars, to say nothing of the dragon head, makes a considerable difference. Chinese junks, Turkish galleys, Genoese carracks, and Portuguese and Barbary feluccas, are doubtless depicted from observation, and the ships of Raleigh, Columbus, and Captain Cook reproduce, no doubt, existing illustrations. To every lover of the sea, that is, to almost every Englishman, this beautiful volume appeals. I regret that I cannot give an idea of Mr. Clark Russell's letterpress, but the work does not lend itself to extract. I will, however, echo what is not quite a wail, that "the ship of war is no longer a ship, but a machine," and will say in Mr. Clark Russell's very words, "No man who loves the full-rigged ship as I do can deplore more greatly [than I] in the name of memory, heroism, and beauty, the extinction of those tall and glorious fabrics which flew the flags of our great admirals."

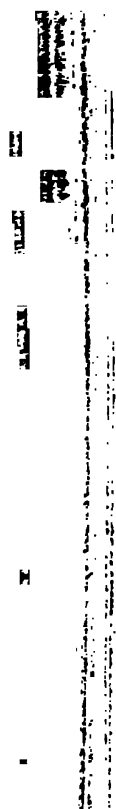
PROTECTION OF WILD LIFE.

THOSE who have done me the honour to read contributions, now extending over some years, under the honouring signature I employ, know how persistently and strenuously I have advocated the lessons of mercy to animals, and how constant has been my protest against the wanton perpetration of cruelty and infliction of death upon the furred and feathered creation. Woman, deaf to all appeal where her personal adornment is concerned; the sportsman, regarding as "faddism" every attempt to limit the slaughter in which he delights; and, worst offender of all, the collector and so-called naturalist who, in his pursuit of specimens, is gradually exterminating the beautiful objects he professes to admire, remain unmoved. In

other quarters a distinct impression has been made, and there are now hundreds to express their disapproval of wanton destruction where half a century ago a solitary voice was rarely raised in condemnation. I witness this change with gratitude not quite unmixed with pride, since there are few matters in regard to which I am more in earnest, and I hope that in time, woman—the last thing, it has been said, that man will civilise—will become the preacher of mercy instead of its most resolute opponent, and the protector of the lovely and inoffensive creatures for whose approaching disappearance she is responsible. When this aspiration is realised, the triumph of mercy will not be far distant. Apart from other considerations woman is a greater savage than man, inasmuch as she employs vicarious agencies to bring about the havoc she is unable herself to accomplish. Man, with the exception of a few wealthy individuals who travel to remote countries in pursuit of “sport,” contents himself with slaying any and every creature which the search for food, accident, or misfortune brings within his reach. It is to women we owe the fact that organised gangs of hunters traverse the districts richest in beauty and song, and are effecting a gradual depopulation of the countries the resources of which once appeared inexhaustible.

SYLVANUS URBAN.







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